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Founded A... ...nj. Franklin

JANUARY 15, 1921

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In This Number **White Shoulders**—By George Kibbe Turner

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WHITE SHOULDERS

By George Kibbe Turner

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

IT IS the custom of our country, old Judge Cato Pendleton used to assert, for the matrons to lead in and offer up the marriageable virgins at three main seasons of the year, set apart by our unwritten tribal laws for that purpose. The first of these, he held, is established just preceding the winter solstice, when the male youth are gathered back to their family altars for the women's and children's festival of Christmas; the second anticipates the ancient preparation for the vernal equinox in the period of joy and feasting just preceding Lent; while the third, the largest and most successful day of sacrifice, though local in its scope, is also doubtless due to the fixed climatic mutations of the year. I am alluding now to our Pageant of the Roses, set by wise precedent in the last of May, when the songs of our mocking birds, the blossoms of our Southland and the complexions of our women are at their best, and all alike invite to the immemorial spring feasts and sacrifices of love.

It is upon this last festival at the height of the mating season that the minds and purposes of our women focus throughout the year. Here is, in fact, the fixed center of our women's calendar—especially for unusually successful mothers with unusually attractive daughters. For, though there is no explicit award in set terms for the best offering of the season, yet there is a very close approximation to this in the choice by old custom of the Empress of the Roses—the main figure of the central *tableau vivant* of that day; and a distinction of this kind, I need not point out to any rational mother, has advantages to any marriageable daughter much more permanent than the assumption of a crown of flowers as the ruler of one May day.

It was in connection with this chief women's festival that I myself observed, as a close witness, the rather remarkable enterprise or speculation in the main business of women, with the details of which I am now about to acquaint you.

In the pageant of 1919 an unusual and unfortunate event took place—from the standpoint of local mothers. The winner of the chief honor of the day was a stranger from out of town—a girl who, it was charged, was brought to Carthage by her mother for the obvious and open purpose of matrimony; and who was soon known, by her critical and hostile contemporaries, as White or Snowy Shoulders—a name bestowed upon her, I was given to understand, because of the overinsistence of her somewhat astonishing mother upon the irresistible charms of that portion of her person. Her real name, or the name given out by her at that time, was Virginia Fairborn.

Women—strange or otherwise—are not at any time of life the subjects of such eager scrutiny as they may have been at some earlier period. I am well by the first sweet expectancies of spring. But, being human, I could scarcely have avoided the observation of this striking girl and her no less striking though very different mother; nor, if I had done this, could I have missed the other women's whispering about them from the first moment when the two arrived with their many and houselike trunks and stirred to the depths the exclusive boarding house of Mrs. Tusset, where for many years now I have held my residence.

It Was the One Defect in Her Really Remarkable Beauty—the Lack of Any Apparent Interest or Zest in Life

I heard the other women more or less from the first whispering about them among themselves, "Who are they? Where do they come from?"—as women have always whispered among themselves, I assume, concerning stranger women since before Babylon; especially in socially guarded centers like the boarding house of Mrs. Tusset. In time this whispering usually abates and new feminine alliances take place. But in this case the whispering, instead of dying, grew louder and more sustained. The two strangers still remained objects of inquiry to the other women—not yet explained, or accepted, or forgiven, probably, for their intrusion.

"Who are they?" grew very soon to "Did you ever see anything like them in your life?" And they stood alone outside, as far as the women—though not the men—could arrange it.

For the girl—that Snowy Shoulders—this was a matter apparently of small concern. From the first she was the still, white, silent, unsocial creature she remained—smiling but never laughing, talking little, sitting much alone—a strange, unheard-of thing apparently—a girl dumb and laughless in girlhood. Yet in a way her manner was an added attraction; her indifference, together with her beauty, proved irresistible to the men, who—as any woman will tell you—love to love the mysterious qualities which they themselves invent and place behind the fine eyes of beautiful and silent women.

"She may be handsome, but she never had an idea in her life," I could hear the whispering women passing judgment on her day after day. "She takes no more thought of the morrow than a lily of the field," was one more opinion I remember. "And she has just exactly as much sense."

The mother was just the opposite of the girl—a mystery at the other pole; rosy, where the girl was white—and especially after three o'clock in the afternoon—for she rouged wantonly and abominably; strident, where the girl was still; strange and suspected, not from her silence but from her much speaking; insistent beyond all precedent in her breaking into every conversation and her advertising of her wondrous daughter; and known soon, and generally behind her back—with that keen concern for the sensibilities of others which prevails in boarding houses—by a name equally as kindly and striking as her daughter's—as the Scarlet Cockatoo.

These then were the two strangers, the two invaders of the matrimonial territory of our own women—the two rakish craft, as old Sam Barsam would have said, who, appearing suddenly, had started poaching, contrary to all women's law, in the still protected *mare clausum* of the women of Carthage.

I can recall with considerable sharpness and accuracy the information concerning

them and their purposes which I received while reading my paper from time to time in the big hall before dinner, from the whispering women who were wont to gather there to exchange the results of their study of the two—more especially as the date of the Pageant of the Roses was approaching.

"Who are they? Who knows who they are, anyway—any more than on the first day that they came?" one woman would inquire, turning her head in the direction of the stairway, down which the mother and daughter were soon to come to dinner.

"Mrs. Tusset knows—you can bet your life on that," another one would say—that black-eyed, up-and-coming Belle Davis.

"Yes, I know," said a third one—that Mrs. Ella Armitage, the grass widow—called a beauty once herself and spoken of for the beauty prize in her day. "But what can even Mrs. Tusset really know?"

"They're adventuresses—that's all we do know," added Julia Blakelock, the first speaker, again. Though scarcely a candidate herself at this somewhat late hour, she had, I understood, a niece who had been mentioned as a possible ruler of the roses.

"No, we don't. We don't know that either," said the positive, downright Belle Davis. "All we know is what they showed Mrs. Tusset—where they came from. They're Fairborns—'from Fairborn Courthouse, Dell County, ma'am,'" she went on, mocking a sharp voice sufficiently familiar now to all of us. "'From the old Fairborn plantation—the largest with two or three exceptions in old Dell County, ma'am.'"

"Where's Dell County?" inquired the thin-lipped Julia Blakelock. "What's Fairborn Courthouse? Do you know?"

"Yes. Certainly I know," replied Belle Davis.

"When were you ever there?" asked Ella Armitage, surprised.

"I never was. But I know, just the same, just what it's like—an old run-down county with a courthouse in a little old run-down town, with two or three spotted pigs in the main road, and a jail, and an old-time country hotel with pillars, and a livery stable where they all put up their horses when they come in from the plantations twice a year, when there's a court session."

"Yes," said Ella Armitage. "I've seen it myself—near enough, anyhow. But how do we know they even come from there?"

"They showed that much to Mrs. Tusset. They must have—to ever get admitted in here, I believe."

"I don't," said Julia Blakelock; "I don't believe anything of the kind."

"Why not?"

"For one mighty good reason."

"What reason's that?"

"Those dresses. That wardrobe of the girl."

I stopped reading now—gave up trying to—and sat there behind my paper drinking in, as Sam Barsam would have said, the quaint ancient lore of the whispering women's trade secrets—dresses, appearances, little manners—the things the women talk about when they are considering and trying to estimate another member of their craft.

"Well, what of it?" Belle Davis wanted to know.

"They never came from Fairborn Courthouse—nor any other place like you describe. You can make up your mind to that—not those extreme latest dresses on that girl!"

"And yet her mother's did. It's written all over them and her. She's just nothing but a regular old-time small-town Southern belle—all loose ends and ribbons and pink parasol."

"And the girl herself might have come from there too," said Ella Armitage. "Maybe that's why she don't talk any more—to cover that up."

"No," said Belle Davis in that positive, downright way of hers.

"They might have done this," contributed Ella Armitage. Having been a beauty once herself she could, I assume, speak with some authority. "They could have taken her to some good dressmaker ——"

The Two Strange Women Were Coming Down the Stairs—the Chattering Mother First, the White Silent Daughter Following Her

"Good dressmaker!" said Julia Blakelock somewhat sniffingly.

"Yes. Good dressmaker!" said Belle Davis.

"They must have cost a small fortune," said Ella Armitage.

"Yes. But who'd wear them?"

"I would—and you would," stated Belle Davis.

"Yes. If we wanted to be conspicuous."

"All I was going to say," said Ella Armitage, going back, "was that they might have taken the girl to some dressmaker in St. Louis or Louisville and given her *carte blanche* to fit her out."

"Some theatrical dressmaker maybe—or something like that," said Belle Davis, nodding.

"Accustomed to getting up women for the stage."

"And told her to go ahead."

"Yes," said Ella Armitage, the author of the theory.

"Oh, you make me tired, with all your mysterious old talk about these people!" said Julia Blakelock. "They never saw Dell County, either of them. She is just a common adventuress with a big common striking daughter for sale. It's a case of a girl for sale, that's all. It's written all over both of them. One calls out and auctioneers and the other poses. I've seen hundreds just like them."

"The woman's common enough," said Ella Armitage. "You see her all over the little country towns."

"But there's nothing common about that girl," stated Belle Davis. "Don't you fool yourself. I never saw anything like her in all my life. She sits there—day after day—like a girl of ivory."

"Not an idea in her head."

"No. That isn't it."

"Not an expression—not a particle of expression on her face."

"That's more it," said Belle Davis. "That's what I was trying to say before."

"What?"

"That it isn't what's there so much that's strange—as what isn't there—what's lacking."

"Brains," suggested Julia Blakelock.

"No."

"What is it, then?"

"I don't know. I can't tell you exactly. Only it isn't natural—for a girl of that age. I can't explain it exactly. But it's like all the life—all the spring—had gone out of her."

"That's perfectly true," said Ella Armitage, "but what is there strange about it?"

"It's terrible, I think," said Belle Davis; "perfectly terrible."

"Terrible?"

"That expression on her face. I sit and study it. Do you know what I think it is sometimes?" Belle Davis asked them.

"What?"

"Fear."

"Fear?"

"Yes—in both of them. But in that girl—that pale-faced girl—especially. Did you ever notice them," she asked—"especially the Cockatoo—just before the postman comes every day?"

"I don't know as I have," said Julia Blakelock.

"I know what you mean," said Ella Armitage.

"The one screaming louder and louder."

"And the other one stiller and whiter—like marble. Or getting away out of sight entirely."

"It may be all my imagination," started Belle Davis, "but ——"

"Hush! Here they come now," said Julia Blakelock.

And the door upstairs closed and the two strange women were coming down the stairs—the chattering mother first, the white silent daughter following her.

That was the first hint I received—that conversation—of the real situation as it developed.

II

TO THE best of my knowledge and belief it was two nights after that when the first of the telegrams arrived; an occasion which I myself witnessed and still can recall with considerable fullness of detail.

It was the night of some species of rehearsal for the now fast approaching pageant. The girl had come out silent and alone from the dining room and sat silent and alone and indifferent to her surroundings in one corner of the room, noticing no one, thinking—of herself, or of nothing at all, or of some fearful vision, according as you wanted to believe.

The mother was having what was denoted in the boarding house as one of her wonderful nights—screaming with exultation or apprehension or relief or whatever emotion it was that really drove her, and calling attention even more plangently than usual to the wonderful charms of her wonderful child.

The reason for this exalted mood was not unknown or unadvertised to the other women of the house. The girl and her mother were both waiting for the appearance of young Gordon Gordon—Captain Gordon now—who was to be the partner or opposite of the girl in the main tableau of that year, the tableau of Victory; and whose personal capture by these invaders of our peaceful matrimonial seas was expected now by competent observers to be announced as a final climax of the two strangers' day of triumph. That interpretation certainly received more or less corroboration from the manner on that particular night of the leader in the matrimonial raid—that so-called Scarlet Cockatoo.

The woman raved on—as the current phrase went—about the girl, in shriller and louder accents, I should have said myself, that night than ever before.

"Isn't she wonderful, ma'am, at that angle?" she inquired in that piercing whisper of the group she was holding up to talk to. "Just as she sits there now. So unconscious of everything—of all of us."

It was scarcely credible to any sane mind that the girl did not hear her, but neither in motion nor in manner did she give the slightest evidence of having done so. She sat—color, attitude and expression unchanged—looking off in the cold, impassive and almost stupid manner that she had, gazing at another corner of the room, like someone, I should sometimes have said myself, who had been drugged. It was the one defect in her really remarkable beauty—the lack of any apparent interest or zest in life.

Apparently her mother must have sensed this too.

"Virginia!" she called sharply across the room. "Virginia, isn't Captain Gordon rather late?"

By this I assumed she was killing two birds with one stone—announcing for the benefit of the other women the approaching advent of that very desirable young man and stirring her exhibit up to a somewhat needed display of life. You may have seen horse trainers flick blooded horses so, maybe, passing by the judges' stand.

The girl responded at best indifferently.

"I don't know, mother, I am sure," she answered in her slow rich voice, lapsed again into her moody silence and sat there silent until finally her escort came.

Each spring, as Omar Khayyam has, I think, neglected to point out, brings forth its crop of bridegrooms as well as brides; and with us an Emperor—in fact, if not in name—as well as an Empress of the Roses. And Gordon Gordon, though somewhat hard at times to bear, was unquestionably the Emperor of that May. He had been across at war—"near, though not too near the Front," as was said by our rosy friend, Cupid Calvert, the women's licensed jester, which our boarding house, like all other boarding houses, possessed.

And, returning late, he still wore his uniform with an exaggerated valor and stiffness, which marked him even more than before the Great War from his fellow men. He was, as someone quite rightly said of him, a very Gordon of the very Gordons; born, it might easily be believed, with a slightly lifted nostril, which made him something of an impediment to joy in general social life. Yet after all he was what he was—well born, well connected, well supplied with means by the recent bounteous provision of Nature and war for us Southerners in our war cotton; and they were few and far who failed to bow down before him.

He greeted the gathering in Mrs. Tusset's hall with a courteous indifference. So doubtless Jupiter might have bowed to villagers when in pursuit of some temporarily favored maid. And the two went together to their rehearsal for the Victory tableau—and the possible greater victory for the Scarlet Cockatoo and her white child, with the parrot's voice of the mother screaming wonderfuls after them like a litany. It was a wonderful night, it seemed, for a wonderful rehearsal for what was to be a wonderful affair, she knew.

"Have a wonderful time!" she screamed as they passed through the entrance, and then turned back again to twang still further upon the already twitching nerves of her auditors.

"You just ought to see her in her costume—as Victory," she stated in a general and somewhat ominous silence. "She is simply wonderful, ma'am! Her shoulders—oh, I never saw them so wonderful as they are in that—so snowy white!"

"Stop, ma'am," said Cupid Calvert, jumping up in mock alarm from where he was sitting, "before proceeding any further. Remember there are gentlemen present."

"You may laugh, sir," she told him playfully, relieved no doubt at any answer whatever from the circumambient silence, "but let me tell you that girl has the most wonderful skin in all the world. I am her mother—and I know. Not a blemish—not a blemish anywhere," she announced, including the women in her statement, "on her whole person."

"Pardon me," cried the amuser of the women, starting toward the door and stumbling heavily over his feet, "I must be going, ma'am; it isn't safe for me to stay."

The guarded laugh which followed him cheered on the woman to further efforts in her advertising.

"No," she said to him when he turned back again, grinning his broad and foolish grin. "But truly, all joking aside, isn't she wonderful? Is it any wonder I am so proud and happy, sir, as her mother, after bringing her up and rearing her tenderly all these years myself, and lavishing everything that her heart desired on her—and all that? How can I be anything else but proud to see how it's all come out? How all the men are crazy over her! Just as you were yourself—and are right now!" she ended, touching him on his coat lapel and drawing away.

There was another laugh following this effort—a real laugh, with the genuine, somewhat tart flavor of laughs at a professional laugher. For the career and personal ambitions of Cupid Calvert as a squire of dames, or a fusser, as I understand is the more contemporary expression, were more than a matter of common report; they were a subject of general jest. And no one present had forgotten the ill success of the youth's earlier efforts to awaken the attention of the cold and indifferent girl, nor his silent and somewhat reddened retreat after various specific attacks.

"You know it. You're like all the rest of the men. All of you are just the same," said the mother and exhibitor of Snowy Shoulders, clearly encouraged and emboldened by the rare stimulus of a general appreciation of her conversational powers and by her opponent's unreadiness of immediate reply. "You simply can't resist her. Oh, I know. I was just like her at her age," she added for heaping good measure. "All admirers and beaux and ribbons and dances. All the wonderful times a real Southern girl has when she's popular. Ain't that just the simple truth?" she asked in a general appeal to the other women.

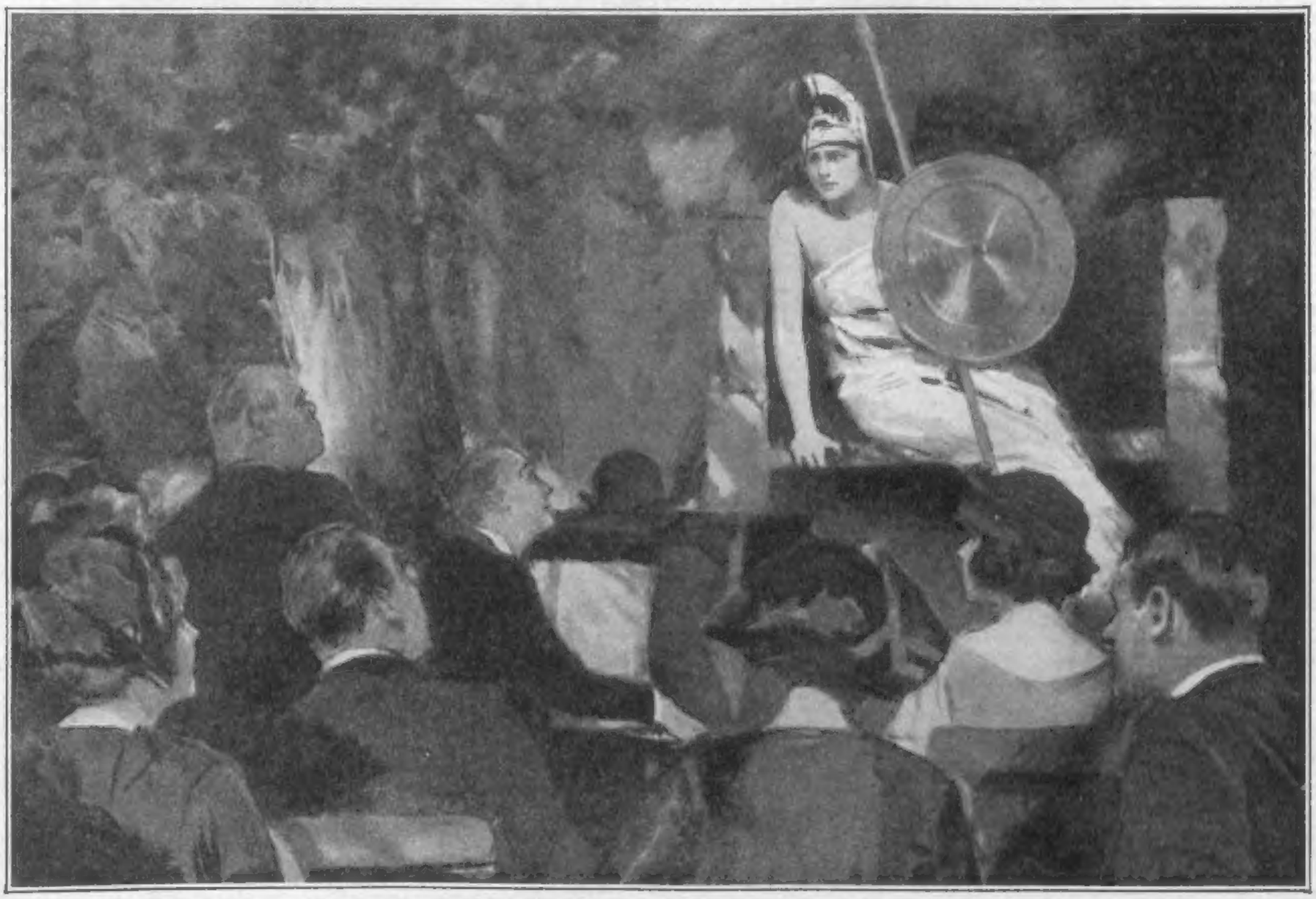
And just at that moment—the height of exuberance and playfulness—Fate, it seemed, chose to strike; and that first telegram arrived. The messenger boy must have passed the golden girl herself as she went down the outside walk with her golden escort; and must have been standing there outside, waiting for the mother to finish her shrill ecstasies, ringing vainly at the bell, for when nobody answered, his voice called out through the screen door, "A telegram."

"Who for?"

"Mis' Fairborn. Mis' Leonora Fairborn."

The woman—that Scarlet Cockatoo—whose real name this was supposed at that time to be, stopped talking suddenly, her smile frozen on her painted face, like a scared clown, as Cupid Calvert stated afterward.

(Continued on Page 114)



"No! No! No! I Can't! I Can't! Not Again!" Cried Victory, in the Voice of a Half-Frenzied Child

KEEPING FIT AT FIFTY

By Samuel G. Blythe

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

WE LADS of the fifties must stick together, for we are on life's Tom Tidler's Ground, with the persistent phalanx of impudent forty-year-olds treading on our heels and seeking to shove us out of their way, and the sneering solidarity of sixty-year-olds holding us back lest we shall encroach on their smug maturity. We are on the plateau of life where on the near side the ascending curve stops, and where on the far side the descending curve begins; and hold it, boys, hold it! Give these forty-year-olds an inch and they will grab a mile; concede anything to the sixty-year-olds and we'll wear their yoke forever.

Of course, attention may be called to the fact that we are somewhat smug ourselves, say 2.75 per cent, and now and then inclined to the superior. Most of us have felt in the inmost recesses of our souls the chief minor tragedy of life, which is the terrifying knowledge that we are slowing down a bit, and all of us are playing in the great major comedy of life, which is protesting that it isn't so, and trying to act the part by putting on the mask of youth and capering about with such virility as can be contrived; but let's get down to cases, between ourselves, and examine into the situation. Why not organize on a fifty-year-old basis instead of pretending this forty stuff or deriding this sixty stuff? Why not make the readjustments required, and thereby get a new and firmer grip on the tail of the world and a stronger stance for the drag?

You Eat What You Like, and When, and Go Down to Business Every Morning Bright and Snappy. It is the Other Fellow of Fifty I am Talking to, Not You

The Expert Qualifies

HERE we are, tens of thousands of us, and a lot of us are too fat and a lot of us are too lean. Call the roll of us and you will get many responses from asthmatics, dyspeptics, nephritics, neurotics, rheumatics, sclerotics, cardiacs, insomniacs and all the other ics and acs that delight the doctors—if we will tell the truth, which most of us will not. The greatest alibi artists in the world are the men of fifty or thereabouts. It is hard to make one of these half-centenarians acknowledge the payment of even the lightest sort of a penalty of his advancing years. They are as good as they were at thirty, and as for forty—better, my boy, better—experience, you know—maturity of judgment; and physically—never felt so well in my life!

Presently Old Man Time comes along with a tap on the shoulder, and says "You're lying, son," and there is where we fiftyisters shine. Then comes the grand diapason of alibi: Of course, fifty is fifty, you know; but barring this knee, or that foolish little heart murmur, or too much paunch, or some small difficulty in getting to sleep, or that darned lumbago, or a touch of sciatica now and then, or occasionally a neurotic tendency—barring some one or two or possibly three of these or something similar—we are all right. Fine! Eat like a horse, sleep like a top, keen as a razor, sharp as a tack, bright as a new penny, and all the other tralatitious tommyrot of diagnosis in the vernacular.

It's a great spirit, lads, and, of course, when I say that a lot of it is not only alibi but also bluff I do not mean you. Not at all. I mean Smith, the physically poor fish down the street; or Jones, the lamentable lobster across the hall. You, having accomplished your fifty years, are recognized in all quarters, and particularly in your own personal quarter, as at the top of your stride. You undoubtedly can play thirty-six holes of golf any day and come in fresh as a daisy; and it may be you are one of those amazing athletes who can bend over and touch the floor with your finger tips, holding the knees rigid the while. You eat what you like, and when, and go down to business every morning bright and snappy. It is the other fellow of fifty I am talking to, not you.

However, in case your fifty years have made a slight dent—or slight dents—in you, or put humps on you in places where no humps should be, read on, for there is a way to smooth out the dents and flatten down the humps in case you have the stamina to help the process along.

Naturally, at this point the question obtrudes: Where does this person get off who is handing out this cocksure stuff about what men of fifty can and should do? The answer is that I qualify in two ways—I have the years and I have played the game. With that modesty that is the paramount characteristic of my trade and is the necessary concomitant of authorial didacticism, I may say I know. And, by heck, I do know!

Upon a bright spring morning some twelve years ago, when all Nature was attune, I attuned myself to a certified pair of scales, and found after painstaking examination of the weights, balances and certification that I was out of tune to the extent of some sixty-five or seventy pounds. It was a catastrophic moment in my fair young life, because, although there had been times when I felt that perhaps I might be lying a few pounds, it had been my custom when any person appraised my flowing lines and asked me how much I weighed, to reply "About two hundred," and I had sort of fixed that figure as the figure for my figure, as one might say.

The grossness of my weight and the weight of my grossness appalled me. There I was, on that bright spring morning, forty years old, scant five feet eleven in height, and with the physical contour of a hippopotamus sniffing the breeze or a load of hay on a creaking wain. In fine, the certified scales certified me at two hundred and forty-seven pounds, and there was no reason, so far as my course of life presented, why a year or so later they might not certify me at three hundred—no reason save one which evolved itself at the moment, and which was that they wouldn't. Nor do they. At present, and for years, they certify and have certified me at one hundred and seventy-five pounds; and there are a great many essential springs, ratchets, gears and other knickknacks about my exterior and interior organism working smoothly and to the consequent sprightliness and joy of life that most men of fifty or thereabouts do not know they have, much less use and enjoy.

As I am a congenital fatsky, a lot of my wrangle with myself has been over excess baggage. I can add two pounds to myself between the sitting down to an apple pie and a jug of cream and the rising up from the same, or put on weight by the mere act of walking through a restaurant. But along with that battle with the doughty champion, Orlando K. Obesity, I learned the useful truth that it is quite futile to remove fat unless you provide tissue to operate with, and that mere leanness or approximate leanness is nothing to brag about—fortified leanness is the desirable condition.

Diseases We Never Catch

NO PERSON knows, until he sets earnestly about his practice of it, how much fun he can have by experimenting with and on his own body, and few realize that that is about the only amusement open to man that is not subject to rigid rules and conventions. They haven't passed a constitutional amendment yet forbidding a man to develop his full physical and, ergo, mental status, although there should be one compelling all men to do so; and we can still do what we like with ourselves, whether it be to harden our arteries or keep them soft.

You see, we do not catch these organic things that devastate so many of us. Those are personal gifts. We bestow them on ourselves. No man ever contracted from another Bright's disease or hard arteries or a hobnailed liver or a bad heart or a case of nerves or diabetes. Those and all their fellow misery makers are purely personal endowments. You may be infected with influenza, but fatty degeneration of the heart is not infectious. That is conferred on himself with the kind regards of the owner of the heart, and none else.

That being a plain and simple statement of fact, the reverse of it is exactly as plain and simple, and is this: What a man is able to give to himself a man is able to keep from himself. You needn't have Bright's disease or cirrhosis of the liver or any of the other numerous organic

assassins unless you prefer them, provided you got a fair, normal start, without congenital weakness, as most of us do—unless you invite them in; unless you present yourself with them. Of course, if you have any one or all of these you are out of my domain as a lay brother, although you might be helped at that. But if you haven't; if you have succeeded in getting by to the half-century mark in fairish shape, and do not feel the need of any of these tenants, do not care to set them up as adjuncts to your physical equipment or put any of them into business within yourself, it may do no harm for us to hold a meeting under the head of the good of the order and the prevention of the disorders.

When a curious and interested person is subject to a twelve-year campaign of this sort of education, that person is almost sure to be educated to a degree, and certainly to be informed. I claim that distinction. If there is any principle of professional dietetics; any system of professional exercise; any food fad; any denial, repletion or other alimentary experiment; any balanced, unbalanced mono or multi ration; any appliance, application, posture, parody on nutriment or imitation of nourishment; any calory, carbohydrate, Bulgarian bacillus, vitamine, fibrin or albumin with which I am not familiar, it is some panacea that has been put forth lately. I have played the gastronomic gamut and gone the exercise limit, and none of these professors of diet or physical culture have anything on me.

The Hay Eaters and Nut Brethren

I KNOW all their patter, can recite their diets, can do their doubly-damned exercises and have fallen for many of their fads in my time. But the good old body came through nobly, and the jolly old bean withstood the strain, and now I've got something, and that something is the knowledge of how to keep fit at fifty and from then on.

It has been an interesting season of experiment, rejection, adoption and combination, devoted to the search for the right processes and the development of those processes to the workable system. It has been carried on as a side line for my ordinary occupations; has continued in all parts of the world; has taken advantage of all sorts of theory and conjecture; has separated a considerable amount of truth from a vast amount of fake, fraud, muddle-headed, crazy and pseudo-scientific guff, and is now down to brass tacks. It has been fun, because there is great amusement in the search for rationalism in living, provided you remain rational yourself and do not take the professors and what they profess too seriously. Once a man gets into the clutches of a food faddist, say, and believes what the faddist proclaims as the sure thing, the rapids are below him, because the hay eater hasn't a gleam of humor about him and thinks himself the savior of humanity, as do all the nut brethren, the raw-food devotees, the fruit fanatics, the no-breakfast exponents, the uric-acid howlers, the anti-red-meat yowlers, and so on, all down the list. Did you ever stop to think, for example, what a calamity to the esteemed members of the medical profession it would be if uric acid should suddenly be taken away from them as a producer of revenue from patients? That would be as cruel and heartless as it would be to take pyorrhea from the dentists. It would leave flat most of the M.D.'s and the D.D.S.'s who have to do with us fifty-yearsters.

You get the professional or pseudo-professional person in some of his most ingenious, most charlatan and most interesting phases when he professes something or other about diet or insists on something or other in the way of exercise. Once I had a conference with a chap who had solved all the physical problems of life with one simple evolution. He claimed that the panacea for all the ills of the flesh and for the vapors of the mind is to stand on one's head for appropriate intervals during the day and wave one's legs about rhythmically. His theory was as incomplex and understandable as his cure. He said that while a man remains upright or reclines in bed his blood all runs one way, and what perfect health requires is to reverse one's position and thus force the blood to run the other way. This, he said, clears out the arteries of all debilitating accumulations and does many beneficent things for the digestion, nerves and other jangled physical appurtenances.

It seemed reasonable enough, if one accepted his premise, which is what the earnest seeker after truth must do—at the start; else investigation fails of its object. Though it could be held that facility at standing on one's head and waving one's legs rhythmically would add little or nothing to one's social graces, as the accomplishment would be difficult to introduce at a dinner or party, there was the element of novelty, and your true investigator will try anything once. I took him at his word. It is astonishing how soon, after one gets into this exercise swing, such little stunts as standing on one's head can be mastered. It took me no time at all to become an expert head-stander, and I could wave my legs with faultless rhythm after a few trials.

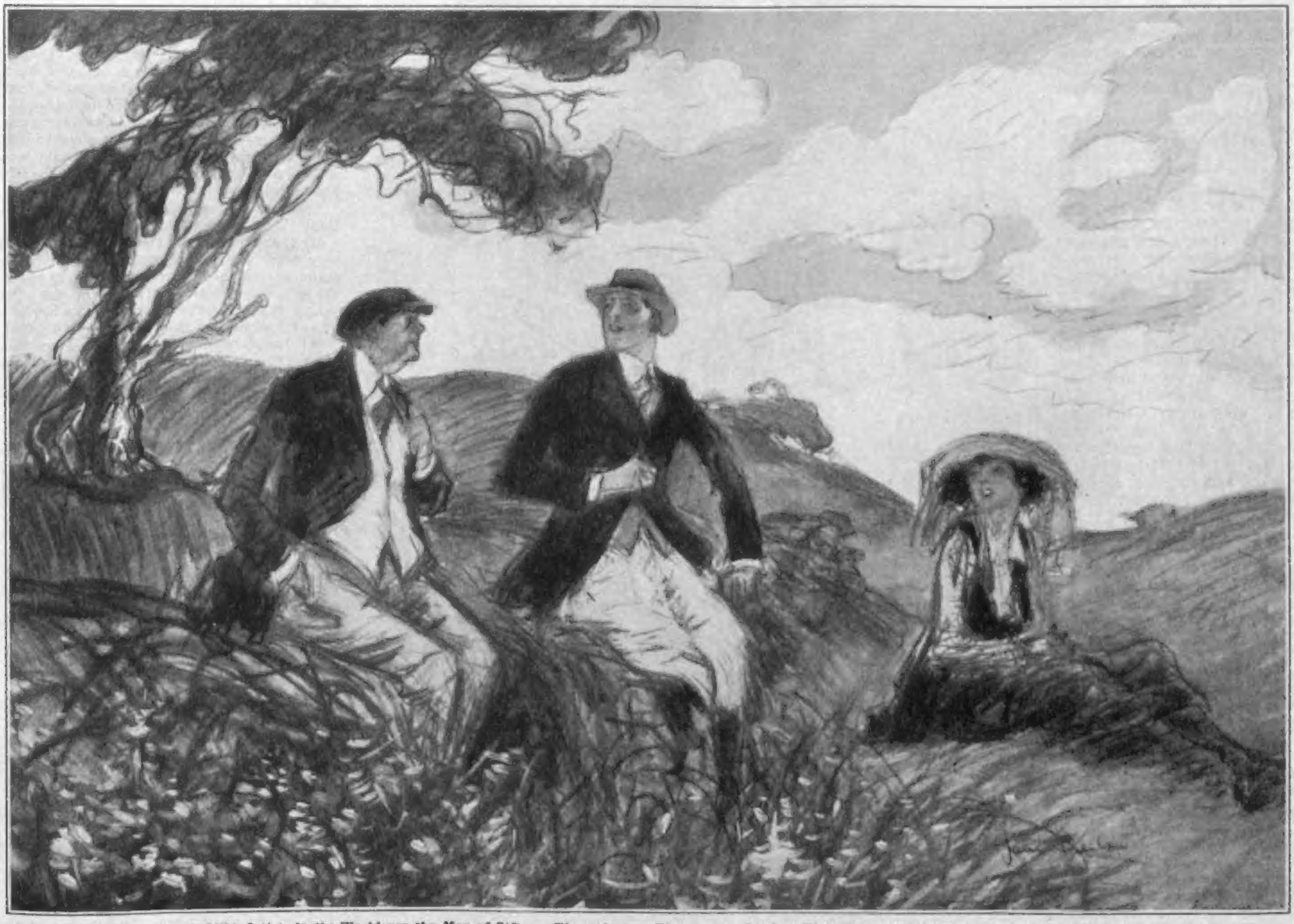
Incredulous Harley Street

THE man said it cured him of a lot of disagreeable things he had. I was in rude health at the time I heard of this, and continued therein during my experiments, until one distressful morning when I was at it in a London hotel as a part of my exercise routine. A gust of wind that blew in through an open window collided with a door that in turn impinged upon my rhythmic legs, and I emerged from the wreckage with a dislocated shoulder that was peddled about extensively among the Harley Street specialists. I never was able to impress the real cause of that dislocation on the Harley Street mentality, although it cost me a good many guineas to try. They concentrated their British intellects on my statement—standing on my head—open door—gust of wind—and listened with bland incredulity, saying, at the conclusion of my recitals: "Ah, yes! Quite so, quite so! But how did it happen?"

Being a truthful American, I stuck to my statement, and then they suggested fomentations and shooed me out, after carefully collecting their meed of guineas, lest the proceedings should, as they all thought was inevitable, develop on their hands a *de lunatico inquirendo* phase.

Presently I discovered an American osteopath who was making the British nobility sit up and take notice; not

(Continued on Page 35)



The Greatest Alibi Artists in the World are the Men of Fifty or Thereabouts. They are as Good as They Were at Thirty, and as for Forty—Better, My Boy. Better—Experience, You Know—Maturity of Judgment; and Physically—Never Felt So Well in My Life!

LITTLE RAIN-IN-THE-FACE

By GEORGE WESTON

ILLUSTRATED BY NANCY FAY

FERRY STREET was a queer street. That was the long and the short of it. In the dim past, when it had really led to a ferry, it had almost been a fashionable thoroughfare. Citizens in comfortable circumstances had built rows of houses there—red-brick dwellings with open fireplaces and low ceilings, to say nothing of white doorsteps that were scrubbed every morning and brass door knockers that nearly blinded the eye when the sunlight flashed upon them.

But as the city grew Ferry Street had gradually lost its caste. The ferryman died, his waterfront property was sold to a company of brewers, the smell of malt drove many of the residents away, the brewery tore down four of their houses and built a stable there, corner residences became the homes of saloons and basement groceries, a man was found dead in the loft above the stable, children began to squeal in the street, women leaned out of upstairs windows by the hour, resting their bodies on cushions placed on the window sills, signs of massage and milliner and furrier appeared in one-time drawing-room windows, a gang of counterfeiters was caught in the basement of Number 708, the Little Brick Church was closed and sold and opened again as a theater and a rash of fire escapes broke out on the fronts of the houses. One might have thought that with the coming of prohibition the status of Ferry Street would improve; but, though the brewery was closed, the stable was converted into a garage, and all day long and far into the night the squawkings of horns were like incoherent blasts of Gabriel's trumpet, calling the long-departed residents of Ferry Street to rise—and come and look and groan a little at the wonders that Time had wrought there.

This is the street where Molly Chalmers was born. She was a quiet girl, one of that reserved type that generally runs to long curls and thin legs, and if it hadn't been for Beatrice Keppler, next door, her childhood would probably have been a dark affair and have overshadowed her future life. But she and Beatrice established one of those friendships which only the young can know. Molly laughed when Beatrice was tickled, and Beatrice cried when Molly had the toothache. They were a proud pair of little madams, too, and when they took a walk on Sunday afternoons, dressed in their best bibs and tuckers, their little noses looking to heaven, their little legs stretching out and strutting, it might be said that altogether unconsciously they alone, in all that double row of houses, upheld the early traditions of Ferry Street.

They Were a Proud Pair of Little Madams When They Took a Walk on Sunday Afternoons, Dressed in Their Best Bibs and Tuckers

Molly had two brothers—Grover and Jim. When Grover was born, his father, Old Clem, had said: "Mother, here's a boy who's going to be President of these United States some day." So he called him Grover Cleveland Chalmers, after the last Democratic President.

Mother didn't think much of it, but that didn't worry Old Clem. Mrs. Chalmers was one of those stout, sad wives who generally speak with a sign; and her one dissipation was to tell a long story of an incident that befell her grandmother—a story that had to do with a performing bear that got loose and followed her grandmother home one night—an anecdote of which you will hear again.

When Jim was born Old Clem had said: "This one's going to be a money-maker. He's got the nose for it. I'll tell you what we'll call him, mother; we'll call him Alexander Stewart Chalmers. How's that for a name?"

Mrs. Chalmers didn't say anything, but as soon as she could she did the one spirited act of her lifetime. She got up four full days before her time, carried her blessed baby to church and had him named James—just plain James—after her father and her grandfather. She was sick for years afterward, and that was when Aunt Lett came to live with them and put her sign in the front window—"Dressmaker."

When Molly was born Old Clem remarked: "Oh, well, we can't always be lucky. She's got two good brothers who'll take care of her."

"Heh!" said Aunt Lett, who was a sort of wise old bird. "A fat lot my two brothers ever did for me!"

Clem said nothing to that. He knew Aunt Lett too well. So all he did was to rub his head a time or two, put his hat on with a reserved expression on his handsome old phiz and walk out with that native dignity which befits a father of three.

The children grew up, and because the boys were two good-looking young scamps, with their father's curly hair and his manner of world ownership, everybody spoiled them a bit. Nobody spoiled Molly, though. For one thing, she was too busy. She liked housework and she liked to sew, and when girls are fated that way they don't have much time to be spoiled.

Beatrice Keppler didn't care for housework. "Do you think I'm going to be a potty all my life?" she indignantly asked. "Not much! I'm going to study bookkeeping and get a job where there isn't much to do and lots of nice fellows round."

This didn't appeal much to Molly. She herself had always been weak at arithmetic, having a born conviction that nine times nine was eighty-four and that fractions were the invention of a madman with a mania for giving girls a blind headache.

"Oh, I don't know," she said. "It's no disgrace to do housework. And, anyhow, they need me home."

They did, indeed. There wasn't the least doubt about that.

Grover and Jim had found jobs in Hannon's Garage, where the brewery stable had once been, and, being fastidious every morning and careless every noon, they made more wash than the pulley lines would hold, so that it had to be dried in sections and ironed all next day and sometimes far into the evening. Old Clem had a job as contractor's foreman up in the Bronx, and he not only had to have a special breakfast set out for him every morning but also a special dinner kept hot for him every night. Mrs. Chalmers had never quite recovered from having her younger son properly named, and Aunt Lett was nearly always as busy as a hive of bees in apple-blossom time, buzzing away as she worked in a deep mannish voice that could be heard all over the house.

Still, Molly didn't mind it as long as she could talk to Beatrice and go round with her. By this time the two girls had acquired a really prodigious store of private jokes and passwords, had nicknames for the neighbors, could talk to each other in church without speaking by some sort of a facial pantomime, and sometimes giggled a little in concert at the use of certain phrases which—at least to the masculine ear—hadn't the least giggling provocation in them.

And then as suddenly as a rifle shot on a Sunday morning something happened that spoiled everything. Beatrice acquired a beau—a nice-enough boy whom she had met at business college—and Molly was left alone to talk to herself, if she felt like talking; or to take herself out for a walk in the park, if so be she felt like exercise.

"M-m-m-m!" said Molly, and began to think things over.

By that time she was twenty-two, and however much the modernists may scoff at the statement, she had never been told how sweet she was, either in tenor or bass, and the only young man who had ever tried to kiss her had gone round for the next few days with four parallel scratches down the side of his face and a very thoughtful look upon the rest of his countenance.

"Oh, girl," said Beatrice on one of her hasty visits, "you ought to get a beau! You don't know what you're missing!"

"M-m-m-m!" said Molly again, and thought it over a little further yet.

The next night Master Grover decked himself out like one of the lilies.

"Where are you going?" asked Molly.

"To see my girl," said Grover. "Where do you think?"

Just then Master James came downstairs with his hair parted like a barber's masterpiece and smelling of scented waters.

"Are you going to see your girl too?" asked Molly.

"Sure!" said Jim, anxiously looking at his reflection in the mirror of the kitchen sideboard. "It's Wednesday night, isn't it?"

Molly went on with the ironing, her back aching and her feet feeling much too large for her shoes. That week the boys had had ten shirts between them. As Molly picked up one of the irons from the stove and dabbed it with her moistened finger to see if it sizzled Aunt Lett came bouncing through.

"Say, Aunt Lett ——"

"Huh?" said that wise old bird aforesaid.

"Grover and Jim have just gone out—to see their girls, they said. And Beatrice—she's got a fellow; and come to think of it, most every girl I know has got one. Say, Aunt Lett ——"

"Huh?"

"How—how do they get them, do you know?"

"Get what?"

"Why, their fellows."

"How do they get them? Why, they go after them, of course!"

"Oh! You mean they go after the fellows?"

"You bet they do! Like Indians! I tell you, I often pity the poor young fellows nowadays. They haven't a chance in the world!"

"Isn't that awful!" thought Molly.

She went on ironing, though much more slowly, and whether or not it was the heat from the stove, her cheeks gradually grew redder and redder, her back grew more and more achy, her feet felt more and more like baby elephant's feet; and finally, hastily setting the iron on its stand, she sat down by the side of the board and had a good long cry to herself, possibly weeping over the death of old romantic dreams and wondering what the future had in store for her. And as she sat there, the tears still streaming down her crimson cheeks, she happened to catch sight of herself in the mirror of the sideboard.

"Oh," she gasped, "I look—why, I look like an Indian already!" And one of those private jokes aforesaid rising to her mind, she tearfully, tragically added: "Little Rain-in-the-Face with her war paint on—I wonder if that's me!"

II

IT WAS at least significant that the very next day Molly began to consider her possibilities. Immediately the queerness of Ferry Street became apparent. First she checked off the residents of the house next door.

"There's nobody there who would do," she told herself, "and there's nobody there," she added, checking off the next house. "And there's nobody there." In like manner she ran all the way down the street to the abandoned brewery, and then all the way back again on the other side. "No," she sighed when she was through. "There's only Purr Peterson and Buck Hannon, and neither of those would do."

Buck Hannon was the son of the proprietor of Hannon's Garage, and more than once he had called at the Chalmers house to see Grover, always smiling at Molly with a dental display and once even inviting her to take a ride with him some night and go over to Coney Island, an invitation which Molly had automatically declined, though if you had pressed her for a reason she would probably have answered, "I don't like his eyes," to which she might have uneasily added, "and I don't like his teeth either."

So, as you can plainly see, Buck Hannon wouldn't do. And as for Purr Peterson — whose proper Christian name was Per, the Swedish for Peter—it was Purr who had worn those parallel scratches down the side of his nose.

"Poor Purr," thought Molly, smiling in spite of herself. "I'm sorry I scratched him, but he had no right to try to kiss me, even if it was Christmas Eve. And anyhow, I want somebody better than a machinist's helper, or I might as well have nobody."

This may have been the contempt of familiarity, for she and Purr had gone to school together; and when the counterfeiters were arrested at Number 708, it was Master Peterson, aged ten, who had looked down into the basement with Molly and Beatrice and had shown them the exact spot where Lead-Pipe Mike had fallen. Molly had stopped only because Beatrice wanted to see it, and when at last the two girls were alone, Miss Chalmers had exclaimed, "I shall never speak to Purr Peterson again as long as I live—never!" and was in quite a way about it.

Poor Purr! He wouldn't have looked so badly if he hadn't always been so tall for his age; and when he was apprenticed to Dutton's Machine Shop and wore overalls that had been designed for a shorter man, and went home to dinner whistling with smuts of black on his nose ——

"I'd like to see myself!" thought Molly indignantly.

No; the more she considered it the more clearly she saw that she would have to borrow a leaf from Beatrice's book. If the mountain wouldn't come to Miss Mahomet, Miss M. must go to the mountain.

"I'm no good at figures," she reasoned, "so I couldn't learn bookkeeping. I was always good at spelling, though. I know!" she suddenly told herself with a flash of inspiration. "I'll see if I can't learn shorthand—and be a stenographer!"

Old Clem gave her some of the money and Aunt Lett lent her the rest. Before the week was over she had joined Bellamy's Evening Business College and was promptly initiated into the mysteries of p, b; k, g; t, d; ch, j and all the rest of that phonetic company. This was interesting enough, but when she began putting the letters together and forming words, the color came out on her cheeks and she began to feel that she was on the right trail at last. If you had looked at her then, and had next taken a glance at the hieroglyphics that she was writing down, row after row, you might have thought that she was drawing miniature tomahawks, mounds, bowls, moons, spearheads and similar strange devices.

"Surely," you might have told yourself, "she'll never be able to make it out. This thing that looks like a tomahawk, for instance—now what does that stand for?"

But Little Rain-in-the-Face kept calmly on. She knew what the tomahawk stood for—she knew what she was doing.

III

BY GREAT good luck Molly got a job at the office where Beatrice worked—the downtown headquarters of Downs & Doolittle, one of the city's leading firms of real-estate agents. Beatrice heard of the coming vacancy the same week that Molly received her diploma; and though Molly proudly carried her diploma when she went to apply for the position, nobody looked at it. They looked at the bearer instead, gave her a short letter, which nevertheless contained the words address, envelope, leasehold and data, glanced it over with a gimlet eye and told her to report for work on Monday morning.

So Molly reported—in her Sunday clothes; a blue serge tailor-made that Aunt Lett had made and a shirt waist which simultaneously drew the eye and soothed the mind and made the chance observer think of rosebuds on a June morning and a robin singing somewhere in the elm tree.

"You'll have to tell me who everybody is," said Molly to Beatrice when they went out to lunch together.

That was a chore that suited Beatrice, and she started with the fresh ones.

"I'll remember them," said Molly solemnly when the list was completed. "But how about Mr. Bailey, who gave me dictation this morning?"

They looked at each other, and though apparently not a muscle moved on either of their faces, they must have held some subtle form of communication, or why would Beatrice have answered the way she did?

"He's married," she said, "and got two children. Isn't he nice, though?"

Ye-e-e-es, he was nice all right.

"And that man who sits in the corner, with the glasses; is he married, do you know?"

"No, but he's got a girl. She waits for him every Saturday noon in the hall downstairs—a tall blonde, kind of bossy, who wears ankle straps—and they go to a show together."

"She waits for him every Saturday noon," thought Molly. "Doesn't that sound as though Aunt Lett was right? 'Like Indians,' she said."

At that she sighed a little, as nice girls have sighed since time immemorial when suddenly finding themselves face to face with some of those great problems of life which are never taught in the textbooks. But *nota bene*, if you please, having paid her tribute to those hopes and dreams of romance which the poets sing so well, she drew a deep breath and went right on taking the census.

Of course it wasn't all done that noon. A thing like that takes time, especially in an office like Downs & Doolittle's, where nearly fifty clerks and outside men were employed. But one by one the proper eliminations were made, and when the net result was finally gained there were only five eligibles left.

"And I don't like Mr. Engel," thought Molly sadly, "because he's fat and thinks so much of himself."

That left four.

"And Mr. Levinski wouldn't do," she sadly continued. That left three.

"And I don't like Mr. Cihlar," she thought a few days later, "because he always smells of cigarettes and makes double meanings out of things whenever he can."

That left two—both rather nondescript and cheesy young men—a residue which will give you some slight idea of the puzzle which so many poor girls have to solve for themselves in following out their manifest destinies.

"Still," she thought, "perhaps they are nicer than they seem. You often see married men and wonder why their wives ever married them, and they must be nice somehow or other or nobody would ever have had them."

There wasn't much enthusiasm in this reflection, though, and Molly was rather sorrowfully tapping away at her machine when a strange young man came from the reception room and went into Mr. Doolittle's private office.

After the Matinée They Had Dinner on a Roof That Had Been Made Up Like a Japanese Garden

Five minutes later he came out with the junior member of the firm, hung his hat on one of the coat hooks and was assigned to a window desk, a place of honor reserved for department heads and star salesmen. Then Mr. Doolittle introduced him to the rest of the force.

His name, Molly learned before she went home that night, was J. Allison Cunningham. His address was the Mohegan Club—evidently a bachelor. He wore brown tweeds of a distinctive cut, was tall, rather pale, talked with a drawl and had a smile, half sad and half humorous, that seemed to have been designed by Nature to go straight to a young girl's heart.

"Oh!" thought Molly, watching this rich prize from the corner of her eye. "If I only could ——"

Seeing that Mr. Doolittle's eyes were upon her, she started tap-tap-tapping away on her typewriter. It was a prosaic letter—"We beg to call your attention to the fact that your rent for last month still remains unpaid"—but if you could have seen Molly's expression as she wrote it you wouldn't have been surprised to discover that she was writing a composite transcription of If a Body, Hope Eternal and The Maiden's Prayer.

IV

"J. ALLISON CUNNINGHAM"—the name itself was like a song, and Molly sang it—silently, but with many a subtle variation—on her way home. "J. Allison Cunningham, Mr. and Mrs. J. Allison Cunningham, the Honorable and Mrs. J. Allison Cunningham"—whichever way she sang it, it had a pleasing air.

A few months before Molly might have been frightened at such an ambitious coupling of names, but in the brief period of her acquaintance with the mysteries of shorthand she had heard too many instances of successful young business men—even millionaires—marrying nice stenographers. And, indeed, why shouldn't they? To that, of course, there is no answer whatsoever; so Molly went on with her dreams—dreams, however, that had a rough wakening when she turned off Avenue E and the full glory of Ferry Street burst upon her.

Poor Molly!

Like the famous Humpty Dumpty, all her ambitions suddenly fell from the wall. The children of Ferry Street, it seemed to her, had never screamed so loudly nor appeared in such startling dishabille as on that mild June evening; nor had the pushcarts held more unsavory wares; nor the fire escapes been adorned with such dreadful miscellanies; nor had so many members of the Upstairs Ladies' Club leaned from their windows, resting their ponderous anatomies on cushioned sills and exchanging gossip in voices that had to compete, and did compete, with the pandemonium below.

"It wouldn't be long," she sadly thought, "before I would have to bring him home. And just as soon as he saw that I lived in a place like this ——"

For that, of course, there was only one remedy.

"Say, mom," she began as soon as she reached home, "why do we go on living on this dirty old street? Did you ever hear anything like that noise outside?"

Mrs. Chalmers had one of her sick headaches that day, and that helped a little. Aunt Lett chimed in with a deep-toned bell, and that helped a little too.

"I'll tell you one thing I'd like to see," said Aunt Lett. "I'd like to see our Grover break off with that young Buck Hannon. I've got no time for those long trips they make in that covered truck. It looks bad to me. They'll get in trouble yet. Honest goods don't have to be moved round in the nighttime. That's all I say."

Molly could have said more, for you don't fool the young much in a place like Ferry Street. She could have told, for instance, of a bottle that she had once found under the top of Grover's mattress; and she could have told them where it was that Jimmy was beginning to spend so much of his time. Yes, the more Molly thought it over the more determined she became that it was time for the Chalmers to move.

They talked it over for nearly an hour, and when Old Clem came home from his interminable job in the Bronx, as handsome as ever, but a bit grizzled round the temples, he was fed up to the chin on delicate vianda, his pipe was lit for him by Mademoiselle Molly, who perched herself for the occasion upon his knee, a footstool was brought for his feet, and then—well, then he got it. Every family man who reads these lines will know what is meant.

Of course the thing wasn't accomplished all in one sitting. Grover, for instance, did nothing but look disgusted.

"I'm handy to my work here," he said. "I don't want to move."

Molly looked at him—this young man who was going to be President some day—but Master Grover avoided the reproach in her eye.

"If you want to know the way I feel about it," she quietly told him, "I think the farther away you get from Buck Hannon the better." And in a lower voice yet, so that Old Clem wouldn't hear, she added, "He'll get you in trouble yet, Grover; and perhaps before you know it."

"Aw, rats!" said the future President; but he couldn't very well say any more, because he knew that Molly had found the illicit bottle. So he simply shuffled his feet a little and yawned in a large sort of way.

"I'd just as lief move," said Jimmy unexpectedly.

"That's because of the Bolzic girl," thought Molly with relief. "He'd like to get away from her already. It's worth moving just to do that."

The next night the thing went a little further. Old Clem himself came home with the report of an apartment house which had just been finished in the Bronx.

"It looks pretty darned stylish for us," he concluded.

"I like that!" cried Molly indignantly.

"Sundial Court, it's called," added Clem, blinking at the smoke that wreathed from his pipe. "Pretty doggy. No overalls need apply there, I guess."

"I'm glad of that," said Molly. "It's about time this family graduated out of overalls. Other people do, and I don't see why we shouldn't." That was what she said for public consumption, but privately she was thinking: "Sundial Court—what a pretty name! Mr. J. Allison Cunningham, of the Mohegan Club, and Miss Molly Chalmers, of Sundial Court ——"

The next day was Sunday, and she went up to see the apartment. It was an imposing-looking place overlooking the Botanical Gardens, and the sundial was there in the court all right, even though it had to catch the sun on the wing, so to speak, and could only mutely tell the hour between half past eleven and a quarter to one. And there was not only a sundial; there were stone benches in the court, after the Italian manner; and shimmering rugs in the foyer, after the Persian manner; and a man in armor near the foot of the stairs, after the English manner; and a squad of automobiles at the curb, after the American manner. Molly was chastened at first when she heard how much the rent was; but halfway back to Ferry Street her chastened air left her and she looked like one inspired. You ought to have heard her when she finally reached home and told them all about it. Columbus returning to Spain and telling Isabella about the wonders of the New World had nothing on Molly Chalmers.

"Of course the rent might be cheaper," she concluded. "It's sixty-five dollars a month more than we are paying now; but I've been thinking," she hurriedly continued, "if Grover and Jim will pay half the difference I'll pay the other half."

At that MM. Grover and James looked at each other and, truth to tell, their ears burned a little; for up to that time neither of them had made any regular contribution to the family purse.

"Suppose we split it three ways," said Jimmy at last, looking at Molly. "Twenty-two dollars a month each from the three of us."

"I'm willing," said Molly promptly, and then they both looked at Master Grover.

"All right," said he; and, trying to put a touch of indignation in his voice, he added, "Say, what do you two think I am—a bum sport?"

It was finally decided that Aunt Lett should stay down on Ferry Street for the present. For one thing, her customers lived round here; and for another thing, if the Chalmers family found Sundial Court too rich for their blood their line of retreat would be wide open.

"I'll just keep the front room and the back parlor," boomed Aunt Lett. "I can let out the other rooms for enough to pay the rent of the whole place; and then when the lease expires we can make up our minds what to do next."

"It seems an awful rent to pay, somehow," said Old Clem, rubbing his head. "Lord only knows how it's going to end!"

But Molly didn't seem to share the least of his fears. Little Rain-in-the-Face was getting her wigwam ready. She knew what she was doing.

▼

THE Chalmers moved into Sundial Court on the first of the month, and though Molly didn't care how the rest of the apartment was arranged, she insisted upon having the front room furnished according to her own ideas. No blaze of light in that room, thank you; no stiff-backed

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"Oh, Girl," Said Beatrice, "You Ought to Get a Beau!"

CAPE TO CAIRO

By Isaac F. Marcosson

Premier Diamond Mine. Largest in the World. Above—A Typical South African Grazing Scene, Drakensberg Mountains, Cape Colony

WHEN you take the train for the north at Capetown you start on the first lap of what is in many respects the most picturesque journey in the world. Other railways tunnel mighty mountains, cross seething rivers, traverse scorching deserts and invade the clouds; but none has so romantic an interest or is so bound up with such adventure and imagination as this.

The reason is that at Capetown begins the southern end of the famous seven-thousand-mile Cape-to-Cairo route, one of the greatest dreams of England's prince of practical dreamers, Cecil Rhodes. Today, after thirty years of conflict with grudging governments, the project is to all intents and purposes an accomplished fact.

Woven into its fabric is the story of a German conspiracy that was as definite a cause of the Great War as the Balkan mess or any other phase of Teutonic international meddling. Along its highway the American mining engineer has registered a little known evidence of his achievement abroad. The route taps civilization and crosses the last frontiers of progress. Attention has been directed anew to the enterprise from the fact that shortly before I reached Africa last May two aviators flew from Cairo to the Cape, and their actual flying time was exactly sixty-eight hours.

The unbroken iron spine that was to link North and South Africa, and which Rhodes beheld in his vision of the future, will probably not be built for some years. Traffic in Central Africa at the moment does not justify it. Besides, the navigable rivers in the Belgian Congo, Egypt and the Sudan lend themselves to the rail-and-water route which, with one short overland gap, now enables you to travel the whole way from the Cape to Cairo.

The very inception of the Cape-to-Cairo project gives you a glimpse of the working of the Rhodes mind. Rhodes saw things only in a big way. He left the carrying out of details to subordinates. When he looked at the map of Africa—and he was forever studying maps—and ran that historic line through it from end to end and said, "It must be all red," he took no cognizance of the extraordinary difficulties that lay in the way. He saw, but he did not heed, the rainbow of many national flags that spanned the continent. A little thing like millions of square miles of jungle, successions of great lakes, or wild and primitive regions peopled with cannibals, meant nothing. Money and energy were to him merely means to an end.

When General "Chinese Gordon," for example, told him that he had refused a roomful of silver for his services in exterminating the Mongolian bandits, Rhodes looked at him in surprise and said, "Why didn't you take it? What is the earthly use of having ideas if you haven't the money with which to carry them out?" Here you have the keynote of the whole Rhodes business policy. A project had to be carried through regardless of expense. It applied to the Cape-to-Cairo dream just as it applied to every other enterprise with which he was associated.

The Rail-and-River Route

THE all-rail route would cost billions, although now that German prestige in Africa is ended it would not be a physical and political impossibility. A modification of the original plan into a combination rail-and-river scheme permits the consummation of the vision of thirty years ago. The southern end is all rail, mainly because the Union of South Africa and Rhodesia are civilized and prosperous countries. I made the entire journey by train from Capetown to the railhead at Bukuma in the Belgian Congo, a distance of twenty-seven hundred miles, the longest continuous link in the whole scheme. This trip can be made, if desirable, in a through car in about nine days.

I then continued northward, down the Lualaba River—Livingstone first thought it was the Nile—then by rail, and again on the Lualaba through the posts of Kongolo, Kindu and Ponthierville to Stanleyville on the Congo River. This is the second stage, so to speak, of the Cape-to-Cairo route, and knocks off an additional eight hundred and ninety miles and another twelve days. Here I left the highway to Egypt and went down the Congo, and my actual contact with the famous line ended. I could have gone on, however, and reached Cairo, with luck, in about eight weeks.

From Stanleyville you go to Mahagi, which is on the border between the Congo and Uganda. This is the only overland gap in the whole route. It covers, roughly—and the name is no misnomer, I am told—six hundred and eighty miles through the jungle, and skirts the principal Congo gold fields. A road has been built and motor cars are available. The railway route from Stanleyville to Mahagi, which will link the Congo and the Nile, is surveyed, and would have been finished by this time but for the outbreak of the Great War. The Belgian Minister of the Colonies, Louis Franck, with whom I traveled from Kindu to Stanleyville, assured me that his government would commence the construction within the next two years, thus enabling the traveler to forgo any hiking on the long journey.

Mahagi is on the western side of Lake Albert, and is destined to be the lake terminus of the projected Congo-Nile Railway, which will be an extension of the Sudan Railways. Here you begin the journey that enlists both railways and steamers, and which gives practically a straight-ahead itinerary to Cairo. You journey on the Nile by way of Rejaf, Kodok—the Fashoda that was—to Kosti, where you reach the southern railhead of the Sudan Railways. Thence it is comparatively easy, as most travelers know, to push on through Khartum, Berber, Wady-Halfa and Assuan to the Egyptian capital. The distance from Mahagi to Cairo is something like twenty-seven hundred miles, while the total mileage from Capetown to Cairo, along the line that I have indicated, is seven thousand miles.

This, in brief, is the way you make the trip that Rhodes dreamed about, but not the way he planned it. There are various suggestions for alternate routes after you

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JAMES

By PERCEVAL GIBBON

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

THE dressing room, where the ceremony of the toilet achieved itself, was like a boudoir; the bedroom from which it opened might have been a bridal chamber; and the bathroom to which it led gleamed with white tiling and bright metal like a *chapelle ardente*. And to this stupendous apparatus for getting up in the morning and going to bed at night there was added an image of God in the person of James.

The oval mirror in the dressing room had an arrangement of cunning lights about it, which now illuminated the shirt front, the collar and the countenance of Sigbert Hammond as he made his fourth failure of a dress tie. A little of their light escaped under his right arm and let the mirror have a dim glimpse of the aforesaid image, a gray, expressionless mask of a face, dumb and patient. Sigbert Hammond swore briefly and flung the ruined tie to the floor.

"Another tie, confound it!" he snarled, and ere the words were clear of his lips a smoothly swift hand came forward and presented him with a stiff and immaculate tie. "And take that face of yours away from the glass! How the deuce d'you think a man's goin' to tie a tie with your old mug gibberin' at him all the time?"

A deferential murmur of apology and acquiescence answered him. The gray-haired man stooped and gathered up the rejected tie and stood aside, silent and unobtrusive, while Sigbert Hammond fumbled and fingered his way to victory.

"Waistcoat!" he said then, not peremptorily, not with the curtness of a man accustomed to giving orders, but rather with the cruel incivility of a bully. He was a large man, and only just not a stout one, who looked forty years of age at the beginning of the evening and fifty-five at the end of it. His face, with its exquisitely adjusted mustache, petrified with pomade, aimed at an expression of debonair vivacity; and now, regardless of the presence of James standing with the white waistcoat and the present arms, he practiced a smile or so, a shrug and a good-humored sneer before the mirror.

"H'm!" he grunted critically, not displeased, and allowed himself to be inserted into the waistcoat.

It was seven o'clock when finally he stalked to his pier glass and passed himself as satisfactory. There, testing postures as before he had tried on grimaces, he snapped orders.

"Watch!" he demanded without looking round.

A timepiece as thin as a coin, with a fob pendant attached to it, was forthwith in his hand.

"Money!"

A morocco-leather note case with gold edges and a monogram reached him in the same manner.

"Silver!"

Half crowns and shillings materialized.

"Cigarette case!"

And an effect of gold and brilliants arrived. And so forth. It was the evening's routine. He could not even furnish himself with the means of blowing his nose without a curt command.

It is pathetic to think that such a man must one day die with none to take the details of the ordeal off his hands.

But at last the long ceremony was at an end, and its celebrant, hatted, coated, gloved and sticked, turned in the doorway of his flat to savor a final taste of authority before going forth to the world in which he commanded only what he paid for.

"Prob'ly bring some friends back," he communicated. "Don't know what time. You'll wait up!"

He Cried Something Inarticulate and Next Moment He Had Kissed Her

James, holding the door open, bowed. He was expected to bow, and he did it like a servant on the stage.

"Very good, sir," he replied. "Supper, sir?"

Sigbert Hammond considered.

"No!" he decided. "Whisky an' soda. You can make some sandwiches if we want anything."

"Very good, sir!"

James closed the door quietly as his master turned and walked away. He was now alone in the large oversumptuous flat, free for the long evening of its resources of comfort and delivered from the silly parade of servile decorum by which he earned his bread. He was a man of the middle stature, silver-haired, clean shaven, upon whom the many restraints and inhibitions of his manner of life had wrought with the effect of discipline. His unsmiling mouth had yet the shape of a mouth that could be humorsome, and shrewdness and observation were alive in his quiet eyes. As he turned from the door he did not draw the deep breath of relief or relax in any way the sober propriety of his demeanor. He crossed the hall to where the telephone stood on its shelf. He unhooked the receiver and called a number. Then, after some seconds:

"Hullo! Is that the Varieties? I want to speak to Miss Carey. Yes, I'll hold the line." He waited, his serious face downcast and patient, for perhaps a minute. "That you, Mary? Yes, it's me. He's just gone out, but he says he's bringing some men home to-night. No, I don't know who they are. Usual gang o' loafers and crooks he's always pickin' up in bars, I expect. So I don't s'pose you'll see him. Well, good night!"

He hung up the receiver and passed into the bedroom to make all fair and fit for his master's return.

The ménage of whose mechanism the silver-haired James was a part had come into existence soon after the death of old John William Hammond, the father of Sigbert. He had been head of a fine old-fashioned house of city merchants, one of those ripe and secure old firms which are scarcely yet converted to the use of the typewriter and the adding machine. For seventeen years Sigbert had held a post in it, chafing secretly at the industry and punctuality required of him, filching what he could of mean and banal dissipation between the hour when the offices closed and the hour when he was required to be at home in the grave old house in Kensington. He had neither the courage nor the enterprise to rebel. All his life he had lived in fear of his father. He hated and despised his work and had pride only in his vices.

Old John William Hammond had died in his sleep one night. His wife was long since dead, and Sigbert, his only offspring, had inherited everything. And forthwith, in a positive fever of haste and energy, like one who tears at bonds to release himself, he set about to strip himself of all that had been the strong and respectable accouterment of the old man's life. The large interest that was now his in the firm, the house at Kensington and its contents, another house that faced the sea at Brighton—he sold them all. They were anchors at which one might ride in security; he was for the current and its adventures. And thus, at the age of nearly forty, with no one in the world to answer to the loosest description of a friend, he embarked on the career of a gilded youth, with a service flat at the lively end of Piccadilly and nothing to look forward to but death.

Yet in his hasty jettison of his father's property and associations one thing had survived—James! He had been old John William's valet, and when the other servants were discharged he had been kept on temporarily to minister to Sigbert, and somehow he had remained. He had adapted himself with a facile suppleness to the new personality, tyrannous and overbearing, which Sigbert had developed with his freedom. He suffered himself to be alternately sworn at and patted on the back. He had been the uncritical witness of silly and base dissipations, and through it all he had retained his pose of and his effect of a manhood withdrawn and unassailable behind his professional crust.

It was early—scarcely midnight—when Sigbert Hammond, with four friends in tow, returned to the flat. James, in the big armchair before the fire in the lounge, leaned forward and dropped the unsmoked half of his cigar into the heart of the glowing coals, rose swiftly but with no flurry of haste, and had the front door open for them while yet their feet were noisy without.

"Come in, you fellows!" called Sigbert Hammond. "Haven't been here before, have you? Come in an' have a drink! It's early yet!"

James, holding the door, standing as though mummified in his posture of service, marked that each of the four, as they single-filed in, gave him a swift appraising glance.

They were men varying in age from about twenty-five to about forty, tall and short, stout and lean; yet one

characteristic was common to all. They were—there is no other word for it—dubious. For all their excellent clothes, sleek grooming and manners of extreme sophistication, they had the essential quality of the Apache. Each wore a dark, narrow-waisted overcoat, and kept it on as he followed the hospitable Hammond through to where the cut-glass decanter, the siphon and the tumblers awaited them.

"Here we are!" Hammond's voice, with its forced note of heartiness, echoed through the flat. "Help yourselves; you know your dose. James! James, curse you, come an' take these gentlemen's coats!"

"Yes, sir!"

Hammond and three of the others were grouped about the table and the decanter when James entered obediently from the hall. The other member of the party, a thick-set, square-jawed man, with a smear of black mustache lying like a shadow under his nose, wandered about the room, seeming to inspect, in a mood of weary idleness, its pictures and ornaments. The others surrendered their overcoats to the arm of James, but when James crossed to him with a murmured "Coat, sir?" he shrugged and turned away.

"You don't mean to say you're not goin' to stay, Nunk!" protested Hammond.

"Oh, I shan't stay long," said the other.

"Rot!" cried Hammond. He turned to the others. "Make yourselves comfortable, will you, while I just get out o' this coat and into a jacket? Shan't be a sec."

"Don't worry about us!" they chorused. "We're all right!"

The man whom Hammond had called Nunk had made the circuit of the room by this time. As Hammond went forth he stood, sunk in a sort of heavy vacancy, beside the door, till the former had passed him; then, slouching still in the manner of bored half interest, he followed. James, helping his master to doff his coat, was aware of him in the doorway of the dressing room.

"Nice li'l' place you got here," he remarked.

"Oh?" Hammond had not seen him till he spoke. "Yes, not so bad for a single man."

James fetched and held up the gorgeous smoking jacket which Sigbert Hammond affected. He was as noiseless and smooth in movement as a serpent, and he had that gift of the perfect servant of making no effect of an individuality in the place. He counted for as much as the furniture, and for no more; to all intents and purposes Hammond and his guest were alone together, so that he was able to watch them, himself unregarded, as if he had been disembodied and invisible.

The guest, still drooping languidly, dropped into a chair, his heavy face seeming to stare with a rather stupid intensity at the vaudeville splendor of Hammond's jacket. He did not move his smoothly brushed head at all; but James, busy about his duties, silent and alert, did not fail to notice the side-to-side flash of his eyes, vividly awake in the torpor of his countenance, as he inventoried the possibilities of the too luxurious room. It lasted for no more than a couple of seconds, and he was again empty of energy and purpose, a mere body full of weariness left over from an evening of drinking and loafing. But what struck James, deeply learned in the science of faces from long practice in reading the moods of his master, was the character of sheer expertness in those swift exploring glances. There was a great dressing table against the wall, a thing that might have served a young duchess, littered with toilet tools. It seemed to him that the man had but looked at it, and forthwith become possessed of a catalogue of its gear.

"Well, let's join the others," suggested Sigbert Hammond.

The guest rose limply.

"I'll come an' have a drink," he said, yawning, "but I'm not goin' to play anything."

"Exactly as you please, old boy," Sigbert Hammond reassured him. "Liberty Hall, y'know, an' all that!"

James, passing through the hall toward his pantry some minutes later, was able to see through the open doors of the lounge that Hammond and his three other guests were already at cards. Each had his tumbler beside him, and beside Hammond there lay also the morocco-leather note case. The man they called Nunk half sat, half lay upon a couch at the side of the room.

The pantry opened off the hall. It was natural that James, having entered, should leave the door ajar in case of a call for his services; and having done so, it was inevitable that all that passed in the other room should be audible to him. He let himself down into his chintz-covered armchair, lit a cigarette and lay back to listen.

The curt jargon of the game, the clink and rustle of money, the ring of the decanter on the rims of glasses—these were the voices of the night in Sigbert Hammond's dwelling place. He was losing, of course; he was playing a game where the others were practicing a trade. Against such losses as this there were no means of protecting him.

The few decent men who very occasionally visited the flat were wont to wonder how it came about that a manservant of the type of James should content himself with such a service, for none is more critical and sensitive to social and personal quality than the lackey. But James' value to his master was greater than either he or they suspected. He explained nothing, revealed nothing; but as though in a kind of piety, a devout servility, he who pressed the trousers and laid out the linen had taken upon himself the post of guardian and protector to the foolish spendthrift who employed him. Adventurous checks to bookmakers, handed to James to mail, were lost in the post; an attempt at blackmail was frustrated by his overhearing it; and a private gaming house was raided by the police upon the very night set for the looting of Sigbert Hammond.

There came to him in his pantry the sound of a yawn, and after it the voice of the man who was called Nunk:

"If you fellers are goin' to stop, I think I'll take my coat off after all. Mind if I wash my hands, Hammond? No, don't call; I know where to go."

"Cert'nly! Go ahead," came Hammond's answer.

James rose from the chair and switched out the light in the pantry.

The card players did not move. Nunk, languid yet, came lounging from the room, passed through the hall and

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James, at the Door, Was Fit to Film in His Perfect Effect of an Old Family Retainer

Winnie O'Wynn and the Silent Player—By Bertram Atkey

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

"It Would be Foolish to Call Her Anything But Beautiful, Only It Is a Strange and Bizarre Beauty"

LITTLE Miss Winnie O'Wynn was playing all by herself in her flat. It was a new game, and one which she had invented. She had named it Roll Call, and it consisted of looking through the muster roll of the regiment of which she was colonel in chief—twelve hundred stanch and steady and true little soldiers, very trim, very smart and all exactly alike, ready at her lightest word of command to spring on parade from the bank in which they were billeted. Winnie's Own Bright Force, she playfully called them, and she was very proud of them; so proud, indeed, that she was never tired of looking at the roll of them, so nicely written in the book provided by the bankers; never tired of planning for their welfare and their future.

There was a tiny frown of concentration on the brows of their lovely colonel to-night, for she had quite recently arrived at a momentous decision in connection with the regiment. She intended to arrange for married quarters at the ban—the barracks—and to get every one of her smart little soldiers wedded.

"That will make you twenty-four hundred strong," she said. "And if you all become papas in a year's time—why, then you will be thirty-six hundred strong! And that will be much better."

She smiled at the quaint conceit, sipped her chocolate and put the book away.

"I must go recruiting," said she, and aided by many cushions, the big couch and the pink tea gown in which she always thought so well, she gave herself up to speculation.

"If only men were not such wolves; if only they would not pounce upon one so savagely," she mused, "I should have no trouble in making my regiment into quite an army. But nowadays they are so sharp and keen that a lonely, unprotected girl can hardly expect more than the scraps which fall from their table." She smiled.

"Still one may try. The first duty of an officer is to see to the welfare of his men; the first thought of a colonel must always be of his regiment. Daddy never told me that, but he would have if he had thought of it. Now where shall I go recruiting?"

She relaxed like a Persian kitten, and was already winding her mental way through a maze of speculation when the evening mail arrived. There was only one letter. The envelope was heavily marked "Private," and—the girl observed—was addressed in the bold and impressive handwriting of a gentleman whom she had already met—the open, frank and breezy Mr. George H. Jay, of Finch Court, Southampton Row, Agent. Indeed, it was Mr. Jay who some time before had selected her from among many applicants for a temporary post at his disposal. Oddly enough, it had cost him a great deal of very excellent money, and though it was that money which now formed a goodly proportion of Winnie's regiment, Mr. Jay did not blame the girl. It was through no fault of hers, he conceived, but rather through his misfortune.

He wrote requesting her, if not otherwise engaged, to call upon him on the following morning. He was, he added, in need of just such assistance as his, he hoped he might say, friend Miss O'Wynn could give him. It was quite a simple matter, would be well paid, and he would send a taxi for her at ten o'clock. Winnie put down the letter with a pensive smile.

"Dear Mr. Jay—he always makes the mistake of being too anxious. But then he is a quick man—he said so before. I think he wants something from me. It is a pity—from his point of view—to let it be so obvious. But I suppose that it is because he is so quick, and perhaps it will help me with my recruiting."

She laughed, a low musical sound, harmonizing exquisitely with her baby-blue eyes, and settled down with a novel. She had been exploring the Tower of London that day and felt very much in the mood for light fiction.

She had not yet been in London a month, but even in so brief a time she had planned her career.

That the city was full of those whom it amused her to term wolves had become abundantly evident to her, and since she had acquired the beginnings of her fortune, together with raiment befitting a minor capitalist, it was equally evident that it would not be only her slim wild-flower loveliness which attracted the roving eyes of some of the wolves.

She was not the only colonel who wished to increase the size of his regiment. She was not singular in this respect. But she carried under her sunny coronet of curling hair a fixed and even slightly amused confidence in her ability to extend her roll—her muster roll—which many of the aforesaid wolves would have envied. This may have been due to her recollection of certain wise words of that worldly wise man, her late father.

"Remember, when I am gone, Win, old man," he had once said, "that few men under the age of about fifty can withstand that siren song of which the refrain is 'something for nothing.' Lots can give the impression that the idea doesn't appeal to them, but you will find them on the telephone next morning pretty early. That is what they call the nature of man. There are others, of course. You can easily sum them up. We'll run through the list. There are:

"The men who want something for nothing, and usually get it on the reverse gear.

"The men who will give something to get a good deal more—watch these, Win. Never take your eyes off them.

"The men who are satisfied with what they have. You won't be troubled much by these, for they are mainly in institutions suitable for them.

"The men who throw away what they have never earned, because they don't know the value of it—it goes to those who do.

"The men who have nothing, have had it all their lives, and always will have it.

"That about covers the main headings, Win. Classify them as you come across them, and treat them accordingly."

Then he would raise himself on his elbow and look closely at her.

"I think you'll be all right when I'm gone," he would say toward the end. "Child, you will tie them in cat's cradles round your fingers. I'll leave 'em to you, partner."

Well, he had kept his word. Winnie was alone. But she never forgot his queer philosophies. Now she was testing them.

On the whole she put Mr. Jay in Class Two—the class that had to be watched—but strictly he was eighty-five per cent Class Two, fifteen per cent Class One. And nothing happened on the following morning to justify her taking him out of it. She found him as breezy and decisive as ever. His laugh was as loud as before, and his way was as candid. There was admiration in his hardish eyes as he shook hands and placed a chair for her.

"Good morning, my dear little lady," he called to her across the three feet between them. "I am glad, very glad, to see that London agrees with you so well. You are like a rose in the city—you really are. It is a pleasure to me—to poor old George Jay—to see you looking so bonny. Like a rose"—he let his voice die away—"as bonny as a rose—a rose."

He settled in his chair.

"I have often wondered whether you had accepted a permanent post, Miss O'Wynn," he continued.

"Oh, no! I am afraid I haven't enough experience, Mr. Jay."

"Well, well, never mind. It will come. After all, you did pretty well out of our last little transaction, eh? Ha-ha! Tide you over for a little, eh? Ha-ha!"

Winnie sighed, her eyes downcast:

"I hope so, dear Mr. Jay."

He smiled.

"Well, well, now to business. It seems that a great friend of mine is in need of the services of just such a little gentlewoman as yourself. Nothing much—merely to do a little light reading for an invalid. But the lady must be a lady, you understand, such as yourself; natural, reliable, charming, young. As I say, such as yourself. He does not want one of these keen, worldly witty ladies with their future somewhere back in the past, but just a nice, sweet, fresh, innocent little country girl." Here the telephone spurted a metallic jet of sound at him and he turned.

"Ah, there's my friend Slite—just a moment. I will tell him you are here."

He did so briefly, and rang off.

"He is coming round, Miss O'Wynn."

"Thank you," said Winnie. She smiled upon Mr. Jay. "You are very kind to a lonely little person new to London and a tiny bit afraid of it," she continued. "You know, men are so big and clever and quick, and sometimes they seem so—so fierce that they are almost like wolves, aren't they, Mr. Jay? Don't you find it so too?"

Mr. Jay screwed up his eyes.

"Wolves—wolves, do you say, my dear little lady?" he said. "Believe me, there are men in this city that would make a respectable God-fearin' wolf lie down and howl. That's so."

He spoke warmly—so warmly that Winnie silently wondered what particular wolf was gnawing at his bank account just then.

"But never mind—they needn't worry you, my dear. Keep clear of them; have nothing to do with any of them.

It's fierce, the wolves there are in this town," urged Mr. Jay.

"I have anything to do with them? Oh, Mr. Jay!" Winnie shivered. He nodded.

"I see you haven't changed. Still the same sweet, unspoiled—er—fresh outlook on life. That's fine—very fine. It's nice to meet somebody who isn't mistrustful—watchful—suspicious of their best friends. You want to keep that way."

There were quick footsteps in the outer office, and Mr. Jay arose. "Here's Mr. Slite, my friend. You will like him—very nice—polished man of the world. Not wolfy, ha-ha! Certainly not! Charming man."

Mr. Slite entered—a dark, thin person with extremely bright, cold eyes. He was very pale, and may have been anything from thirty-five to fifty, very well preserved and most neatly clad in a dark gray lounge suit. Mr. Jay introduced Winnie, and he smiled pleasantly as he surveyed her. But his eyes remained cold as ever, and though his glance seemed no more than to waver, to flicker, Winnie knew that he had seen her and appraised her from the crown of her pretty hat to the tips of her trim shoes in that one flicker. He was quick, she saw. Whether he was accurate remained to be seen.

But Winnie had never been slow herself. Behind the impenetrable innocence of her blue eyes, the dainty ingenuousness of her sweet, childlike face, her matchless wits had instantly and unerringly switched Mr. Slite into his correct category.

"Here," flashed the swift intuition of the girl—"here is no wolf. Mr. Slite is not a member of the great *Canis lupus* family; by no means. Put him among the rattlers. It's where he belongs. *Crotalus horridus*—and he's lost his rattle."

She shook hands and fixed upon Mr. Slite the expectant and slightly admiring gaze which the circumstances seemed to her to call for.

"Mr. Jay has been telling me of the poor invalid for whom you wish to engage a reader, Mr. Slite," said she. Mr. Slite smiled with his lips.

"And do you think that you would care to accept the position, Miss O'Wynn?" he asked in his slow, soft voice.

Winnie hesitated.

"You see, I don't know very much about it yet. I oughtn't to promise until I know, ought I, do you think?"

"No, indeed—ha-ha! That wouldn't be very business-like, would it, Slite?" said the breezy Mr. Jay very breezily.

"Indeed, no," agreed Crotalus. "I will explain the position. It is quite simple. A client of mine—a valued client—is now growing old, and suffers increasingly from failing sight. He has been ever a great reader, and now that he is no longer able to follow the print for himself he is anxious to engage a sympathetic young lady to read to him. The engagement may be only temporary, as my friend—for so I think I may term him might go abroad shortly. If you will permit me to say so, dear Miss O'Wynn, you are rather young"—Winnie's face fell—"but fortunately," he hastened to add, "my friend stipulates for a young lady. He lives not far from London, in a quiet way, and he would not demand more than, let us say, an average of three or four hours' reading a day. For the rest you would be free to do as you choose—to play golf, to ride, to motor with his secretary, what you choose. Indeed, it is, in many respects, an enviable post. Have you many relatives? Friends whose advice you could ask?"

"I am quite alone in the world," sighed Winnie.

"Ah, then I will take it upon myself to advise you, my dear young lady. Accept the position. It is a good one. The salary will be five pounds a week and—everything found. It is a generous salary."

Winnie did not appear to hear the last sentence.

"Please, what is his name?"

"Mr. Cairns Bradburn, of Bradburn Manor, near Woking"

Winnie saw that both men were watching her closely, as though for any indications that the name was familiar. Not a shadow, not a flicker of change appeared on the fair, flowerlike face, and the big blue eyes were as steady and calm as the unclouded sky outside. But Winnie's mind had registered the name. She had watched the financial columns of her newspaper pretty carefully ever since she had decided to become a capitalist herself, and she remembered a paragraph to the effect that Mr. Cairns Bradburn, of the Northern High Speed Tool Steel Company, of the Bradburn Shipbuilding Company (1915), Ltd., and many other similarly comfortable-sounding concerns, had recently retired from active participation in business on account of failing health. She looked at Mr. Slite.

"I would try very hard to please Mr. Bradburn," she said. "But, please, I would like to ask you if the proposal is quite honorable, open and aboveboard. Don't be angry with me, Mr. Slite, for asking that. You see, I am a novice in these matters, and I—well, I have to ask that, don't I?"

Mr. Slite's thin lips registered his medium smile.

"A very sensible and intelligent question to ask, my dear young lady," he said. "I like frankness. I believe in it. I am a frank man myself, and so, you see, I can appreciate it in others. Well, you may accept the position without trepidation or anxiety. It is an honorable and straightforward business throughout. I guarantee that."

"And I will add my own personal assurance to Mr. Slite's guaranty—ha-ha!" said Mr. Jay, laughing boisterous approval of Winnie's caution.

Winnie smiled her relief.

"I am so glad."

Mr. Slite cleared his throat.

"I am very glad you asked that question, Miss O'Wynn," he said; "very glad indeed. For I have yet to inform you that there is a curious condition attaching to the post. Nothing that need trouble you, but, to my mind, curious."

Winnie nodded.

"It is really very simple—merely that you agree never in any circumstances to discuss, with anyone at Bradburn Manor, your parents or your past life. There, that's not a difficult or dishonorable condition, is it?"

She fixed her wide eyes on him.

"Why, no, of course not! In any case, I should not discuss my parents. And my past life has been so unexciting that I don't think anyone could possibly be interested in it. I agree, naturally."

Messrs. Slite and Jay did not trouble to conceal their satisfaction.

"You are a very sensible, level-headed young lady," declared Mr. Slite.

Mr. Jay smiled like a proud uncle.

"I told you she was," he said.

"And may I have some of my salary in advance, please?" asked Winnie.

Mr. Jay's smile suddenly vanished. He had by no means forgotten the portly little sum Winnie—by sheer chance, of course, he knew that—had collected from him over their last transaction.

"Why, surely I think that could be arranged quite well," said Mr. Slite. "How much would you like?"

He took out his note case.

"Please, I would like six months' salary in advance," cooed Winnie.

A cold surprise gleamed in the watchful eyes of Mr. Slite.

"But, my dear little lady, the engagement may not last for six months," he explained.

Winnie laughed—the sweetest, naïvest, most innocent laugh in the world. It was like the tinkle of a far-off sheep bell wafted musically on a gentle wind across a pasture knee deep in wild flowers.

"Why, that is just exactly why I asked for six months' salary—just to make the engagement last that long! Don't you see? You see, don't you, Mr. Jay?"

"Oh, yes, I see—ha-ha! Certainly, I see," said Mr. Jay rather hollowly.

The two gentlemen exchanged glances. What Mr. Slite read in his friend's was evident, for he dug reluctant fingers into his note case.

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"If I Let You Buy My Self-Respect—My Pride, With Your Terrible Money, I—I Shall Never Have it Again"

Eliminating the Middleman

A California Olive Grove Containing Two Thousand Acres of Trees

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

PERHAPS the most insistent popular demand which has come out of the recent long period of high prices is that the middleman be eliminated. The public has become sick and tired of high prices, and as a consequence it wants to be shown why so many seeming parasites must levy a toll of profits on the long road from producer to consumer, depressing prices to the one and raising them to the other. Probably at no time in the history of modern civilization has the public temper been more openly questioning and hostile toward the whole system by which the products of farm and factory are distributed.

Just why should the cost of an article, generally speaking, be doubled or trebled between producer and consumer? The question is not new, but it has ceased to be academic. It is no longer the exclusive property of professors in agricultural colleges or obscure research workers in the half-starved employ of forgotten scientific bureaus of the Government. Vast and powerful organizations of farmers and laboring men are concentrating upon this problem. They demand a reorganization in business methods that will cut out the intermediate chain of what they regard as unnecessary profits.

The old attitude of suspicion and dissatisfaction on the part of the grower and producer toward the middleman is giving place to concerted action. As for the public at large, there can be no question that it grows more and more disgruntled as it has driven home to it the fact that the mere cost of distribution equals or even exceeds the cost of physical production.

What Happens in the Dark

PERHAPS no other subject or question in the whole realm of what we call business strikes the average man or woman so straight between the eyes as the spread in price between producer and consumer. It cannot be covered or solved in a thousand articles as long as this one. But when you, Mr. or Mrs. Reader, ride past an orchard in the country where apples are rotting on the ground, and then pay an apparently exorbitant price for what seems to be the same fruit to a retailer in the city, you are pretty sure to welcome any light upon the subject.

For sheer dramatic force of contrast there is nothing in art, literature or the stage to equal the difference between, let us say, what a farmer gets for wheat and what a diner pays for bread in a fashionable restaurant. A senator from Kansas has complained that by the time the four and a half bushels of Kansas wheat, for which the farmer receives $8.37, the miller $12.70 and the baker $58.70, gets to him on the table of a fashionable Washington hotel in thin slices of bread the cost has grown to $587.

Or perhaps an even more extreme case is that of a man who bought apples at fifteen cents apiece from a newsboy on a train, and who looked out of the window a moment later to see hundreds of barrels going to waste on the ground in the orchards through which he was traveling.

But the complaint does not stop here. It is not merely that the profits exacted seem too large; it is suspected that too many different people are getting them. That is, there are too many stages between producer and consumer. Or at least the chain is so long that the public insists upon knowing exactly what service is performed by each link or agent. It feels that somehow its wants are supplied by a bucket brigade instead of by one continuous pipe line.

Nor is this all. The public suspects the existence of a vast amount of slack, duplication of effort, crossing of wires, reselling, speculation and general loose-jointedness. This is supposed to reach a degree at times described by a responsible and conservative labor leader as unlicensed plundering. He illustrates by the case of a carload of live chickens shipped from Omaha to Chicago, where the birds were dressed and returned to Omaha and sold in retail markets there after having passed through eleven hands, all of which levied a toll of profit.

Even when the prices of raw commodities suffer a great decline, as in recent months, the consumer does not seem to get the benefit. It is said that a fifty per cent reduction in the price of wool to the farmer means only a fifteen per cent reduction in the price of blankets to the consumer. Is it any wonder that the underpaid farmer and overcharged consumer are discontented?

The American Farm Bureau Federation, which though young gives promise of being as large, powerful and ambitious an organization of producers as the country has ever known, recently issued a statement bearing the title, What Happens in the Dark, and accompanied by three striking pictures. The first showed a middleman paying one dollar to a dissatisfied-looking farmer for a bushel of potatoes; the second showed a black square representing total darkness, and the third picture showed a consumer handing over three dollars to a retailer for the same potatoes. The statement says:

"High prices paid by the consumer for vegetables, for meats, for fruits, for garments of cotton or wool are disproportionate to the amounts received by the producer on the farm. Between the time the farmer sells his produce and the time the city consumer buys it from grocer, butcher or huckster someone, somewhere, adds a charge enormously above the original selling price.

"The city consumer, knowing little of the intricate system by which food journeys from farm to table, shrieks that the farmer is a profiteer, and the farmer has been powerless to refute that accusation. Meantime the middlemen—the speculators, the wholesalers, the jobbers, the retailers—working in the dark, are permitted to continue the disproportionate charges at the expense of both farmer and consumer.

"If only the nation's farmers could compel efficient, economical marketing of their meat animals, their grains, their vegetables, their fruits, their wool, their cotton, consumers as well as producers would profit in more equitable prices. This sort of marketing is one of the things for which the American Farm Bureau Federation stands."

The president of an orderly and conservative labor union, with two hundred thousand members, recently said in reference to the middlemen: "Those hogs will have to get away from the profits trough before labor will consider a cut in wages."

Or perhaps the opinion of the average citizen is more accurately voiced in the somewhat lighter vein of a humorous writer for a popular evening newspaper:

"Nobody loves a middleman, but, unfortunately for us, the middleman doesn't live on love. He lives on the sugar you put in your coffee, the coffee you put in your cup, the cup you put on your table, the table you put on your carpet, the carpet you put on your floor, and so on. The things the middleman takes a profit on make The House That Jack Built sound like a one-man job.

"When Jesse James was in the wholesale pocketbook and watch business there were no middlemen. There was nothing between Jess and his customers except a few brief commands and a shiny six-shooter. Jess believed in doing business direct, even if it incurred an occasional loss of life or limb—for the customers.

"Nowadays you and your money are parted in the middle for the simple reason a middleman doesn't deal direct. You have as much chance with the middle guy as Steve Brodie had of not getting wet."

The Gap Between Producer and Buyer

NOW it may be that the middleman is just as bad or even worse than he is painted. He may be greedy, wasteful, inefficient, and even dishonest. But if there is a more ridiculous, shallow and at the same time pitiful fallacy than that the mere elimination of the middleman will make prices high to the producer and low to the consumer, without the necessity of building up a better system of distribution slowly and painfully through a long evolutionary process, I have yet to hear of it.

Middlemen exist solely because there is a gap between producer and consumer, and middlemen will disappear only when that gap is closed up. Just how this breach is to be narrowed instead of widened, in view of the steady increase in population, the constant tendency toward specialization on the part of most workers, and, above all, in view of the growing proportion of urban as contrasted with rural population, is one of those problems whose easy and simple solution seems to rest solely with hysterical and crackbrained persons rather than with the constructive or the scientifically minded.

If we picture to ourselves the six or seven million people who make up the metropolitan area of New York City foraging the surrounding countryside for food and dickering with individual farmers, we have an exact and accurate idea of what life would be like without any middlemen.

It is just as necessary that products should be where we want them when we want them as that they should exist at all. The coal dealer is just as necessary to the consumer as the coal miner, although it hurts like blazes to admit such a fact. Coal in the mine, even ten miles away, is no

good at all to the householder, work as hard as the miner may to dig it out.

The popular idea that the farmer is more truly a producer than the manufacturer, and the manufacturer more so than the merchant or middleman, does not bear close inspection. The availability of an article as to time and place is just as necessary as its elementary form in the hands of the farmer or its somewhat more finished form after it leaves the manufacturer.

An article is not completely produced until it is where it can be used when it can be used. Ice at the North Pole is of no use to a warm country in the summertime, and it really matters very little in sizing up the satisfaction-giving qualities of ice whether a dealer imports it from the North Pole during the summer, brings it in during the cold weather and stores it in an ice house until summer, or manufactures it by chemical process. He is just as much a producer of something which is wanted and needed in one case as in the other.

It is perhaps true that in certain lines the middleman continues to operate and take an unjust toll long after many of his economic functions have been sheared away or ceased, merely because it is easier to follow custom than to strike out along new paths. But on the other hand countless efforts, devices, methods, processes have been tried out, all designed to do away with this supposed parasite. Most of them have failed, a few have succeeded on a small scale, many have merely covered up under new names and other forms the identical functions of the middleman at equal or greater cost. If the middleman is in the main the parasite he is charged with being, why has competition so signally failed to remove him?

But whatever the answer to this question may be, the fact remains that someone must assemble from all parts of the earth scores of thousands of different products, must buy where there is a surplus and sell where there is scarcity, must store from the period of surplus to that of scarcity, must assume the risk of price changes, must extend credit in both directions, to producer and consumer, must break up the large lots in which goods usually come from the producer to small lots suitable to consumer, must sell to the consumer and transport the goods.

In the case of perishable food products, where the mere loss from decay alone often runs up to forty per cent, there are many millions of small producers, and even greater numbers of even smaller consumers, absolutely unable to reach one another. The middleman may be eliminated, no doubt, but what becomes of his functions?

Our distributive system is under criticism, it is true; but it is also true that every part of this country enjoys the perishable food products of every other district, indeed pretty much of the whole world. Eliminate the middleman, but don't forget that his work has to be done somehow.

Overhead Costs

WHEN most people express their cordial suspicion of and hatred for the middleman they appear to have in mind such persons as manufacturers' selling agents, jobbers, wholesalers, commission brokers, and the like. But these form a very small class, insignificant in numbers as compared with retailers, and doing a smaller volume of business. It is the retailer who is the outstanding feature of the whole distributive system, and any attempt to reduce the chain of profits between producer and consumer without a vast improvement in retail distribution is obviously doomed to failure.

For it is, of course, the retailer's expense of doing business which is the big slice of the spread between producer and consumer, a fact which is elementary in even the most superficial study of the distribution of goods, but which is conveniently overlooked in many of the hysterical schemes for eliminating middlemen.

Although there are fifty thousand drug stores in the country, the number of recognized wholesalers is only a few hundred. There are said to be upward of four hundred thousand grocery retailers, and not more than four thousand wholesalers; and to forty thousand retail dealers in lumber there are fifteen hundred wholesalers. Though the proportion varies in different lines, it is clear that the retailer outnumbers the wholesaler or jobber scores of times over.

But although any scheme for eliminating the middleman which does not cut out the retailer is a joke, yet we will not discuss the retailer in any detail in this article: first, because it would take too long; second, because most people who denounce middlemen indiscriminately do not really mean to include the retailer, perhaps because his services are more obvious to the eye.

But though the cheap and easy pastime of damning the middleman becomes rather dangerous when carried to its logical conclusion of doing away with retailers, yet many of the minor and less fundamental projects for eliminating middlemen do contemplate short-circuiting round the retailer. Such, for instance, is the direct purchase of perishable food products from farmers by city folks.

I say minor and less fundamental, for it has been proved again and again by scientific inquiry that though the peddling of foodstuffs by farmers may now and then benefit the consumer who will take the trouble to buy, it is very expensive for the farmer. But it is only the occasional consumer who benefits. The vast majority of city folks are obliged, because of the necessary complexity, high degree of coördination and specialization of the communities in which they live, to perform most of their economic functions in a machinelike, uniform, systematized fashion. Livelihood is possible for them at all only because of a constant and efficient specialization.

The middleman machinery, with its permanent wholesalers and retailers from whom the consumer can order by telephone, is the machinery upon which city dwellers depend for their food. In this way they can get any kind or grade of goods any time with little energy, thought or trouble, all of which are involved in any scheme in which peddling farmers play a part, or indeed in public-market projects.

We are usually scandalized by the high price we have to pay for apples at city fruit stands, but it is the deliberate conclusion of a recent joint investigation made by the University of Nebraska Agricultural Experiment Station and the Bureau of Markets of the Federal Department of Agriculture that "ordinarily no one person makes an exorbitant profit upon apples marketed through the regular wholesale and retail trade.

"The consumer receives a distinct service in being able to order in small amounts during the winter, and must necessarily pay for this service. The retailer takes the largest gross profit—twenty-five per cent to thirty-five per cent—but when it is remembered that apples are perishable, that the grocer must always carry them in stock, that the demand for fruit is variable and that the overhead expense in the grocery business is high, the margin—of profit—can hardly be considered unduly high. In fact, in many small towns the grocer carries apples and other fruit, not for the direct profit, but because good business demands that he have goods to supply his customers' wants.

"Is the extra service worth the money—to the customer? Unquestionably it is to the family living in a city apartment which has no place for storing apples. Consumers to whom price is not an object prefer boxed or barreled apples carefully graded. Fruit stands must exhibit apples which attract the eye, even though the price is high. When the quantity bought is small the price is a secondary factor."

An Experiment in Apple-Selling

THE bureau of markets of an Eastern state found last fall a number of orchards remote from market with six to eight thousand bushels of apples which could not be sold. The department engaged motor trucks and arranged with the women's clubs of several cities to have their members meet the trucks at a given place and a given hour with baskets to carry the apples home. In this way the farmers received a good price for their produce and the women bought the apples at a low price.

But the head of the bureau of markets in commenting on this experiment said that it would not have worked unless the committee in each city had the confidence of the public and the newspapers so that the women would gather to carry off the truck-loads, and it would not have worked unless the growers had delivered the quality of fruit promised, with the bureau of markets acting as a coördinating agency. Confidence that the apples would be ready when the trucks reached the orchards, that the quality would be right, that the people would be on hand to buy and that the price would be definite were all necessary, he said, and were possible only because of the directing force of his bureau and the voluntary action of the clubs.

Also, it must be remembered that the clerks and statisticians in a state bureau of markets have to be supported by the taxpayers' money, just as clerks and other employees of commission merchants have to be supported by the public's money. It must be remembered likewise that only the most negligible fraction of the people would or did take the trouble to go to a given place in person with baskets at a given time. To educate all the people to buy in that way would require a campaign whose cost might equal the entire expense of distributing goods under the present system. Finally, it would involve an enlargement in the staffs of the various government bureaus to a point of incredible magnitude.

There is no sophism, no fallacy greater than that of exposing the cost of the present system of distribution which everyone knows and therefore can see, and at the same time concealing or saying nothing about the costs of a totally different system, such as state socialism or complete coöperation. One is seen and the other is unseen because it is not in operation. But that does not mean that there are no costs in a different system.

Whether the government clerk and statistician, magnified a millionfold as they must be if the equilibrium between supply and demand were maintained entirely by government action, are going to prove any the less parasites than the present middlemen is a question which has to be faced honestly. Will it help to change middlemen into civil servants?

It is a curious fact that when most people talk about the middleman

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San Jacinto, California

EARLY DISORDERS IN RUSSIA

By Princess Cantacuzène, Countess Spéransky, née Grant

EVEN in the holiday making during the early years of my married life there were serious duties and problems, some of them even a little difficult to solve. I had inherited certain of the old servants who had served my mother-in-law for years, and they objected to moving from her large establishments to our less important home. One old fellow, a Pole, Lavrenti, had been my father-in-law's valet, and now was given us as butler and general manager of our household; and he treated us as children. To give him orders meant nothing. He was always running upstairs to the princess, either to complain of our unreasonable ways or to report what we were doing if he thought it harmful.

One time he told my mother-in-law that my husband made great disorder and noise working with his tools; another day he carried the news upstairs that I had said there was a spot too slippery on the overpolished floor of my salon, but that in reality the fault was with my American shoes, whose heels were too high. The old man was always borrowing plate or glass or kitchen tins from the princess' apartment, either to save us money or to save himself the trouble of going out to buy them. And my mother-in-law was accusing us of appropriating her property, as her old Auguste said everything which disappeared upstairs was found in our quarters.

We were thoroughly annoyed, and the break with our tyrant came when one day, after ringing several times, Cantacuzène went to see why his bell was not answered. He discovered the metal ringer had been carefully wrapped in cotton, so Lavrenti, slumbering peacefully in an armchair beneath it, should not be disturbed. After this experience we passed the old chap over to my sailor brother-in-law, and immediately our relations with Auguste and the princess were smoothed and our own comfort was much greater.

General Frederick Dent Grant and His Grandson at "Bouromka"

I had all sorts of quaint trials about getting our household started. I fortunately began with few theories, and such as I had were soon left behind. The family servants had traditions they considered much more important than the ideas of any newcomer, and I learned their ways more easily than they did mine. Also I found it agreeable to be cared for by the devoted, gentle, intelligent crowd; and when they realized I had no desire to change their life but was happy among them, they were quick to pick up any suggestion, and very pleased if I noticed the small innovation and complimented them on it.

They always called everything "ours" and took vast pride and pains to make our small entertainments a success. Innocent snobbishness was one of their most amusing weaknesses, and nothing gave Andrew, our next butler, keener pleasure than to have a party with some of the imperials or to announce that "Grand Duchess So-and-so asks Your Highness to the telephone" if someone was visiting me and he could interrupt conversation with the ceremony.

Faithful Family Servants

ALL the servants were our children and as much members of the family as we ourselves. They expected us to take care of them and be interested in their personal affairs, and were sure of help and forgiveness when they were in trouble or at fault.

In all the years I was in Russia no servant ever left us of his own accord, and only a few were dismissed—those few being some picked up accidentally, who had not the patriarchal ideas. In the house our silver, jewels, money and other valuables were kept in drawers and cupboards that no one ever locked. It would have been an insult to do so, for never to my knowledge did anything, however unimportant, disappear, either in our home or that of anyone I knew.

The baby, young Mike, was common property. Old Auguste, his great-grandfather's valet, and his father's nurse, Grandmother Anna-Wladimir, would gossip endlessly with his own nurse as to which resemblances they thought most prominent. When the boy was born Auguste made me a gift of several jars of fine strawberry preserves which I had once declared excellent when I had tasted them at the princess'. Incidentally she prized these too much to serve them often, as the stuff contained fruit exceptionally big and ornamental from the Bouromka hotbeds. At the moment I thanked Auguste without noticing more than that he had shown me a nice little attention in offering me a dainty I liked for my convalescence. But when the preserved fruit was served I made inquiries, only to find the old fellow had simply taken his gift from the storerooms in his charge. "The princess won't mind; she will never know; and even if she does I will tell her it is much better to tempt your appetite in illness, and when you have given us a young prince, than to feed these preserves to just visitors." This was his only explanation, and there was no sign of regret or consciousness of having given what was not his. On the contrary, he and the princess were one; and I their ill child who had made the family a gift and deserved their best. One might as well be converted and accept this code of morals, which had its charm.

I remember the drama each week, when my mother-in-law paid her bills and scolded Auguste for a crime he never admitted till after their accounts were settled to his satisfaction. He was called thief in the process, for invariably his supply bills were enlarged, to cover extra sums which he gave to my young brother-in-law, thus augmenting the boy's allowance for goodies and fun at the Page Corps School.

Finally my mother-in-law, when the last book was gone over and settled, would say, "Now say you have stolen at least twenty rubles for Guy."

And Auguste would tuck the money in his pocket and the books under his arm and reply, "Well, Your Highness, boys are only young a little while, and they need always a little more than they have," and would go away contentedly, while the princess, with tears in her eyes, would tell us how touching the old fellow was and how he loved Guy. Bad policies theoretically, but in practice they worked out well.

The boy brother belonged to us all and had his place always in our small home too. In fact, both my brothers-in-law spent much of their free time about my tea table. Our baby was always sprawling or creeping, then later walking and playing, about the open fire and my tea table at five o'clock. It became the pleasantest hour of the day—one for quiet talk and restful discussions from which I learned more of Russia and my new compatriots than in any other way. With the freezing weather outside, inside the open blaze, singing kettle and cozy armchair helped any caller who dropped in to thaw his ideas. People who came stayed long enough to go into the chance subject of interest at the moment. Pleasant regimental comrades, a few agreeable foreign diplomats, then some older men whom I met at dinners, came, and we began the intimate circle which later was to grow considerably. I liked them all, and though at first my husband fought rather shy of tea parties, after a time he fell into the habit of coming home from his club to smoke his last pipeful in his own easy-chair and join in the informal talk. I heard a lot about certain regimental feelings and grew to know the ideals and the ways of the men who composed our organization. Also I was told much of Russian life and thought. I scarcely had to study or even to ask questions, for my education to progress rapidly.

A Self-Made Statesman

IN LISTENING to these visitors who came each day I began to absorb their attitude and atmosphere, to realize what remarkable culture they had, and how the literature, art, music of the country, their history and great past, made them, as well as the peasantry, what they were. It was absorbingly interesting, and I grew to love the Russians better and better. It was their theories of themselves that they were unconsciously spreading out before me and that I was just as unconsciously taking in.

Strangely enough, in the apparent quiet which reigned, these men showed signs of anxiety as to what was ahead of us. Often they spoke of the peasant, of his backwardness in education, yet of his cleverness—and they spoke of their own efforts to develop these dark millions on their various estates. They would almost always speak of the bureaucracy with impatience and annoyance, sometimes criticizing Peter the Great for installing it, with the general clumsiness of our government machinery. They complained of the difficulty each man had in obtaining action in special cases when it would be an advantage all round. Of the injustice and favoritism being practiced or allowed there was much talk. The party which wished reforms and improvements was large, and their criticism of the Empress' policy of isolating herself—of the undesirability of the shut-in and exclusively family life of the sovereigns, of the protection given to cover various scandalous exploitations by a group in our Far Eastern Siberian country—was marked. The names of Abaza, Alexéef and Bézobrazoff were at the time constantly circulating and were anathema, and when I asked what they had done, "Stolen and exploited everything!" would be the impatient rejoinder. Witte's figure was looming large on the horizon. He promised to be a giant in history, while Pobiedonostseff was another name bandied about in all the conversations. Generally considered too ultraconservative, though respected for his honesty, his influence was supposed to be great on our imperial rulers and was all thrown into the scales on the side of retrograde action.

Especially Witte was discussed more with each succeeding month, and in various phases. Of comparatively humble origin and no fortune, he was a man self-made and proud of that fact. I even wondered when I met him if he did not put on some of his uncouth ways to underscore his personality and make it more striking. He had been a railroad employee—station agent, it was said—and he had by degrees climbed to the eminence of being the Minister of Finance. He had a large group of warm admirers, who cited his talents on all occasions and told of the way money was being drawn into the government coffers by the monopoly of the sales of vodka, while at the same time the people were being served with a brand purer and more healthful than before. Also we were told of his successful efforts in the establishment of the new currency and the fixing of better measures of exchange. I did not know what all this meant, but it sounded well,

and even those who criticized most admitted that Witte was a big man. But they thought him too ambitious and domineering and a danger in many ways, since he was supposed to be trying from his position in the finance ministry to command the cabinet and rule the empire—replacing private by government ownership of railroads and other services, sending his various agents abroad to sit beside the Russian ambassadors and report direct to him, and making himself responsible for many another move which tended to his keeping the reins of government in his own powerful hands.

As time passed both those who praised and those who blamed Witte found material to prove their theories. The first group gave him great credit for the Portsmouth treaty, negotiated in spite of the ever-changing orders and the constant antagonism he felt from home. His friends gave him equal admiration for the manifesto he dragged from the sovereign during the revolution; that of the seventeenth of October. The opponents of Witte through those years howled him down for these very things, saying the peace treaty was made just when Russia might have won the war, as Japan was worn out, and that the manifesto was a matter of cowardice on Witte's part, though he was always a liberal. Long before these events he had made a trip across Siberia, and was received everywhere with honors which we were told by gossip were so great as to make the sovereigns jealous. The railroad was largely a creation of Witte's, who was for economic development on the eastern outskirts of the empire, I heard. But Germany's action and certain political influences at home brought about a situation which roused Japanese suspicions, producing an atmosphere which required but a small spark to light the war fire. His worst enemies never denied that Witte's talent kept Russia from financial disaster during the war and the revolution of 1905 or that he developed our industries as no one had till then. But it was always added that this was not Slav or for the good of a country so essentially agricultural as ours, and that though Witte might know about foreign affairs he did not know our own people.

Some of the Stable Hands Branding the Colts

The Magnetic Madame Witte

I LISTENED and my curiosity grew, till one day I met his wife, of whom also gossip had much to say. She had been a lady of vague antecedents, and I decided they were vague only because so many excited people told such contradictory stories about her. She stood easily on her own merits—a woman of forty-five or so, of dark beauty and dignified manner, with a most intelligent expression and a luminous smile. Her clothes, of simple cut, perfectly fitted her still fine figure. She wore few trimmings and few jewels, but those she did wear were admirable always. She held herself proudly, never made an advance conversationally, though her response was warm enough to seem grateful and her talk was both intelligent and cultured. She was a Jew by origin, though belonging to the Russian Church and attending it. She had married Witte rather late in life and he had adopted her daughter and given the latter his name.

Madame Witte was never received at court. Little by little, however, she formed a group of friends whom she held firmly to her. I thought her both magnetic and handsome when we met, and afterward watched her career and her husband's with deep interest. He dominated all other figures between the time I first realized how great was the drama being played in Russia and the moment when the first duma was dissolved—and she in her way was acting as brilliant a rôle as her husband's.

Witte, I think, cared socially for only a few persons, but with these his vivid conversation was most interesting. I had the opportunity of enjoying this treat on two or three occasions—once at a dinner where someone tempted him to contradict a statement, and he had plunged into graphic descriptions; twice when he came to me and in a quiet hour of tête-à-tête made himself charming, talking of his American impressions and his desire for a future understanding between his people and mine, whom he had greatly liked during his short stay in the United States. He had met my parents and had immensely liked them and had remembered a long chat with my father, while he had admired my mother's beauty.

Disastrous Seesawing

USUALLY at a dinner table he was taciturn to a degree. Many women who were his partners thought he meant to insult them personally, and they said that to hear him eat his soup was agony, and one person told me he had seen him pick a chicken leg and throw the bone under the table. The great man was ugly, but with deep fine eyes and capable hands. He was huge and looked strong, though he was not compactly built. I thought him interesting in looks as well as in what he said. He seemed to care in society only to see his wife surrounded and his adopted child enjoying herself. A crowd looking for benefits as his power increased gathered about them. The daughter married a son of one of the empire's greatest families and a fragile little boy was born to this young couple. To see Witte at his best one had to see the great man with that grandson on his lap—the great bear then knew how to be as tender as any old nurse might have been.

Through the period of revolution, the concessions made to popular demands, and the meeting and disillusions of the first duma, I became convinced in spite of the hot attacks on his motives that Witte sincerely meant well and wanted to see Russia move forward. I think he wanted to inaugurate many liberal reforms and to coöperate with the best and most patriotic elements the country could produce. Somehow most of these did not trust him, and whether this distrust was deserved or not, it was fatal to the success of the great work undertaken. As the best were not with him, he joined up with the more extreme and less understanding party to get his majorities; then, disillusioned or from a desire to establish a better balance, he always swung back toward the reactionaries and tried to save the situation by seemingly tying up with them. This seesawing was disastrous to him as to the prestige both of the government and the Emperor. The latter forced Witte to drop out of public life, a sad and deeply disappointed man, while Stolypin took over the government.

Witte during the final epoch of his power seemed to lose courage, and apparently feared to make decisions or to face physical danger. He lived in the Winter Palace by his own demand, surrounded with guards, and one passed several pairs of sentinels to reach Madame Witte's salon. Of course his enemies made capital of these signs. Those who supported him still vowed he was sincere, farseeing and patriotic, loyally devoted to the Sovereign's best interests, fighting the vacillations of the Emperor, the intrigues of would-be rivals, and never supported by His Majesty in critical

(Continued on Page 28)

"Bezumka" in 1901. At the Left a Fishing Party. At the Right a Harvesting Machine From the United States. Above—Dairy Girls in Sunday Costumes

THE WRONG TWIN

By Harry Leon Wilson

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

Wilbur Cowan Was Appreciative. "Some Kid!" He Cried; "an Eyeful!"

CHAPTER XVI

THE next day Wilbur Cowan sought Sharon Whipple with the news that he meant to do a bit of plain fighting overseas. He found the old man in the stable, in troubled controversy with a rebellious car. He sat stonily at the wheel and at intervals pressed a determined heel upon a self-starter that would whir but an impotent protest. He glared up at Wilbur as the latter came to rest beside the car.

"Well, what now?" He spoke impatiently.

"I'm going to enlist; I thought I would tell you."

Sharon pointed the heavy brows at him with a thumb and uttered a disparaging "Humph!" Then he appeared to forget the announcement, and pressed again on the self-starter, listening above its shrill song for the deeper rumble of the engine. This did not ensue, and he shifted his heel, turning a plaintive eye upon the young man.

"She don't seem to excite," he said. "I've tried and tried, and I can't excite her."

It was an old, old story to Wilbur Cowan.

"Press her again," he directed. Sharon pressed and the other raptly listened. "Ignition," he said.

He lifted the hood on one side and with a pair of pliers manipulated what Sharon was never to know as anything but her gizzard, though the surgeon, as he delicately wrought, murmured something about platinum points.

"Try her!" Sharon tried her.

"Now she excites!" he exploded gleefully as the hum of the motor took up the shrill whir of the self-starter. He stopped the thing and bent a reproachful gaze upon Wilbur.

"Everyone else leaving me—even that Elihu Titus. I never thought you would, after the way we've stood together in this town. I had a right to expect something better from you. I'd like to know how I'm goin' to get along without you. You show a lot of gratitude, I must say."

"Well, I thought ——"

"Oh, I knew you'd go—I expected that!"

"Yes, sir," said Wilbur.

"You wouldn't been any good if you hadn't. Even that Elihu Titus went."

"Yes, sir," said Wilbur. He had been waiting to ask Sharon's opinion about the only troubling element in his decision. This seemed the moment. "You don't suppose—you don't think perhaps the war will be stopped or anything, just as I get over there?"

Sharon labored with a choice bit of sarcasm.

"No, I guess it'll take more'n you to stop it, even with that Elihu Titus going along. Of course, some spy may get the news to 'em that you've started, and they may say, 'Why keep up the struggle if this Cowan boy's goin' in against us?' But my guess is they'll brazen it out for a month or so longer. Of course they'll be scared stiff."

Wilbur grinned at him, then spoke gravely.

"You know what I mean—Merle. He says the plain people will never allow this war to go on, because they've been tricked into it by Wall Street or something. I read it in his magazine. They're working against the war night and day, he says. Well, all I mean, I'd hate to go over there and be seasick and everything and then find they had stopped it."

Intently, grimly, Sharon climbed from his car. His short, fat leg went back and he accurately kicked an empty sprinkling can across the floor. It was a satisfying object to kick; it made a good noise and came to a clattering rest on its dented side. It was so satisfying that with another kick he sent the can bounding through an open door.

"Gave it the second barrel, didn't you?" said Wilbur. Sharon grinned now.

"Just a letter to your brother," he explained. Then he became profanely impassioned. "Fudge! Fudge and double fudge! Scissors and white aprons! Prunes and apricots! No! That war won't be stopped by any magazine! Go on—fight your fool head off! Don't let any magazine keep you back!"

"Yes, sir," said Wilbur.

"They can't stop the war, because there are too many boys like you all over this land. Trick or no trick, that's what they're up against. You'll all fight—while they're writing their magazines. Your reactions are different. That's a word I got from the dirty thing—and from that brother of yours. He gets a lot of use out of that word—always talking about his reactions. Just yesterday I said to him: 'Take care of your actions and your reactions will take care of themselves.' He don't cotton to me. I guess I never buttered him up with praise any too much. His languageousness gets on me. He's got Gideon and Harvey D. on a hot griddle too, though they ain't lettin' on. Here the Whipples have always gone to war for their country—Revolutionary War and 1812, Mexican War, Civil War, Spanish-American—Harvey D. was in that. Didn't do much fighting, but he was belligerent enough. And now this son of his sets back and talks about his reactions! What I say—he's a Whipple in name only."

"He's educated," protested Wilbur, quick to defend this brother, even should he cheat him out of the good plain fighting he meant to do.

"Educated!" Sharon imitated a porpoise without knowing it. "Educated out of books! All any of that rabble rout of his knows is what they read secondhand. They don't know people. Don't know capitalists. Don't even know these wage slaves they write about. That's why they can't stop the war. They may be educated, but you're enlightened. They know more books, but you know more life in a minute than they'll ever know—you got a better idea of the what-for in this world. Let 'em write! You fight! If it rests on that hairy bunch to stop the war you'll get a bellyful of fighting. They're just a noisy fringe of buzzers round the real folks of this country."

"Yes, sir," said Wilbur. "I thought I'd ask."

"Well, now you know. Shove off!"

"Yes, sir."

Sharon's tone changed to petulance.

"That's right, and leave me here to farm twenty-five hundred acres all by myself, just when I was going to put in tractors. That's the kind you are—just a fool country-town boy with a head full of grand notions. Well, somebody's got to raise food for the world. She's goin' short pretty soon or I miss my guess. Somebody's got to raise bread and meat. All right, leave me here to do the dirty work while you flourish round over there seein' the world and havin' a good time. I'm sick of the sight of you and your airs. Get out!"

"Yes, sir."

"When you leaving?"

"To-morrow night—six-fifty-eight."

"Sooner the better!"

"Yes, sir."

Sharon turned back to the car, grumbling incoherent phrases. He affected to busy himself with the mechanism that had just been readjusted, looking at it wisely, thumbing a valve, though with a care to leave things precisely as they were.

II

THAT afternoon as Sharon made an absorbed progress along River Street he jostled Winona Penniman, who with even a surpassing absorption had been staring into the window of one of those smart shops marking Newbern's later growth. Whereas boots and shoes had been purchased from an establishment advertising simple Boots and Shoes, they were now sought by people of the right sort from this new shop which was labeled the Elite Bootery.

Winona had halted with assumed carelessness before its attractively dressed window displaying a colorful array of

satin dancing slippers with high heels and bejeweled toes. Winona's assumption of carelessness had been meant to deceive passers-by into believing that she looked upon these gauds with a censorious eye and not as one meaning flagrantly to purchase of them. Her actual dire intention was nothing to flaunt in the public gaze. Nor did she mean to voice her wishes before a shopful of people who might consider them ambiguous.

Four times she had passed the door of the shop, waiting for a dull moment in its traffic. Now but two women were left, and they seemed to be waiting only for change. Her resolution did not falter; she was merely practicing a trained discretion. She was going to buy a pair of satin dancing slippers though the whole world should look upon her as lost. Too long, she felt, had she dwelt among the untrodden ways. As she had confided to her journal, the placid serenity of her life had become a sea of mad unrest. Old moorings had been wrenched loose; she floated with strange tides. And Wilbur Cowan, who was going to war, had invited her to be present that evening at the opening of Newbern's new and gorgeous restaurant, where the diners, between courses and until late after dinner, would dance to the strains of exotic and jerky music, precisely as they did in the awful city.

Winona had not even debated a refusal. The boy should be gratified. Nor did she try to convince herself that her motive was wholly altruistic. She had suddenly wished to mingle in what she was persuaded would be a scene of mad revelry. She had definitely abandoned the untrodden ways. She thought that reading about war might have unsettled her ideals. Anyway, they were unsettled. She was going to this place of the gay night life—and she was going right!

It was while she still waited, perturbed but outwardly cool, that the absorbed Sharon Whipple brushed her shoulder. She wondered if her secret purpose had been divined. But Sharon apparently was engrossed by other matters than the descent into frivolity of one who had long been austere.

"Well," he said, beaming on her, "our boy is going over."

Winona was relieved.

"Yes, he's off, but he'll come back safe."

"Oh, I know that! Nothing could hurt him, but I'll miss the skeesicks." He ruminated, then said pridefully: "That boy is what my son would have been if I'd had one. You can't tell me any son of my get and raising would have talked about his reactions when this time come!"

Winona winced ever so slightly at this way of putting it, but smiled valiantly.

"Publishing magazines full of slander about George Washington, and this new kind of stubby-ended poetry!"

"It is very different from Tennyson," said Winona.

"The other one's a man," went on Sharon. "You remember when you was worried because he wouldn't settle down to anything? Well, you watch him from now on! He hasn't got the book knowledge, but he's got a fine outdoors education, and that's the kind we need most. Don't you see that fine look in his eye—afraid of nothing, knowing how to do most anything? His is the kind makes us a great country—outdoor boys from the little towns and farms. They're the real folks. I'm awful proud of him, though I ain't wanting that to get out on me. I been watching him since he was in short pants. He's dependable—knows how. Say, I'm glad he took to the outdoors and didn't want to dress up every day and be a clerk in a store or a bank or some place like that. Wasn't it good?"

"Wasn't it?" said Winona bravely.

"We need this kind in war, and we'll need it even more when the war is over—when he comes back."

"When he comes back," echoed Winona. And then with an irrelevance she could not control, "I'm going to a dance with him to-night." Her own eyes were dancing strangely as she declared it.

"Good thing!" said Sharon. He looked her over shrewdly. "Seems to me you're looking younger than you ought to," he said.

Winona pouted consciously for the first time in her hitherto honest life.

"You're looking almighty girlish," added Sharon with almost a leer, and Winona suffered a fearful apprehension that her ribs were menaced by his alert thumb. She positively could not be nudged in public. She must draw the line somewhere, even if she had led him on by pouting. She stepped quickly to the door of the Elite Bootery.

"He'll come back all right," said Sharon. "Say, did I ever tell you how he got me to shootin' a good round of golf? I tried it first with the wooden bludgeons, and couldn't ever make the little round lawns under seven or eight—parties snickering their fool heads off at me. So I says I can never make the bludgeons hit right. I don't seem to do more'n harass the ball into 'em, so he says try an iron all the way. So I tried the iron utensils, and now I get on the lawn every time in good shape, I can tell you. Parties soon begun to snicker sour all at once, I want you to know. It ain't anything for me to make that course in ninety-eight or"—Sharon's conscience called aloud—"or a hundred and ten or fifteen or thereabouts, in round numbers."

"I'm so glad," said Winona.

"I give him all the credit. And"—he turned after starting on—"he'll come back—he'll come back to us!"

Winona drew a fortifying breath and plunged into the Elite Bootery. She was perhaps more tight-lipped than usual, but to the not too acute observer this would have betokened mere businesslike determination instead of the panic it was.

She walked grimly to a long bench, seated herself and placed her right foot firmly upon a pedestal, full in the gaze of a clerk who was far too young, she instantly perceived, for negotiations of this delicacy.

"I wish to purchase," she began through slightly relaxed lips, "a pair of satin dancing slippers like those in your window—high-heeled, one strap, and possibly with those jeweled buckles." She here paused for another breath, then continued tremulously: "Something in a shade to go with—with these!"

With dainty brazenness the small hand at her knee obeyed an amazing command from her disordered brain and raised the neat brown skirt of Winona a full two inches, to reveal a slim ankle between which and an ogling world there gleamed but the thinnest veneer of tan silk.

Winona waited breathless. She had tortured herself with the possible consequences of this adventure. She had even conceived a clerk of forbidding aspect who would now austerely reply: "Woman, how dare you come in here and talk that way? You who have never worn anything but black cotton stockings, or lisle at the worst, and whose most daring footwear has been a neat Oxford tie with low heels, such as respectable women wear? Full well you know that a love for the sort of finery you now describe—and reveal—is why girls go wrong. And yet you come shamelessly in here—no, it is too much! You forget yourself! Leave the place at once!"

Sometimes this improvisation had concluded with a homily in kinder words, in which she would be entreated to go forth and try to be a better woman. And sometimes, but not often, she had decided that a clerk, no matter what his age, would take her request as a mere incident in the day's trade. Other women wore such things, and perforce must buy them in a public manner. She had steeled her nerve to the ordeal, and now she flushed with a fine new confidence, for the clerk merely said "Certainly, madam"—in the later shops of Newbern they briefly called you madam—and with a kind of weary, professional politeness fell to the work of equipping her. A joyous relief succeeded her panic. She not only declared a moment later that her instep was far too high, but fitted at last in a slipper of suitable shade she raised her skirt again as she posed before a mirror that reached the floor. Winona was coming on. Had come!

III

LATE that afternoon, while a last bit of chiffon was being tacked to a dancing frock which her mother

(Continued on Page 56)

"You are the Sort Who Wouldn't Accept Truth in France in 1789, or in Russia the Other Day"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 15, 1921

Say it With Dollars

FOR two years drought has killed the crops in five Chinese provinces. The one chance for life that remains to millions of men, women and children is in help from America. They have no other hope. We demanded an open door in China when we sought her trade. Ours must not be a closed door now that the Chinese need help.

Those who think first in terms of trade should remember that these people have been and will again be our customers. Those who think first in terms of humanity will remember that this great nation has been our constant friend. We are debtor both to the Greek and to the barbarian, but perhaps more than either to the ancient civilization of China.

If a starving man were at your door, would you take him in and feed him or would you turn him away to die? That question is before every man and woman in America for a direct answer.

Many of us lack the international mind, but in this time of world woe and want every decent man must have an international heart. Much is not asked of anyone, but a little of everyone. Two dollars will feed one of these starving Chinese for a month; twelve dollars will carry him six months, or until the time of the next harvest, when the emergency should be over. Food drafts in any sum may be purchased for Hoover's three and a half million children of Central Europe. Most of us, like Ed Howe, eat too much on Sunday; many of us eat too much at other times. Save the surplus for the starving Chinese and the underfed, undernourished children of Europe—and America.

If you cannot find a responsible relief agency in your neighborhood and you will send a check for that surplus to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, we will see that it is given to your starving man, woman or child.

It is not hard to make a splendid gesture of sacrifice before a world that is sacrificing everything for a high purpose. But these are the dull days, the hard days, when the rush and thrill of it all are over; when the world half forgets the big things for which it fought and statesmen sit in the ashes of victory, squabbling over tremendous trifles. Yet that high purpose still clings to the memory of those who died, still lives in the hearts of a saving remnant of the people of all lands. It is their task, and they will not shirk it, to fight this insensate hate, born of the devil and spread between friendly peoples by his servants, the propagandists; to meet greed with generosity; to sacrifice something that other men may live.

Everywhere, East and West, in China and in Europe, mankind calls to America from the depths. And America must go through, both for her material salvation and for the good of her soul—not with spectacular charity, grandstand giving and hysterical drives, but with sympathy, understanding and forbearance, by helping a little or a great deal, as we are able, with the sick and the starving; not by crippling ourselves and our country in a wild spasm of emotionalism, but by a steady, common-sense, self-respecting generosity of thought and deed that will help up our neighbors without pulling us down. For America must remain strong if she is to aid the world.

That is the first step toward disarming our enemies and cementing our friends to us—a long step toward world peace. For individuals feel gratitude to those who show kindness and understanding in their dealings with them; and individuals make up a nation, and finally make or unmake statesmen.

The Don't-Care Age

ALL over the country people just don't care. It may be said almost that the chief characteristic of the age in which we live is that nobody gives a darn. An elderly man who had devoted the better part of his life to loving and intelligent service in one of the great libraries of the world, without becoming either rich or famous, recently remarked: "Nobody seems to care anything about this library any more. Most of the people who are working here are paid several times as much as formerly, but they come and go without the slightest apparent interest in the welfare of the library. Formerly we considered it a disgrace if it took five minutes to get a book for a reader. Now it takes twenty minutes, and no one except a few of us old fellows seems to care."

But the strange, the sardonic fact is that these multitudes of people who do not care nevertheless expect to be cared for. Never before have people demanded so much of the world in comforts and luxuries, and been willing to give so little in return. A great educator recently declared that egotism is the chief cause of the present unrest. Man's attention and interest have been turned in upon himself to such an extent, asserts this authority, that he feels himself quite superior to all that has gone before, and totally without interest in what may come after:

"What appears to have happened is that in setting free the individual human being from those external restraints and compulsions which constitute tyranny, he has also been set free from those internal restraints and compulsions which distinguish liberty from license. The fool who says in his heart 'There is no God' really means there is no God but himself. His supreme egotism, his colossal vanity, have placed him at the center of the universe, which is thereafter to be measured and dealt with in terms of his personal satisfactions."

Motorists who presumably enjoy pleasant scenery, with clean and sanitary surroundings, strew the refuse from their luncheons along every roadside. They want other people to be careful, but personally they do not care. When prices were high a few months ago everyone protested against the profiteers, but each individual seemed bent on making all he could.

Strikes, the holding of products off the market, the closing down of factories and the limiting of acreage—which are exceedingly detrimental to social welfare when practiced by others—become necessary privileges when practiced by oneself.

But decline in the older restraints and compulsions is not the only reason for the present epidemic of egotism, selfishness, disregard for the rights of others and general carelessness. Another reason is the easy-going, uncritical acceptance of ill-defined but rosy-colored socialist philosophies. The gist of the thing is thus expressed by one of its newer prophets: "Self-help should be collective instead of individual."

The idea seems to be that by adopting different forms of organization, novel types of government and new names for them, happiness is assured. An extreme individualism in which the ill-nourished, the uneducated, the weak and the poor are doomed to unhappiness is distinctly evil. But just as deplorable is the other extreme, in which everyone expects to be able to break training and yet have all the privileges which self-imposed discipline and earnest and determined effort alone entitle one to.

Indeed many of those who are most insistent upon an easy road back to Eden or forward to Utopia, and who care the least about giving an honest return for what they get, do not have the excuse of either poverty or ignorance. Self-help should be collective as well as individual, but never until Eden comes again should it be collective instead of individual. No social or collective system can possibly make up for a deficiency of individual effort.

Indeed the very search for and dependence upon some misty collective cure-all is a sign that the individual has given up the struggle. Many of our most noisy radicals are such because of failure to put their own personal houses in order. When a man begins to become very fussy about other people's business it is a pretty fair indication that he is a failure in his own life. Men try to compensate for their own inadequacy by devising elaborate schemes for making society in general more adequate.

The Acid Test

THERE is perhaps no surer test of a man's business morality than that to which he is subjected when he finds he has made a bad bargain that he can wriggle out of without being held answerable by the courts. Half a year of tumbling prices has put innumerable business men to this test of honor, with the result that many a fair reputation has been smirched.

Great numbers of merchants have bought goods at high prices and have canceled orders as the market fell, or have refused to receive ordered merchandise when delivered. In some cases the terms of sale have been such that the sellers have grounds for legal proceedings; but quite as often the buyer's good faith is the only real binder of the bargain, and if he chooses to welsh, the seller must bear the loss that should fall on the man he trusted. The state of affairs here referred to is neither rare nor localized but is lamentably common from coast to coast. From ocean to ocean trade bodies are taking cognizance of this sudden paralysis of the business conscience; and Senator Lenroot lately observed in a public address that business ought at least to be as honest as politics.

Everyone knows that much of our trading is loosely conducted. Important transactions are not uncommonly based upon oral agreements. Great commitments are made and heavy obligations are assumed without the protection of lawyers or the execution of air-tight contracts. The good faith of the contracting parties is the only guaranty that mutual obligations will be fulfilled.

It was not to be supposed that every business man could withstand the acid test to which the mercantile world is now being subjected, but it is disheartening to observe how much supposedly fine gold turns out to be only brass. Still more dispiriting is the cynicism with which disclosures of bad faith have been too generally received.

Perhaps time will tell another tale, for it is written that though the mills of God grind slowly they grind exceeding small. Every old trade has its traditions and its legends, some of which run back for a hundred years. These settled callings have long memories. Old men can still recite the names of contractors who swindled the Government during the Civil War. Some of these have atoned for their sins by unbroken decades of fair dealing, but the passage of nearly sixty years has not utterly washed out the stain.

Detection of base metal is happily not the sole effect of the acid test. Its more heartening result is its conclusive proof that an unknown specimen is fine gold. It reveals the high-minded merchant who will keep his word though the heavens fall; who will strip himself bare to meet his obligations; who will instantly choose honest bankruptcy rather than solvency maintained by unpunishable dishonor. Toward such a man no consideration shown can be too great; no creditor can be too kind to him, no fellow merchant too helpful. As long as character is the foundation stone of confidence, and confidence is the basis of all credit, the one indispensable factor in the financial relations of civilized peoples will be honor in business.

A WALL STREET BAPTISM

"The Longer He Waits the Better, for the Longer He Waits the Higher," J. W. Said to Holder

By
Garet Garrett

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWARD RYAN

WHEN the god Greed sleeps or goes a journey Wall Street prays in the ancient pagan way. Optimists make their prayers to the Bull—symbol of higher prices, inflation and booms. If there is no response, then the pessimists offer up supplications to the sacred Bear—symbol of lower prices, deflation and panic.

The scourge of dullness continuing, differences of cult are forgotten, and they all pray fervently together, not for prices to go either up or down, but for deliverance from the common affliction. If prices rise, the Bear's followers will suffer; or, if prices fall, the Bull's servants will sweat; but if prices go neither up nor down, moss will grow on the steps of the Stock Exchange and speculation will perish. Also at this time they make good resolutions. They promise never again to go to excess. They will pluck the lamb in moderation.

Lastly, incantations and propitiating gestures having failed, they threaten and take measures. As the peasants of old became at length so exasperated by drought that they cast their rain gods into the parched fields to see for themselves what it was like, and left them there until they repented, so the people of Wall Street, losing faith, hurl their little bronze bulls and bears into dark corners, turn them over on their backs or swathe them with ticker tape and hang them in the air—until something shall happen. Meanwhile they live on their fat—a very fine quality of that substance—and grow irritable and petty.

The mill of J. W. Atchison & Co., like all the others, in the summer of 18—, was running without grist. In the customers' room were only a few preserved lichens—such as attend and are never weary, but who speculate only in their minds. The manager of the customers' room hectored his assistant because there was nothing else to do. The assistant spent his time trying to catch the board boys in a dereliction. The board boys posted quotations in a lazy, one-handed manner, and read the sporting news continually.

Now and then the small carnivora on the floor of the Stock Exchange—that is, the professional traders—would go through the motions of buying a lot of stock and pretend to be mysteriously excited. And the next morning one might read in the financial paragraphs:

The chronic dullness of the stock market was relieved yesterday by heavy transactions in A—— P—— shares. There was no news to account for any natural buying of this sudden character. Evidences of flagrant manipulation were, in fact, so obvious as to cause cynical comment among practiced observers. Stock Exchange rumor ascribed the manipulation to J. W. Atchison, the well-known bull operator, who has been inactive for a long time.

We knew better. We sat in the private office of J. W. Atchison & Co., diligently observing the said well-known bull operator on the threshold of his lair; and we had learned the signs. It was true that nobody could tell what J. W. was doing in the stock market—not even Anse Holder, his partner and Jonathan, knew that—but when he was doing nothing the indications were unmistakable. To be specific in the case, we had seen him stare at the tape while the traders were making that stir in A—— P—— shares, and had heard him say to himself: "Donkey flogging!"

His disgust was explicit. And it turned out to be donkey flogging. On the second day A—— P—— shares flattened out dismally, and the jungle was still again. This had happened several times.

J. W. was not lethargic. He couldn't be. He was only latent, like the brooding tiger in which the chemistries of action are released and made to discharge themselves in the sudden leap—not by the thought of prey in the animal's brain but by the sight of it upon the eye. At any moment the speculator's mind's eye may perceive the kind of opportunity on which he preys; and then he will act, precipitately, impulsively or, as I sometimes believe, automatically. First he leaps, and later, on reflection, he can, if he will, give you the reasons on which he thinks he acted.

No speculator can command his opportunity, any more than the tiger can create its own prey. He has to wait for it. J. W. was patient in waiting. Violent animals are.

Temperamentally he was a bull in speculation—that is, he made his money by putting prices up. Therefore, on the mantel in the private office stood a great bronze bull. Every morning, on coming in, before saluting any of us he walked up to this bull and solemnly turned it two or three degrees of a circle, progressively in one direction. When he began this ritual the bull was facing us. Its daily humiliation had carried it through half a circle, so that now it presented its tail to our gaze. What theory or meaning lay in J. W.'s manipulation of the silly ornament we never found out. We asked Holder and he only rolled his head at us, with not the faintest trace of humor, and seemed to deprecate our curiosity.

Holder's attitude toward the idiosyncrasies of his great partner was one of superstitious reverence. It was so even when they were engaged in one of their infantile feuds and went about calling each other Mr. Atchison and Mr. Holder, instead of J. W. and Anse. What Holder told us while the feud lasted, or told Riggs, who told the rest of us, was often illuminating, though only in a superficial or specific way. He never told anything that in the least bedimmed the hero whose light he reflected.

Having arranged the bull J. W. would disappear into his lair, a little ten-foot room opening off the private office, to look at his mail, which went into the wastebasket as he read it. He almost never wrote a letter. Apparently he never kept one. He had no secretary, no file, nothing in his lair but a bare desk, two chairs and a battery of telephones. The telephones were the antennæ by which he extended his sixth sense. They were all private, having no connection with Central. He would suddenly pick one of them up—perhaps one so long untouched that it was covered with dust—and instantly a voice would begin at the other end, with no word of interrogation from J. W., as if the person speaking had been sitting there for weeks with nothing to do but await his alarm. J. W. would say, "Yes," or "What?" and finally, "That's enough," as he put the telephone down again. These bits we discovered accidentally, a little at a time, as the door of J. W.'s room might happen to stand open with one of us sitting where we could see and hear.

What time J. W. was unable to consume in the solitude of his own room he spent in the private office, sitting silently apart or silently with one of us, as his humor might be. Etiquette was that you never went and sat by J. W. If he craved propinquity with you he came and took the next chair; and though he should become totally deaf and oblivious, still if you were the one to move he minded. When Terry, Riggs or I had got detained in that manner one performed the rescue by going outside and calling for the victim on the telephone. We could not, of course, do that for Holder. J. W. sat with him for hours together without speaking, or until Holder, surpassingly bored, puffed out his breath with a shrill, prolonged flourish at the end. Then J. W. would rise hastily and move.

There were two regular diversions. At eleven o'clock and again at one the crank boy on his rounds stopped in to wind the ticker and put fresh violet ink on the little roller that wets the type wheel. When he was gone, all of us, including J. W., pretending to do it quite absently, would go and look at the tape, as if with higher tension in its spring and more ink on its tongue the ticker might vary its monotonous song. The figures were a deeper color for a little while, but in all respects otherwise the same, persuaded of which we would return our several ways to boredom.

Almost nobody but the crank boy was coming in. That strange procession of Wall Street fauna—men predatory, cunning, wicked, traitorous and mysterious—which in normal times moved through the private office into J. W.'s lair and out again—it had entirely stopped. If there had been no other sign we should have known by this alone how peaceable, or rather how merely wistful, J. W.'s relations were with the jungle at large.

This time is still remembered in Wall Street with shudders as the Great Dullness. It was terrible. Fine old houses lived up their fat, withered and blew away. Two professional traders, both very young and impatient, sought other callings. Riggs, who subsisted by speculation under Holder's eye, threatened to desert. He was living with Holder and hated it.

But it was harder for Terry than for any of us. His financial paper, The Market Place, was losing circulation every day. It had long since ceased to yield a profit. He had just mortgaged his house to keep it going.

One day, rather to our dismay, he produced in his paper a terrific attack upon Wall Street. Its sins, he said, had found it out, and repentance was futile. Its ways were usurious and ugly. It had never been willing to give its patrons a square deal. It had no theory of the economic function of speculation. Its single passion was to get the people's money—by guile, by falsehood, by manipulation, by any means whatever. Well, it had played the trick once too low and often on the golden goose—namely, the public—which at last was grown wise enough to know better. It would never come back. Wall Street was self-destroyed.

The piece was written in hot feeling. At the end Terry gave a list of the manipulations in which people had lost a great deal of money; and at the top were three for which, as we all knew, J. W. had been personally responsible.

What we feared was that if J. W. saw it Terry would be banished from the private office. We suppressed the copy that belonged on the house file and took other precautions. Nevertheless, at quarter past ten, as the four of us, having watched the opening of the market, turned our backs on the ticker, there sat J. W. with the paper in his hands, reading Terry's article deeply. I say he read it deeply. One could have read it carefully three or four times in the half hour he gave to it. I've since thought that he was not

reading it so particularly, but that while looking at it he conceived those matters which presently came to pass.

Terry looked warm and antagonistic. Riggs was in agonized suspense. Holder seemed quite indifferent.

When J. W. put the paper down he addressed Terry from where he sat.

"Difficult business, running a financial paper in these times, Mr. Terry." He said it sympathetically.

Terry was taken off center. If J. W. had raged he would have known what to say; or if the article had been directly challenged he could have defended it dangerously, for he believed what he said. However, it was not J. W. unless he took you unawares.

"Like everything else down here," Terry answered evasively, after a little pause.

"But it must be very trying," J. W. said, persisting.

"It's a sifting of dirty ashes," said Terry sharply.

"Well! Well!" J. W. sighed, increasingly sympathetic.

I noticed Holder taking interest, not as we were, but in his own way. He scented something up the wind.

"We have to be patient," J. W. went on to say. "People must have time to make money. Remember, money is not made in Wall Street. It is made outside and brought to Wall Street. Once it is brought here, no matter how or by whom, it finds its way into securities—most of it does. What doesn't must be charged to the cost of the method. The method is speculation. I dare say it is wasteful. A great many people seem to lose money. That is as it is. I've seen that the people who lose money in the stock market are generally those who seek something for nothing."

Terry was silent. There were several openings for retort, obvious to all of us, and he refused them, which was wise. Besides, he had caught a look from Holder entreating him to wait.

"If I were running a financial paper," said J. W., "I'd not try to write about things that don't happen—why stocks do not go up or why stocks do not go down. I'd print news."

"Would you?" said Terry disgustedly. "News! That's my trouble. There is no news."

"Of course I don't know what the theory of news is," said J. W. deferentially. "It isn't my calling. . . . Did you ever hear of a man named Weed?"

"Never heard of him," said Terry.

"Stilson Weed," said J. W. "Did you ever hear of such a man?"

"Not that I know of," said Terry. "What about him?"

"He's a mining-share speculator in San Francisco," said J. W. "He has been. He appears to have made it pay. Now he's coming to Wall Street to show us how to run the New York stock market. Isn't that news?"

"It's news to me," said Terry. "I'll find out about it."

"It's all right here," said J. W., producing out of his pocket several large clippings from the San Francisco newspapers.

The clippings as such astonished us. Nobody had ever seen J. W. look at a newspaper. He affected contempt for the press, even going so far as to say he did not wish to know what was in the papers. Yet here was unexpected evidence that he read newspapers more widely than any of us—more than Terry, whose business it was. None of us had ever heard of Stilson Weed.

The clippings were passed round. They made a fairly complete story. Stilson Weed had first appeared in Colorado Springs at the height of a mining boom. He began to sell mining shares for a fall, thinking the boom was about to collapse. He was right. It did collapse, hastened to its fate by his adroit puncturing operations, and he won a considerable fortune. From there he went to San Francisco and became at once the most daring and brilliant speculator on the Mining Stock Exchange. His pastime was deflating booms. His winnings in three years were estimated at five millions. Then suddenly he sold his seat on the San Francisco Exchange and announced that he was going to Wall Street.

He had been interviewed by the reporters and, unless they exaggerated grossly, he was an exulting and vainglorious person, telling what he should do to the toothless, ambling creatures who ran a dairy on the New York Stock Exchange under pretense of keeping a stock market. They lived on milk, he said, played at buttons and spoke nursery rimes. There was a picture of him—a smart-looking figure with a beard.

"You will see," said J. W., "that the man is a bear—a destroyer of values. He boasts of it. We have bears enough in Wall Street now."

In his paper the next morning Terry had a long satirical piece about the Pacific Coast mining-share gambler who had appointed himself to come and cut Wall Street off at the pockets, as they say in the amenities of the West. The financial writers took up the subject eagerly, because for so long there had been nothing interesting to write about. The Sunday papers made page features on it. In a week Stilson Weed was notorious. Bets were laid on the partition of his hair and hide. He might last a year, no more.

Think of it—a fresh and boastful player bringing five millions of new money into this dry-eyed game!

Prayer was answered. There was no other way to account for it.

J. W. stressed more and more what he called the moral point of view. One day he overheard Terry saying this was the same Wall Street again. Instead of thinking how it might give the newcomer a sporting chance its first and only impulse was to destroy him.

"Remember, Mr. Terry," said J. W., "the man himself is one who rejoices in destruction. He is a bear professedly. We know what that means. A bear is a destroyer of values. He breaks down what others create."

We all knew of bear exploits in which J. W. had been engaged. Apparently he had forgotten them. Each time he spoke of the insulting invader his ethical sense was more outraged, until at length he could not speak of him at all without a kind of purple indignation.

"Evil bringeth evil to pass," he announced one afternoon. "First famine, then pestilence. Old and honorable firms are going out of business, because of the famine down here, and a new cavern is made ready to receive a man who employs his wealth and cunning to tear down what others have created."

"Have you heard any more about Weed?" we asked.

"He will arrive this week," said J. W.

Nobody else knew this. J. W. evidently had been keeping himself informed of the man's movements. Terry printed it, and it was true.

Stilson Weed was not one to knock and ask at the door of a strange jungle. He came all the way in and occupied a suite of offices that had been prepared for him beforehand in one of the finest new office buildings in Wall Street. He was a bachelor, and went to live somewhat sumptuously at the Windsor Hotel. For several days he was invisible. Then Terry got an interview with him and displayed it conspicuously in The Market Place. It was a commonplace discussion of money matters and economic conditions. No personalities, predictions or vauntings.

"So you have seen him?" said J. W. derisively. "What is he like?"

"Not bad," said Terry.

"Did you print all he said?" J. W. asked.

"Not all," said Terry.

"Why not?" J. W. asked, eying him.

"Well," said Terry, "for the same reason that I do not print and tell everything I hear in this office."

(Continued on Page 26)

Physically He Was Insignificant Until He Was Seated. And Then He Seemed to Assume Almost Colossal Proportions

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Why are they so digestible?

Campbell's Beans are subjected to a process of slow-cooking that renders them as wholesome as they are delicious. When prepared by the Campbell's process, beans are splendidly nutritious. They are so readily assimilated that they are excellent food for growing children as well as for the older folks. The famous tomato sauce stimulates appetite and thus aids digestion.

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As He Did This He Intoned: "He Who Sells What Isn't His'n Must Pay the Price or Go to Prison"

(Continued from Page 24)

"I understand you," said J. W., looking a bit odd. "I understand you, Mr. Terry. But you do not understand your man. He expected you to tell everything he said, especially anything he may have said in confidence. He wished you to betray his confidence, having some subtle motive unknown to you. In not doing so you disappoint him. He will have to get himself betrayed by someone else. A bear is that way."

"It may be so," said Terry. "That's his business—not mine."

"I understand you perfectly," J. W. said again. "Is there any sign on your Mr. Weed's door?"

"No," said Terry. "I particularly noticed there was not."

"Of course not," said J. W. "A bear wants no sign over his place of business."

The Windsor Hotel, where Weed took up his abode, was in these days a Wall Street greenroom. All the notables of the stock market, their satellites and the satellites of satellites, gathered there at night to talk shop, exchange gossip and observe themselves, and sometimes to deal in stocks, as in an overflow market, when speculation was very excited. It was a celebrated institution. In all the morning papers there were financial paragraphs headed "At the Windsor."

For a long time the Windsor attendance had been thin, owing to the inert condition of speculation in Wall Street. Now, however, it suddenly increased to large proportions. No one had yet seen Weed in the flesh—no one but Terry—and everybody wanted a look at him.

Riggs, Terry and I were dining late in the grillroom. It was long past the dinner hour. Other people round were smoking, talking and drinking.

"There he is," said Terry.

A small, very thin, bearded man had appeared in the doorway. He stood there surveying the scene with an indefinite air. Presently he fixed his mind on a little table at the other side of the room and made toward it with a tentative, birdlike gait. He made me think of an eagle walking on the ground. He called for something which had to be specifically constructed; the waiter was a long time getting the idea. When at length it was produced in a tall glass he sipped it slowly and pulled his beard. Physically he was insignificant until he was seated. And then, as you looked at him, he seemed to assume almost colossal proportions. This was an illusion produced by the head alone. It was not a large head, only massive and powerful. And he was most exquisitely dressed.

The place was buzzing with whispers of comment when J. W. and Holder came in. They sat for only a few minutes and left.

"Saw you looking at Stilson Weed last night," said Terry to J. W. the next morning. Terry's way of getting on with J. W. was to treat him without reverence. He was the only one who could.

"The Lord knoweth best," said J. W. "He maketh iniquity to appear in fine raiment."

This was his only comment. J. W. himself was a very careless dresser.

But nothing happened. Days passed, and still nothing happened. Weeks went away.

"Your Mr. Weed," said J. W. to Terry sarcastically—"he has not devoured us yet."

"Well, did you think he might?" asked Terry.

Riggs had just now returned from a secret errand. He went without telling us, and had been gone three weeks. We took him off to lunch.

"Wall Street is a benighted place," said Riggs. "Here is a man out of the West with a record behind him. He comes to break into this game. Everybody sits round in a state of nerves expecting him to start something. Yet nobody takes the trouble to do a very simple thing. That is to go to San Francisco, where he is known, where he made his money, and study his methods."

Riggs was always transparent. For nobody we read, nobody but one—that is, we suspected at once that he had been in San Francisco searching Weed's record, probably for J. W. We could not ask him, for it would embarrass him to deny it; but we could ask him what he thought of Weed; that was an innocent question, and in answering it he might betray himself.

"Let's not deceive ourselves," said Riggs, beginning at once to shine with inner information. "Weed beat the mining game in a big way, didn't he? That everyone knows and yet belittles. Very few men have beaten the mining game as Weed did. Well, then, he's no blunderer. You know that to look at him. My guess is that when he does act he will be either so much more conservative or so much more daring than anybody expects—one or the other—that the whole of Wall Street will be fooled. Unexpectedness is his method."

He strongly emphasized the last statement; and we surmised that this was one of the things he had learned in San Francisco.

That same afternoon, only ten minutes before the close of the market, Riggs, who was lingering alone at the ticker, began to call out prices and transactions in a highly excited manner.

"What makes you like that?" Terry asked as we approached the ticker guardedly, both of us expecting to discover a silly hoax.

When we looked we saw stocks falling to pieces. The whole market was behaving in a drunken fashion. Prices dissolved while you looked at them, two and three points between sales; and the selling was in multiples of thousand-share lots. Three o'clock came—the closing hour—but the ticker went on and on, singing a song of calamity, the reason for this being that transactions had occurred faster than they could be recorded, so that the tape was away behind in its work.

J. W. hastily shut himself up in his room. We could hear his telephones jangling. For once even he did not know what was taking place.

At the Windsor later people were shrill and glistening with excitement. Current was the theory that Stilson Weed, at the end of a dull day, had raided the market in a very brutal manner. The deed was swift, and so adroitly timed that no adequate defense could be organized.

After dinner that person appeared as usual in the grillroom, sat alone, sipping his special drink and pulling his beard—a remote and scornful figure. Then from nowhere at all came a sinister rumor. Nobody would admit having repeated it; yet it passed electrically from table to table. One of the great banking houses was in trouble. That was the rumor. If it were true, then there had been reason enough for the selling of stocks, and Weed's look of sardonic knowing was either an affectation or an effect self-induced by our absurd imaginings concerning him.

It was true. The stock market opened in a panic the next day, and at noon the failure of the great banking house was announced on the Stock Exchange.

Bad news runs in streaks. Wall Street was just recovering from this shock when there came another wild afternoon break in the stock market, and that night at the Windsor the rumor was that a big railroad was about to go into the hands of receivers. That rumor also was true. The singular thing was that the selling of stocks, several hours before the rumor was current, had occurred in precisely the same manner as the selling which preceded the bank failure—beginning very suddenly in the last ten minutes of the Stock Exchange session and swamping all defenses.

When the phenomenon was repeated a third time, immediately preceding a cessation of dividends by one of the largest Eastern railroads—a disaster for which nobody was prepared—Wall Street's state was pathological.

Financial writers dealt opprobriously with a certain Western gambler who observed the vulture code and fattened upon calamity. They would not dignify him so far as to mention his name. They meant Stilson Weed. Everybody denounced Weed. Yet it could not be said that he had brought any calamity to pass. At the very worst he had been only more forehanded and daring than others in selling stocks for a fall on events that were in themselves inevitable. Of this, in fact, there was no proof whatever. The shrewdest manipulators in Wall Street had in each case afterward searched all the paths of the jungle for strange tracks, and never had they discovered a trace of Weed.

How did he get in and out invisibly? That was the mystery. Either—pride forbid!—he was the master strategist of them all or he had not once been out of his lair. One explanation was no less humiliating than the other. In one case Wall Street's own operators were obliged to admit a peer; in the other case people were making themselves ridiculous in the eyes of the disdainful person who waved his beard at them in the grillroom of the Windsor.

One mind was quite made up.

"Your Mr. Weed is a very dangerous man," J. W. said to Terry. It amused him to pretend that Terry had sponsored the invader.

"How?" asked Terry.

"A very d-a-n-g-e-r-o-u-s man," J. W. repeated. "He acts on information."

"It's sinful," said Terry.

J. W. gave him a slanting look, suspecting him of irony, then took it otherwise, and went on:

"It is sinful, Mr. Terry, if I understand you. Everyone has a right to act on information down here, provided he comes by his information decently. But this man has carried bribery and corruption to unmentionable extremes. I know it."

"What can be done about it?" Terry asked naïvely.

"In due time, Mr. Terry. All in due time. You may tell your Mr. Weed what will be done about it. You may tell him that I will stretch his hide."

"Do you wish me to tell him that?" asked Terry.

"More than that," said J. W., now very warm to the subject. "Tell him I say he will bring his hide in his own hands to this office and give it to me."

When we had Terry alone we asked him if he meant to carry J. W.'s message. He shook his head.

"I wouldn't be so absurd," he said.

"How well do you know Weed?" Riggs asked.

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THE one thing a Cadillac owner admires most in his car is its dependability.

He knows that he can depend upon it to do the same things, in the same way, whenever and wherever he calls upon it to do them.

The Cadillac does not, as one owner has aptly said, meet a man with a smile one day and a snarl the next.

It is a stable, steadfast, faithful friend, and he knows it will not fail him.

If the journey be one of ten miles or ten hundred, he can count upon this same unchanging, uniform performance, from the joyous start to the fresh fine finish.

He drives the Cadillac into the garage at night, knowing it will meet him with the same splendid readiness in the morning.

That is one reason why the average Cadillac owner can see no other car on earth save the Cadillac.

It gives him constancy in performance and he gives it back constancy in friendship.

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CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

C A D I L L A C

EARLY DISORDERS IN RUSSIA

(Continued from Page 19)

moments. That it was this memory which made his retirement so bitter seemed certain in spite of his new title and his great fortune. Those who hated him told us it was his own fault he was not trusted and was put out.

I never knew the truth, but it seems certain he was not a man who inspired faith in himself or in his integrity of purpose. After he had been dead some time I was listening to a woman talk who for years had been an intimate faithful friend of the great man, and she said: "He was the greatest genius of the times. He had a man's big body and brain, but a woman's nature, with its fluctuations. It was because he wasn't quite perfectly balanced as between brain and character, I think, that he had so many failures and disillusions."

Perhaps that was the secret.

I found myself one evening in 1902 at an official dinner, next to a large man with a strong handsome face and rather long gray hair which was almost gone from the top of his head. His noble poise and fearless keen eyes particularly struck me. It was a dinner at an embassy, and the newly arrived chief of mission or his secretaries had been sufficiently vague about Russian etiquette to place people according to their rank of birth instead of their official bureaucratic rights.

Several of the older men were consequently furious, and criticized, but my neighbor, turning to me, said with a smile: "They are amusing, are they not, to fuss so about where they should sit? For my part I admit I think it is a great improvement to sit at the end of the table between two young and pretty women instead of being always up at the head with old people like myself. I'm grateful to Providence, and think this system should be encouraged."

I was equally delighted personally, for I rarely had such an interesting partner as this. Plehve—for it was the Minister of the Interior—and I began a friendship that evening which lasted till his assassination. I knew little of his policies. Afterward I heard he stood for all that was retrograde and severe, and I heard him blamed, too, for much that others did which was wrong. I am inclined to think if we had talked of politics we should have disagreed, but in the two or three seasons during which the busy man came frequently to my tea table direct from his chancellery or cabinet meetings he never talked of his work a single time that I can recall.

Sometimes he would look dreadfully weary and would take his tea and sink into a chair and say, "Tell me what you have been doing—have you been gay?"

The Brave Old Minister

Always a chatterbox, I would plunge into details of my latest ball or the baby's last achievement, while he would slowly finish his tea, and listen as if to a story of child's play, with his big shaggy head leaning on his hand, which shaded his eyes. After an hour he would get up, kiss my hand, and with a "Thank you for a very pleasant rest" he would depart. If others came in he joined in the talk enough never to seem a weight—but no more. When we were alone or he was less tired he would stretch back deep into his chair, his head straight, one hand holding the other, or both at ease on the chair arms, and he would tell me quantities of intensely interesting things from Russia's history or about the psychology of the people and their art, music and literature. An ideal companion, full of life and color, he gave me much of his splendid fund of knowledge in these delightful fitful conversations.

My curiosity was intense, and he knew it and was never trite. It was a strange friendship, for Plehve was much older than my father. Except that I knew he had a delightfully typical old lady for a wife, since I had met her at official functions and we had exchanged calls, and that he once mentioned he had a daughter much my senior, I heard nothing of his home life or his work. His patriotism seemed great, and he carried his heavy responsibilities with superb strength, made no complaint, while he lived unflinchingly up to what he felt was his duty, with no fear or care for himself.

Our last conversation proved his mentality. It was late in the spring and I was leaving for the country in a few days. Plehve had come to say good-by, and he remained till after one or two other callers had departed. After a little silence he rose to make his adieux.

"I am sorry you are going away," he said seriously. "I have enjoyed coming here sometimes for a quiet hour very much, and I'm afraid I won't see you again."

"But I shall be back in town late in the autumn and, on the contrary, I hope you will take up this nice habit again of dropping in on me often."

"If I am still alive I will surely be among your frequent callers, but these people who think I am doing everything wrong, and who have been trying to assassinate me for some time back, are more than ever trailing me now. Probably they will get me soon."

"You are Minister of the Interior with the police in your department. Why don't you protect yourself?" I asked.

"It wouldn't look well, nor be well, for me to surround myself with police and show fear, would it? When I have things to do I go out like other men, whatever the consequences. I'm afraid there is only one way—to perform one's duty and take what comes. If I disappear there will be someone to replace me. A pleasant summer to you, and thanks again!"

He kissed my hand, and departed with his shaggy lion's head thrown well back and his step as tranquil as ever.

Outbreak of the Japanese War

Within a few weeks—I think in July—one morning Plehve was starting for Peterhof to make his weekly report to the Emperor, when on his way to the railroad station a bomb was thrown at his carriage. The vehicle, coachman, horses and the Minister of the Interior were blown to bits—beyond recognition. I felt his tragic end very much, for I knew that whatever his policies he was honest and faithful, devoted to his Emperor and his country, and that few had his courage and energy as well as the unselfish spirit which sacrificed his much-loved country life and private occupations for constant thankless service and the threatening dangers which he perfectly realized. He was the first older man I saw much of after my marriage, and he seemed to me typical of the best in that mistaken group of the ultraretrograde officials of old Russia.

One realized changes with each succeeding season, though the Japanese War came most unexpectedly upon us. The great Ito passed through St. Petersburg, hoping for a friendly reception and to make a loan. He was badly received by our government, and pushed on to England, where he effected both a loan and a treaty, I think, very soon afterward.

I heard from the American Ambassador that Ito had spoken to him of my grandfather; said he had heard I was married and living in St. Petersburg and had asked could the ambassador not arrange a meeting with me. Instead of telling me about it, the diplomat had taken on himself to reply that he could not do so, as he felt sure no meeting could be brought about, since I was now a Russian, and Russians were showing great prejudice against the Japanese.

I was much annoyed when my ex-compatriot told me of this speech of his to the statesman from Japan. It would have been most interesting to meet Ito, and my personal action would have neither shocked nor inconvenienced anyone, for Russians are thoroughly broad-minded. Besides, if there was a strain perhaps unavoidable in government circles, it seemed unnecessarily underscoring it to have a diplomat draw it into personal relations. I was disappointed and indignant over the matter, but it was too late to counteract a most unfortunate impression.

Soon afterward, at the first court ball of the season, in early February, 1904, my young brother-in-law was on duty as the Emperor's page. Standing just behind the sovereign, he made the tour of the diplomatic circle and heard the Emperor's remarks and questions to each chief of mission, also the latter's replies. To the Japanese Ambassador His Majesty took great pains to be especially gracious that evening, giving him more time than anyone else, and there was a feeling created in the minds of all as they listened and watched that a responsive attitude was noticeable. With their last words the Emperor and Japan's representative each expressed pleasure that certain difficulties were overcome and their two empires were good friends. When he came home my brother-in-law told us of the incident, and several other people corroborated his statement.

But the following day, to our horror, came the news the Variag was sunk, and almost instantly followed the declaration of war. My husband's regiment was not ordered to Siberia, so I knew of the war only by hearsay. I could not yet read enough Russian to follow in the newspapers our progress at the Front. And I was quite ill at the time. Our eldest little girl was born a few days before the Petropavlovsk was sunk in the fleet's battle at Port Arthur. As time progressed, however, I became more and more absorbed by events in the East—Port Arthur's siege and splendid defense; the heroic fighting of our troops, always insufficiently supplied by a single track and newly built railroad; the noble efforts of Prince Hilkoff, Minister of Transportation, to keep the provisions and troop trains moving, his going out and living on the spot most difficult to arrange for, and his death out there from exhaustion toward the end of the work he carried through with such genius. I was also interested in Kuropatkin's early prestige. When he left he had so many icons given him it was said he had to add an extra car to his special train. He had been chief of staff to Skobeleff, the brilliant figure of the Turkish War, and few doubted his capacity to carry everything before him as our generalissimo.

For many months no one in St. Petersburg talked of anything but Siberian news. Little by little a change occurred in the tenor of the conversations. There were tales of disappointments, disillusions, criticism, bitterness, pity, the desire for rest and peace, and an ever-increasing anxiety; tales of battles and ships lost; tales of the incompetency of the commander in chief and some of the other favorites; tales of confusion and sufferings among our troops; tales of officers and men under fire doing heroic work, all circumstances against them; tales, on the other hand, of entertainments on the special train of the commander in chief, and on that of the Grand Duke Boris, who with a gay party of *jeunesse dorée* had volunteered for service only, it was said, to gather a golden sword of St. George and to treat his blasé tastes to a new sensation. A few others were also criticized, but generally the army was admired. The inefficiency of the war ministry and intendance department was proved. Also one heard constantly of the weight of political power in the army; how the commanders were hampered from St. Petersburg; how there was jealousy, or fear of letting the head men in Siberia handle the situation and perhaps gain more power and glory than was good for them.

Living Under War Conditions

The second fleet was being finished and was to go out. My sailor brother-in-law was leaving with it on the Alexander III, one of the biggest ships. He was all impatience to be off, yet he said—and others of his comrades constantly repeated the same thing—that from the work being done by incompetent hands through favoritism, and the stealing going on among contractors and those who handled the contract making, everything about the new fleet was wrong and of secondary quality. These splendid-looking sea monsters of our new unit were doomed to go to the bottom as soon as they were touched in battle. No one seemed to be considered punishable for these thefts or the criminal carelessness, and no inquiry was possible. The Grand Duke Alexis was among those most seriously accused. We heard that the admiral who was to take this fleet to sea came and begged the Emperor on his knees not to give him the responsibility of the command, as he knew the ships were not seaworthy or properly armed and armored. And then gossip told how our Emperor had explained that the fleet as it was must go. It could not be rebuilt, and he, the admiral, must prove his devotion and save the imperial honor.

The Emperor wanted to move to the Front himself, had many a long argument with those about him on this subject, but was persuaded not to go, since his being so far away from the capital in such grave times would strain the home situation. It was already growing serious and needed careful nursing. There was talk of the Grand Duke Nicolas Nicolaïovitch taking over the entire command of our armies, as Kuropatkin made retreat after retreat and no advances. I heard the Emperor sent for the grand duke and offered him the first place at the Front. Nicolas Nicolaïovitch was reported to have replied he would accept in the emergency, but on one condition: He would carry all the responsibility, but he insisted on giving all military commands without advice or hampering from the capital. The Emperor and his advisers could not make up their minds to such a decision, so the grand duke refused to take over the campaign and things stayed as they were, drifting to the final defeats at sea and on land. Disorders and talk of revolution meanwhile grew and the pessimism in the capital became more and more noticeable, with constant shilly-shallying on the part of the government.

The death of my sailor brother-in-law from tropical fever, contracted on the long trip to the Orient, threw us all into personal mourning, but one's soul was weighted anyhow with the general misery and danger. We women worked with one or another of the sewing groups, preparing bandages and underclothes or warm woolen garments for the troops. A lot of my friends went out to Siberia with various hospital trains or Red Cross units. I personally, though I managed to be half of each day at the large workrooms organized by the Grand Duchess Marie-Pavlovna, found time for nothing more, because of my two babies, one but newly born.

A Visit From My Parents

All parties took the form of bazaars or concerts and theatricals for the benefit of war sufferers, and even the few informal gatherings, where one dined and rolled bandages or counted and folded finished sewing, were subdued with the thought of much suffering and much discontent just beyond our circle.

In the early years of my married life I had spent nearly all my time in St. Petersburg—even during the summer months the cool Northern climate seemed more pleasant than did the intense dry heat of the steppe lands. After my typhoid we had moved into our new apartment on the beautiful quay of the Neva, and it was there when we were settled that little Mike was born. The summer of 1901 I spent with my mother-in-law at Bouromka, taking the boy there while my husband was in camp and at the maneuvers. Both the baby and I felt the extreme heat, though otherwise I liked the quiet of our days, while the light French wit of the princess as well as my young brother-in-law's bubbling joy in life and warm affection for me prevented dullness or lonesomeness. It was amusing to see our baby develop, and during that summer I had also the happiness of a visit from my parents.

My father had arranged to get a leave from his duties in the Philippines at the same time my brother's furlough from West Point was due, and with my mother they had taken the long journey to join me in Russia, where they had a month to stay. I left young Mike with his paternal grandmother, while with my brother-in-law Serge and my maid I traveled north to meet my own home people. It was a delightful reunion, and we spent ten days in St. Petersburg sight-seeing together.

I had had no time or occasion for anything like this before, and I felt carried back to my girlhood days as we wandered through the Russian palaces, museums and galleries, filled with marvelous treasures generations of Romanoffs had had offered them by vassals or had bought up with singular good judgment and good luck. We visited Tsarskoe, Peterhof and Gatchina, drove about the environs. In the beautiful white nights of summer we were very loath to go to bed. The sunset left a world of delicate mother-of-pearl tints, and the park drive, out over the Islands, flanked with magnificent trees of the Northern forests, was full of nightingales which thrilled one by their love songs, while the soft atmosphere made river and land, gulf and sky

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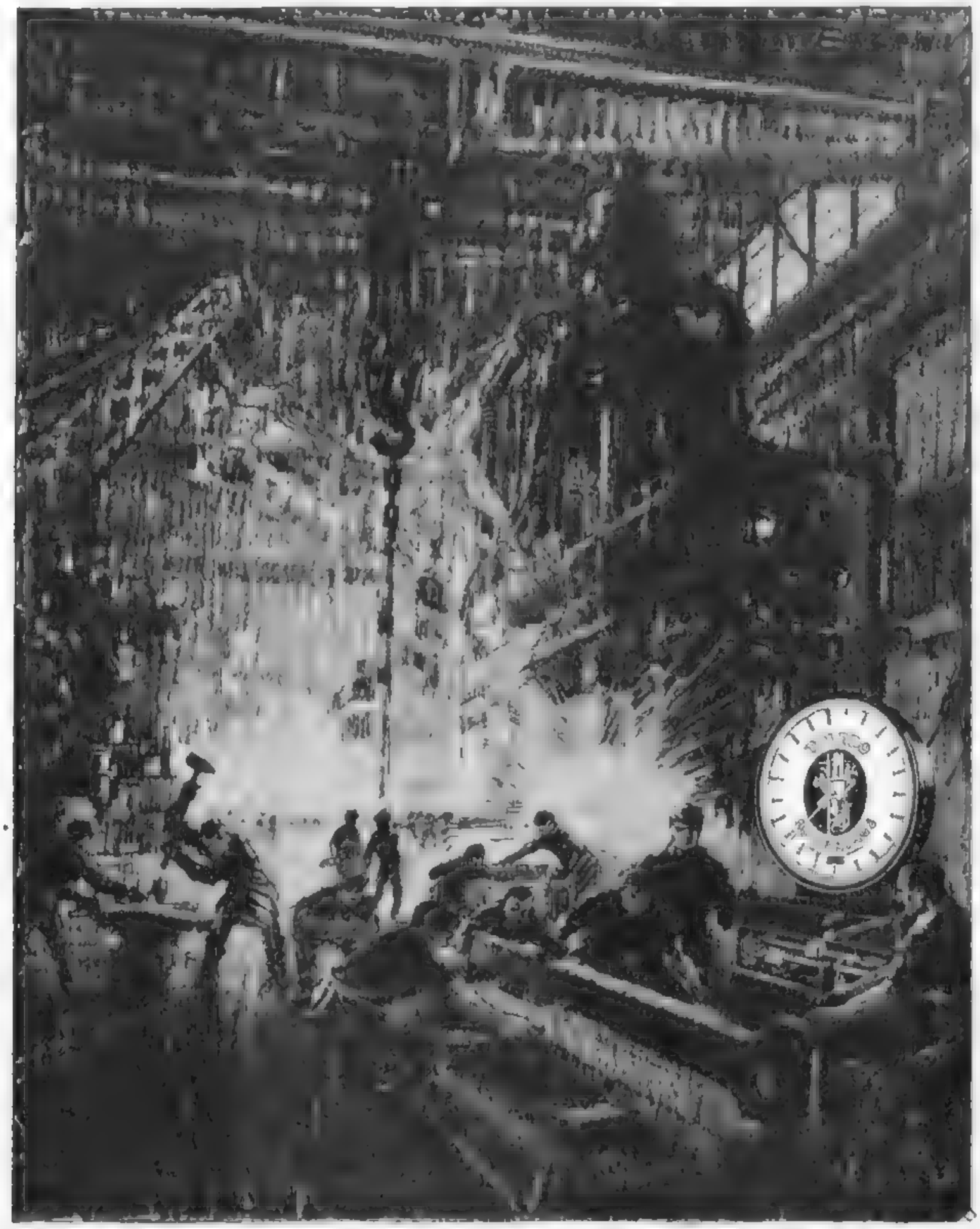

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TOLEDO SCALES
NO SPRINGS — HONEST WEIGHT

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seem of fairy texture. We were tempted to expect Catharine the Great with her courtiers and lovers to step from the terraces of Erlagen Palace. I loved the Islands as I have loved few spots in the world. In those early days they hypnotized me by their special charm of form, color and atmosphere; later they became associated with my life by the habit I formed of wandering in their beautiful paths or driveways with the children or with some friend when I needed fresh air and exercise or opportunity to talk or think. During the Great War and the revolution they were a refuge from the signs of misery which invaded every part of our capital except their sheltered dignity, and one went to them for a rest to eyes, nerves and mind, all overstrained.

My father had not been in Russia since his youth, and he found much to interest him besides mere sight-seeing. In the politics, the countryside, the capital and the mode of life there were changes—a move forward. He kept repeating that my adopted people would become the greatest in all the Eastern Hemisphere when they had lived a little more. He thought there was much room for reform in the government's method, but he loved the patriarchal life of landowners and peasants, while their artistic taste, quick soft charm and talents did not escape his observing eyes. He liked very much our frame and occupations, grew quickly attached to my husband, whom he had not met before and with whom he was soon on excellent terms. Also he very much liked my family-in-law, whom he met at Bouromka, and he adored the chubby creeping grandson, who regarded him with serious brown eyes, and then stretched out his arms and took possession of a willing conquest. It was delightful to see the two together and to mark the mutual love of the great, strong grandfather and the wee boy.

From St. Petersburg to Bouromka we went by Moscow and Kieff, which I had never visited till then, and which I vastly enjoyed in such company.

Everything was made simple and easy for us by the excellent ability to organize which the fifteen-year-old Serge displayed in piloting our big party. Restaurants, museums, excursions or train accommodations were apparently all equally easy problems for this young *cicerone* to handle, and without a single word or sign of agitation he carried our party of six through two weeks of varied experiences of traveling and sight-seeing. He finished up by landing his charges at Bouromka one morning in the early dawn.

A World in Itself

It was very amusing showing my family the life of the great agricultural district of Russia, with its waving fields of wheat, its myriad workers and all the machinery we used. That we were so far from a railroad and so dependent on ourselves for everything, yet so able, by organized effort, to supply ourselves and be comfortable, even luxurious, surprised them. The enormous space outside and in the house, the number of servants and work hands in the château and on the estate, the beauty of the park and lake, the rolling land and forests, the richness of the soil and crops, the size of our herds and the variety of our production—dazed their American mentality, used to ringing a telephone or buying things ready made without planning or organizing. That we made the bricks, cut the timber, forged the metal, had our own plumbers, and doctors for man and beast, produced our own food, whether it was the butcher's meat, the smoked hams and game, the fish, vegetables, bread, sweets, and so on; made our own linen and kitchen pottery, paneling and inlaying or carving, making rugs and laces, that what few things came from outside, whether books, pianos, macaroni, rice and tea, or a few other luxuries to eat or to wear, had to be dragged by carts seventy-two versts in the good season—were facts difficult to grasp. That a telegram came fifty miles in a rider's pocket, and the mail and newspapers the same distance three or four times a week, struck them as funny. These primitive ways were doubly quaint as compared with the excellent cooking, hand laundry, fine artistic productions all over the house, with the smartly dressed party at dinner, admirable works of art, the family portraits, twenty thousand volumes of the great library, famous rare editions, and collections of cameos, jewels, engravings, bronzes, old silver and china; not to mention our cellar's treasures, some vintages going back to the early days of the nineteenth century.

Our life seemed very attractive to my father and brother, with the business and work of gathering our yearly income, mingled drives through the forests or cross-country to various points where the harvesting hands were grouped, as if just for their ornamental qualities. The forge, the mill, the stable, the stud, and the machine, carpenter, upholstery, carriage and other shops—amused and interested these American sight-seers visibly. A little world in itself, Bouromka's activities fascinated my family, and we kept them busy each day examining all the scattered parts of the thirty thousand acres of intense and model productivity.

My mother liked the house and our baby best, but the two men enjoyed the out-of-doors life and delighted my husband and brother-in-law, who took them hither and thither over the estate. What hypnotized them was the size of the place, and when they realized that Bouromka was one of four estates and that half of its land had been taken from us and given to the peasants at the time of the emancipation of the serfs it rather took away their breath. My father liked the old servitors and their quaint looks and ways, and he had occult means of communicating his good feelings to them, for during years afterward the dear creatures were always talking of the visit of the American general and what he did. My mother they had seen before and saw again, but my father's one visit sank deep into their simple minds.

A New Spirit, Born of War

In the summer of 1903 I went abroad to the wedding of my eldest Palmer cousin in London, then spent the season on the Normandy coast with our boy, and that autumn joined my dear aunt for a motor trip through Northern Italy and Southern France, with the châteaux of the Loire thrown in to make our program perfect. My husband had been able to join us for this journey. Later in Paris we were in grave anxiety over a serious case of typhoid which laid my aunt low after we returned from our wanderings. I remained with the invalid till the holidays, and reached St. Petersburg only at the beginning of the season and a few weeks before war broke out.

We had taken a previous motor trip in the delightful country of the North of France and into Belgium the year before, and I realized with joy how well my aunt and my husband understood each other. My kind Uncle Palmer had died, and we had been so fond of him it made an added bond by our sympathy with my aunt's mourning.

The summer of 1904 I spent in St. Petersburg and at Bouromka between war work and family cares. The peasants were being drawn on for mobilization and their attitude toward the war was most curious. They were not in the least aware what it was all about, and were not especially interested. Japan was an empty name—so was Siberia, for that matter, it was so far away—and to be fighting out there did not mean to them a defense of their land. Yet they were perfectly docile. The Little Father needed them; they were called, and went, unmurmuring, asking no questions. I stood on the porch of our village town hall and heard the proclamation read to a group of dignified and serious men who had bathed and put on their holiday clothes ready for departure. Round them clung their women, in gay kerchiefs and embroidered national costumes, while curly-headed children held to the hands of these protectors they were to lose so soon.

Silent and respectful, they all listened to the imperial orders, then to the voice of their priest as he chanted a service and said a blessing, while the women wept and the children hid their heads against the latters' skirts, frightened. We had come down from the château to bid our village contingent Godspeed and to bring to each soldier a little medal of St. George to protect him in battle. For the first time I admired as well as liked our peasants.

A splendid lot of fellows they were who went out to fight, and their spirit was the braver since their ignorance offered them no arguments for sacrifice. They went into danger just because they were called for by their Great White Czar. With heads held high they sang one of the sad strains of Little Russia as they marched away; but the parting had been hard, and the women's arms and the children's nestling heads had been difficult to give up. Round two or three babies' necks I saw the red silk cords on which our little medals had been hung. These had changed places with last kisses and were to protect the wee ones instead of the strong men themselves, it seemed. Our village women were very helpless at first, but soon a committee was formed by the elders among the peasantry. Men left at home organized the general labor of all the commune's lands, so the families remaining without breadwinners should be cared for.

The war had an excellent effect on the people. They learned to handle these questions of provisioning the extra women and children, and in it showed both ability and good sense. The soldiers who traveled across the empire brought back new light, with some ideas of Russia's size that were not mythical, and in certain cases an enthusiasm for our great Far East which led to the emigration of a lot of fine stock to Siberian plains. The era of the war and the miserable management of everything brought out a new spirit in various classes of our Russians. The liberals—and most of the nobility I saw were in this group—felt it was high time the country should be put in order and helped forward, with education given and land reforms made, as well as various other necessary measures to be taken for the general good. Even the army officers were keen to see a saner policy pursued by the government and wished the sovereign would make reforms now of his own accord. These might be gifts which we were beginning to feel must otherwise become concessions torn from him in the near future.

I do not think the young Empress had at that time any special political influence or ambition, but her personal weight with the Emperor was very great, for he was deeply in love with her. From taste or because she was beginning to feel her unpopularity, she influenced him always more and more toward a mystical, religious, retired life, and by degrees with one excuse or another she got rid of all those who thought the Emperor's duty was to show himself oftener and take more part in the nation's life.

The court was reduced to a small number of attendants, among whom Mademoiselle Tanéeff—soon to become by her marriage Madame Wiroboff—was beginning to appear constantly with her mistress. The Empress' poor health was a good reason for seeing almost no one, and this and the fragile heir's extreme youth were the excuses for long sojourns at Tsarskoe or at Peterhof. The distance from the capital made refusing to receive everyone appropriate. Previous to this time the lady in waiting and the aide-de-camp on duty each day had invariably eaten at the imperial table. Now they were no longer invited, by the Empress' desire, and many were hurt at being held at arm's length, and especially by the intrigues Madame Wiroboff was always carrying on against one or another of her colleagues, who were gradually being banished.

Conditions Become Acute

Several charlatan doctors followed one another in an occult situation at court, and meantime the Emperor was influenced into leaning toward the most reactionary of the ministers, supposedly very largely by his wife's advice. This was not a settled policy, however, and he swerved away from time to time by some word, gesture or act which made his faithful subjects who were anxious for his success breathe again with a renewed hope.

Once a great deputation came to him, and was received with all due pomp in the Winter Palace. They came to petition humbly that an assembly of the people's representatives might be convened, with only consultative rights. They were thoroughly snubbed and in a few cold sentences were sent about their business. Events then jostled one another. One could scarcely get one's breath, with the new anxieties and excitements of the winter of 1905. There were disorders in the factory districts, in Poland, in various other provinces of the great empire; at Moscow and in several other cities real revolution, the murder of several ministers and of the Grand Duke Serge, also attempts on the lives of many prominent men. Finally the crowd from the outskirts of the capital came to the Winter Palace one January Sunday to see the Emperor and call to him for bread. His flight to Tsarskoe—it was said, against his will—and the orders given to fire on the crowd were bad signs. The guards were ordered out for this work of calming and patrolling the city, and I know that there was a meeting of some officers of one regiment at least, who questioned if these orders were not to be refused obedience. They all fell into line, however, and followed the road of military discipline. But with many the temptation to rebellion was very strong, as they felt everything had been done to bring about an acute situation and that the nation had been long suffering in the hands of a blind bureaucratic machine which, however good its intentions, was terribly out of date. Every reasonable man and woman felt reforms were in order.

For months the pendulum swung backward and forward. The Emperor resisted the upheaval, but the war disasters occurred, peace was signed, everyone suffered, and at last the situation in the capital became acute. Posts and railroads stopped, there was a question of water and electricity doing likewise, and no one dared prophesy what each day might bring forth. Through the Bloody Sunday period in early 1905 my husband with his comrades was on duty in the streets. He had been called to the regimental barracks on the Saturday evening and had said if he could he would give me news by phone, but I was not to try to reach him. Sunday one of the officers' wives who lived in an apartment in the barracks rang me up to say that our commanding general had asked her to notify all the women that our troops were ordered out on duty against the rioters. She could not say where they were going, but were there further news she would let us hear. After talking it over we wives decided the trouble must be out in the factory districts.

Bloody Sunday

Sunday night there was to be an informal dinner at the Orloffs', who lived about a twenty minutes' drive from us. To get there I had to pass up the quay, across the palace square and down the Grand Morskaia. I telephoned to Princess Orloff, who told me she did not know who would come, but that all was quiet in her neighborhood and she was alone and anxious to have someone for company's sake. Her husband had been on duty with the sovereign for forty-eight hours past, and had accompanied the imperial family to Tsarskoe the night before. Of course she had not heard from him. Wouldn't I come and dine even if we were to be but two? I said I was at home with only my babies, had been cut off even from all rumors for twenty-four hours. Also that the streets in my quarter seemed normal and I would make the attempt to get to her, reserving the right to turn back in case I encountered obstacles.

I ordered out my small open sleigh, with a single fast trotter and faithful, strong Dimenti, my favorite coachman, thinking this unpretentious vehicle would not attract attention and the big man and rapid horse would make for safety. On the quay when I started there was no sign of life. Then suddenly as we glided onward we saw small fires burning, with cavalry horses picketed about them, while the riders sat warming themselves. Sentinels marched up and down in the biting cold, and here and there in the porters' rooms of some palace or ministry building hot coffee or soup was being served to a half-frozen officer. The soldiers were more comfortable, for their arrangements were made as if at maneuvers and their portable kitchens were at work. No provision was taken for the officers, but some sent home, as did my husband, for a fur robe and sandwiches with a bottle of wine, while others took turns enjoying the hospitality of a friendly porter's lodge for a little sleep. They spent their waking hours seated on the curbstone by the camp fires. The thermometer was far below freezing, the air like crystal and the river and the town deadly silent as I crossed it. The gold domes and spires of our churches shimmered, and the palaces looked as proud and splendid as in ordinary times, though a pall of fear and threat haunted the picture and it seemed horribly lonesome to be the only one about.

I reached my destination safely, after being stopped as I passed the cordon of troops in going into the palace's protected zone and getting out of it again. We sat alone at dinner, Princess Orloff and I, and first one message then another came to us. It was said that a riot was taking place at the other end of the Grand Morskaia with

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machine guns trained on the mob. It was then reported the mob was marching out to Tsarskoe Selo, to attack the imperial family in their refuge there. We were told about ten other wild rumors which the frightened servants brought in from their expeditions to the coffeehouses in the neighborhood or which were telephoned us by friends shut up alone and as panic-stricken as ourselves.

There was to have been a gala ballet at the Imperial Opera House that night, and the Orloffs had arranged their dinner as a prelude to the performance. Of course we did not think of going out, but to see how the public temper was a footman telephoned to the box office, and was told, of course, the performance was off and the place was surrounded by sentinels, like most other public buildings. Three times that evening we got authentic news. Once my husband telephoned to me, mainly to say that I was crazy to be out, but incidentally he announced the quarter where he was stationed with his squadron was quiet and that they had not fired a shot nor seen any rioters in the twelve hours they had been there near the Marble Palace; that I was not to be anxious, though they were ordered to spend the night; and he had sent an orderly home for his fur robe and long fur coat and had thus heard of my escapade. I told him I had moved easily and was in plain tailor clothes, using our small sleigh, and I reassured him as to the wisdom of my expedition; regaled him also with the sensational gossip which had reached me.

Then we had a telephone from Prince Orloff, long distance from his apartment in the Imperial Palace at Tsarskoe. He said to his wife the trip out had been easily accomplished; that they were well protected by some of the guard regiments stationed at Tsarskoe; that many of the Emperor's suite had rushed there to show their loyalty; that several of the court group showed great nervousness when every little while the rumor was served to them also that the mob was on the highroad; that the Emperor himself was entirely calm and had shown courage; that he had not wished to leave the city, but was persuaded "in order to save bloodshed" by those about him; that the Empress was very anxious and nervous for the Emperor's safety and that of the Czarevitch and her other children. She had been tranquilized, however, by General Orloff—no relation to Prince Orloff. The general at that time was the dashing young commander of the Empress' Own Regiment of Lancers of the Guard and was supposed to have been in love with Her Majesty. He assured her that no one should approach the imperial family save over his own dead body and those of her twelve hundred devoted lancers. Prince Orloff gave us but an outline of all this over the wire and filled in the blank spaces when I saw him a few days later.

Exaggerated Press Accounts

Finally, Prince and Princess Bélosselsky telephoned to their daughter—Princess Orloff was born Bélosselsky—to say there was serious rioting in their quarter of the suburbs, on the Islands, and that if she could put them up they purposed to move into town, bringing some of their household, their two daughters-in-law and three grandchildren, abandoning temporarily their palace. Happily the Orloffs' home was large, for the house party lasted several days, and seemed a gay picnic, the danger once over.

I got home that night as I had come, and remained indoors all day Monday with the children. In the afternoon I had a prolonged visit from Mr. McCormick, the American Ambassador, and two or three of his secretaries. Mr. McCormick had received a cable from my father, telling him to take care of the children and me at the embassy, and he had therefore come to fetch us. I felt sure the Russian news had been greatly exaggerated in transmission to America and, as the danger, if there had been any for us, was over, I refused to take refuge. I found Mr. McCormick appreciated the reason in my argument, and on my promise to let him know and to change my mind if anything occurred to make me apprehensive, he said he would cable my family I was safe and comfortable and give them the real conditions.

Afterward I heard my parents had been seriously worried, as the New York papers had talked of Bloody Sunday in large print and announced the Neva was running red with blood and that fifty thousand people had been butchered. As a matter of fact I have never heard it said there had been more than two hundred and eighty-five killed in those days of disorder.

The spring was much quieter in town, but on various estates grave disorders occurred. Some châteaux were burned or looted, and all landowners felt extremely anxious. However, I think all the cases where looting and burning occurred, there had been landlords absent for years, no longer in touch with their peasants, and frequently a German superintendent had managed the estates and had squeezed the people and exploited them. On one place, that of old Prince K——, there was really a personal hatred of him for his oppressions; and his own class greatly blamed him. Most estates in our rich and beautiful province of Pultowa had about our experience.

In the early spring there had been some threats made against our superintendent, and the latter, feeling rather small, alone against our three villages, had promptly abandoned his post and taken the first train for St. Petersburg "to report." My mother-in-law and husband did not receive the faint-hearted gentleman very well, and he was dismissed at once from our service.

Naturally the regimental commander would not give my husband leave of absence with the city under martial law, and my brother-in-law was but a boy and at school, so old Auguste was mobilized, with his own ready consent, to go down to Bouromka, talk to the peasants, find out the trouble and report by telegraph. He went, sent back word everything was all right and stayed on juggling with the situation till another man was engaged and installed and my husband could go to settle the new superintendent. This was after St. Petersburg was perfectly quiet.

A Trying Experience

When we first reached Bouromka it looked and seemed about as usual, and we enjoyed our stay extremely. I heard from some one of the servants the way our peasants were being won to revolution was by propaganda sheets which announced that His Majesty had been captured and thrown into prison by the bureaucrats and landowners and that he called on his peasants to come to save him. This seemed a most eloquent tribute to our humble peasants' loyalty to their ruler.

Late that summer I went abroad with my two children to see my aunt. I was glad of the rest and a change following what had been a most exciting year. Cantacuzène had his autumn leave after the maneuvers, and he joined us. We were motoring in England when he received a telegram ordering him back at once to his regiment in St. Petersburg. From Oxford, where the wire found us, he started by direct train within an hour for the Dover boat, and I was to follow as soon as I was able to gather up our children and baggage and get accommodations on the North Express. A week later I made the crossing from Dover to Ostend with the two children and their old nurse. My French maid had refused to come along, saying it was madness to go to a country in revolution, so I abandoned her in London. We found comfortable compartments in our de luxe train, and with nothing, as I supposed, to disturb us till the train should change at the Russian frontier, we settled ourselves, unpacked our bags, had dinner, and the youngsters—aged four and a half and one and a half years—were tucked into their bertas.

After passing Liège I was just beginning to undress when a conductor came through the car and stopped at my compartment door. He knocked and I opened.

"Are you the lady going to St. Petersburg whose tickets I verified a little while ago?"

"I am"

"We have just had news at Liège that the Compagnie Internationale cannot take passengers through beyond the Russian frontier, as all trains are stopped there by a strike. The telegram is from Konigsberg ordering us to warn all passengers. Madam can go through to Konigsberg and wait there or get off at Berlin. I am sure as soon as possible service will be continued."

I felt rather dazed by the possibilities. This news meant probable danger in St. Petersburg certainly privations of various kinds, supply of fresh milk cut off. Little Mike and Baby Bertha were young to face all that. Yet I wanted to reach home as soon as possible, for it seemed that it was there I had a first duty. If I took the children to Berlin or Königsberg I would be tied down by them to a foreign city till life at home became entirely settled, and I neither wanted to linger in Germany nor did I feel I ought to abandon them anywhere on the road and push on alone.

Suddenly I had a brilliant idea. I would take our whole party back to London, pack the children off to America with my aunt, and then, being foot-loose and free, I would return to the frontier of Russia and see what could be arranged about getting through to our capital. I asked the conductor if I could get off at Aix-la-Chapelle and get my baggage from the baggage car.

"That will be in a half hour, madam, and I don't know; such a thing was never done before, to get off a North Express in the middle of the night and desire to open the baggage car, which is sealed, and take out baggage which has been checked through to St. Petersburg."

I asked could he take those trunks through to their destination.

"No, madam, but Aix is so soon."

I persuaded him that Aix was as good as Berlin to take off trunks, and that since the train's stopping completely at the Russian frontier made an unusual circumstance, the mere fact of another exception to their rules was but a detail.

He went off to get the train master and bring him to discuss our situation and my unreasonable ideas. Meanwhile, I roused the tired babies and nurse and we got them back into their clothes. I was convinced that a return to London was my right program. The train master or conductor in chief was easy to convert, and soon we were scrambling down into the dark night from our well-warmed and cozy compartments, with our trunks and bags thrown out beside us and the North Express disappearing in the distance.

After a little I began to think I had made a grave mistake; for the station was dark and deserted, the night cold, and I had not planned my next step. I got a man to carry our hand baggage and asked him about the nearest hotel. He showed me one just across the road, said it was not good, but he thought I could get two or three rooms there. I started him, the children, the nurse and the small baggage, over. Then I went to the station master, who arranged for our tickets to London, gave me the time of departure early next morning, and reversed my trunk checks so our things would return to London with us. I also sent a telegram to my aunt. I was able to rejoin my little people then with everything prepared for the morrow's trip.

I did not like the looks of the people, still less the rooms' aspect; but the children were too weary from their long day and our trip from London to go farther. I put them in the inside room with nurse, who assured me the sheets of the beds had been used and the washstand not cleaned. I was duly unsympathetic, said as it was after midnight and we must rise at five she could let the children sleep outside the bed covers on her own traveling shawls with their little pillows, and that they need not wash till we were on the London Express next morning.

A Fresh Start

We were all of us much too sleepy to care long about our discomfort, so my advice was taken and quiet soon reigned in the temporary nursery. I had the sitting room to myself, and was very much frightened by the noise and looks of the place we were in. It had gilt, shoddy furniture and mirrors; dirt everywhere; a door that though locked looked as if it would shake down easily under pressure. Everything in the room was cracked or broken as if fights were the natural ending of the days' entertainments, and from somewhere in the house came shouts, oaths and shuffling, which to my frightened ears seemed very threatening.

About daylight the party quieted down, then ended, and though a few guests started off singing in the street, while others tumbled upstairs past my door, banging against it by accident, no harm came to us. I had spent most of the night awake, but resting on a sofa, with my revolver on the table by me. It was the only thing I had unpacked.

When the hour to depart came the town was still asleep, but a pushcart was found and our bags were piled on it and taken to the station. There the head man was most attentive and put us into our right train, attending to our baggage out of pity for our forlorn state.

Years before I had been with my father at Aix-la-Chapelle and had kept a charming impression of the quaint town and its beautiful old church so closely associated with Charlemagne. Now I was glad to shake its dust from my feet and to feel I was going back to England. I began to feel I had done right in deciding our fate and returning instead of pushing on.

Once in London everything worked out for the best. My aunt said, with her sweetness of old days, she was delighted to have us back for a little and that she would take the children safely to my parents in America. The latter cabled they would gladly keep their grandchildren. My husband wired his consent to my proposed plan. So one morning early I parted from the little party. My aunt and the babies started for a steamer at Southampton, I for the Dover-Ostend boat to attempt again the trip home—alone this time, with baggage much reduced, and one small trunk so packed that in case trains were not running in Russia I could arrange to travel by troika sleigh from Germany to St. Petersburg, leaving my heavier trunks at our frontier station.

At Liège I was told again no trains were going through. At Berlin the news was unchanged still, but I felt encouraged anyhow, for the then American Ambassador, Mr. George Meyer, and his secretary, Mr. Miles, going to St. Petersburg, got on my car. I knew then I would have protection and company, whatever happened. As we neared Russia the train emptied rapidly. Finally I think there were no travelers but Mr. Meyer's party, myself, a nice young man I had met casually in society in St. Petersburg, and one single stranger. At the frontier the embassy chasseur in uniform met the ambassador.

Home at Last

I had been asked by my husband to bring him back a new revolver, also one for a friend of his. This besides my own. I was in grave doubt as to how to pass my purchases into a country where both arms and ammunition were recently forbidden. Mr. Meyer solved the problem.

"What have you in that case?" he asked, pointing, and I answered that that case held my jewels.

"Well, suppose you confide your finery to me. I can pass it by the customs, since it isn't dutiable, with a good conscience. Before handing it over if you want to pack cartridges in your jewel case I don't see who can prevent it."

I did this on the hint, but the best of it was that when we got out to change trains Mr. Miles politely helped carry my valuables, and chose that particular box, so that my dangerous weapons actually entered Russia in another's hands.

Once the frontier was crossed our advance was all mere chance. One train had started ahead of us and had reached Gatchina without mishap, from which place the travelers had gone to St. Petersburg by sleighs. We expected to be stopped at any station and to take this means for the final stages of our journey—so we had our rugs and bags strapped and ready. At each station, however, some official would come through the train and announce that since we were still safe we would push on to the next town. We would thank our good angels for their protection and would take up our cards or our books again, postponing anxiety.

The dining car, of which we had taken possession, was cheerful, and on the whole the journey passed easily, with just enough of the unexpected to make it constantly interesting. Triumphantly we rolled into the big station at the capital and felt we were the first to open traffic again on the full length of the route.

My husband came to meet me, glad to think the children were in safe conditions and that I had returned home for the winter in spite of the troubles, which still kept the city's inhabitants on the alert. There had been a general strike on and off for two or three weeks. Amateurs, as volunteers, had been sorting and delivering the mails, and even the telegraph had not functioned for a time. Now things were quieter, but no one professed to know what the morrow might bring forth, so the winter promised to be interesting.

Editor's Note—This is one of a series of articles by Princess Cantacuzène. The next will appear in an early issue

Precision!
—*helped by Right Lighting*

Are you interested in your plant's production? Then try your own hand at some of the operations requiring precision—and see how good *you* are at gauging fine measurements in uncertain light!

You'll conclude that there's no substitute for clear, accurate, untired vision, and that the *best* lighting is the *cheapest*. Then, as you go further into the subject, you'll learn that *every* operation in the plant can be speeded by right lighting; that the cost is but the smallest fraction of the direct profit; and that numerous indirect benefits such as safety, cleanliness and goodwill pay further dividends of tremendous value.

Lighting is a subject worthy the attention of your highest executives. We suggest that you call in the man who supplies your NATIONAL MAZDA lamps and arrange with him to take "foot-candle readings" throughout your plant. The newly developed Foot-Candle Meter measures illumination as simply as a thermometer measures heat. It takes all the guesswork out of lighting.

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The Blue Convenience Carton

Each of these labels represents a Sales Division equipped to give a complete lighting service

NATIONAL MAZDA LAMPS

He looked for a job with his shovel on his shoulder

Out of a job, but carrying a shovel on his shoulder, a man some time ago walked into the works of the New Castle Mining and Clay Products Company, New Castle, Pennsylvania.

The foreman sized him up as a good man, and put him to work with a gang of shovelers. But when they offered him a shovel such as the other men were using, he refused it, saying that he knew what he could do with his own. He clung to that tool like a long lost brother. Wherever he went his shovel went with him until finally the rumor spread that he even took it to bed with him.

This attachment to one shovel was so peculiar that the foreman decided to investigate. For several days, unknown to the employee, he watched him. He saw that he never wasted time pushing the shovel with his foot, or working it into the pile; that he did not have to stop to rap off material; and that at the end of the day he was not half so tired as the other men.

Then the foreman decided to have a look at that shovel. He found that it was a Wyoming Red Edge with a blade of Chrome Nickel steel and a handle of second growth Northern White Ash. It seemed to him so superior that he sent us an order.

The new Red Edge shovels had not been on the job a day before their economy in the cost of shoveling became evident. They also became such favorites with the men fortunate enough to draw them that we soon received a second order.

The superiority of Red Edge shovels lies in the blades, rolled from Chrome Nickel steel, heat-treated, hard as tool steel, tough as spring steel. Each completed shovel is given three severe tests before the Red Edge trade-mark can go on it. (Note on the blade the mark of the Brinell test.)

Red Edge shovels don't wear dull or thin. They don't buckle or bend or nick. They hold their size and shape; keep their edge and "hang."

Railway systems, mines, large industries and other big users have pronounced Red Edge shovels the best that can be made, for they save time, muscle and money.

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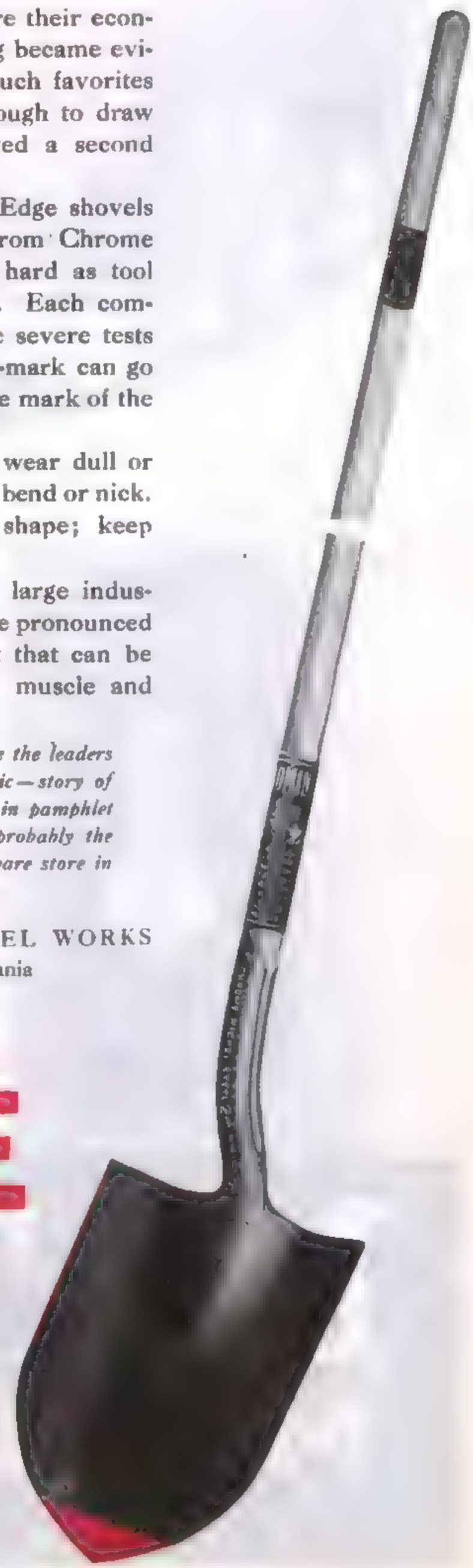

KEEPING FIT AT FIFTY

(Continued from Page 7)

exactly that either; "sit up" is better, for not even an American osteopath could make them take notice. He fixed the shoulder—and I quit the exercise. But I got something out of it. I can stand on my head and wave my legs in exceeding rhythm. It is quite possible there is no social or economic advantage in this accomplishment, but I amused a fretful boy of five with it the other night for a considerable time.

You always get something out of these investigations. There was a physical-culture specialist who enticed me into his clutches early in my exercise career and held me there by carefully collecting his fee for three weeks in advance, which is a crafty way physical instructors have, knowing that the average man will bolt after the first lesson unless restrained by the thought of losing his money. This physical-culture instructor didn't know as much about his subject as I did, but he had one great gift: He could tear a pack of cards into two parts, and then tear each part into halves. If you think that is an easy thing to do, try it. He imparted this gift to me. I learned how to do it, and can do it yet. But, as with the head-standing, I find small advantage in it, because if you carelessly pick up a pack of cards at a card party and tear the pack in two, or four, the host will certainly bawl you out; and there is no nourishment in tearing up one's own cards. Most people prefer to have their cards intact, no matter how prodigious the grip in a guest's fingers may be.

Then there was a fellow who carried a sort of dog biscuit in his pocket, and claimed he never ate anything else. He certainly was a healthy-looking person, and I was about to fall for his biscuits when he inopportunely died from eating canned lobster. And then there was the man who had me all but converted to a strictly vegetarian diet. I'd have become a vegetarian sure, for this man was mentally and physically imposing. But I happened on him one day while he was at luncheon and found him sitting before a three-pound beefsteak, a large dish of hashed brown potatoes and various other nonvegetarian items, including about a quart of Scotch and soda.

Beefsteak Vegetarianism

When I made a discreet inquiry of the master concerning this seeming, this almost palpable, violation of the vegetarianism he preached so eloquently, he said he was shocked and pained to discover that I, as one of his disciples, did not understand that I was to eat as he said to eat, not as he, personally, did eat. Later along the road of my investigations I found that many of these food messiahs and exercise urgers feel that same way. The plot is to do as they say, not as they do. Very few of the hay hurrahers stick to the hay they hurrah for, and you never saw a physical-culture artist who wasn't bored stiff over the personal application of his culture.

Stripping this question of keeping fit at fifty down to the bare bones of it, there are but three points to consider. The first is food; the second is exercise; the third is the proper individual use of the two others. The trouble with most of the diet experts is that they develop what passes with them as a diet, and hand it out as a specific; and the trouble with most of the exercise proponents is that they seek to make the individual fit the exercise they prescribe, instead of trying to make the exercise fit the individual. There never was a food faddist who did not vehemently claim that his food fad was the salvation of the race, regardless of what effect it might have on any unit of the race or whether suited to that unit or not; and when a physical-culture professor has worked out a system, that system goes for all comers, because, of course, it is the only correct system there is. They will all claim they do not, but let that pass. That is the way they sell their goods. Every man at fifty is a problem, and should be his own problem. That is, after he gets the fundamentals it is up to him to do his own rebuilding on those fundamentals, and with them, as his personal exigencies may demand and require. For example, if there is any man of fifty who has not yet discovered, absolutely, what food agrees with him and what does not he hasn't sense enough to be included in the order, and if he has established that knowledge and has not power of will enough to lay off the inimical things, he may as well go into the discard, for he isn't worth considering as a factor for fitness. He'll get his, and he will deserve all he gets.

It is trite enough to be true a thousandfold to say that the most important function of a man's life is the way he feeds himself, and true ten thousand times to say that not one man out of each ten thousand feeds himself properly. The effects of improper feeding begin to show heavily along about fifty—before, if the process has been grossly improper; but about that time, if only ordinarily so. Then come the increased blood pressure, the pendulous paunch, the pouches beneath the eyes, the liver twinges, the kidney demonstrations, the heart murmurs, the autointoxication, and all the rest of the indications that some essential portion of the anatomy is preparing to go on strike. Trace them back, and nine times out of ten you will find that whatever exists exists because of the wrong sort of food, too much food—from diet errors, broadly speaking. Whatever a man is physically and pathologically, save in a congenital way or because of communicable diseases, he is by his own acts. High blood pressure isn't infectious. It is self-conferred.

Overstoked Furnaces

The human race may be divided into three categories in a diet sense: Those who eat too much, and improperly; those who eat too little, and improperly; and the intelligentzia who eat just enough, and properly. Those are the happy boys. Of these three categories, the most numerous and most uncomfortable are those who eat too much. Nearly everybody does that—no fat man who doesn't; no overweight man who doesn't; not one in a hundred of those who break internally, organically, who doesn't. Of course, some drink too much and some smoke too much and some work too much, but any doctor who knows what he is talking about will tell you that these cases are inconsequential beside those who begin—and often accomplish—the ruin of themselves by eating too much.

It takes a long time to fix that idea in the mind of the ordinary man. Nature provides a palate to be pleased, and the cooks have done the rest. Furthermore, the hearty, healthy man of early life enjoys this surplus of food and seemingly gets away with it. Wherefore, why not? Life is a tough proposition at best, and if there is joy in eating let us eat. *Dum sirimus, vivamus*, you know, and all that sort of thing.

Still, if you come to think of it, you do not give your automobile four quarts of oil when it needs only two, or put six shovelfuls of coal in your furnace when three are sufficient; and you eat two or three times as much food as is good for you almost every time you sit down at table. Why this consideration for the inanimate and this lack of consideration for the animate and more important—yourself? The truth of it is that if the average man took as good care of his body as he takes or demands shall be taken of his automobile, a very large number of eminent practitioners of the esteemed science of medicine, and of the variants of it, including the diet professors and the exercise sharps and the nerve specialists, would be obliged to go out of business. But the average man will not do that, and here we are. As soon as the automobile develops a squeak or a rattle or a knock there is immediate investigation and repair. The automobile cost money, you see, and must be in good shape for the conveyance of the body of the man who owns it. The body of the man cost nothing, and when it begins to squeak or rattle or knock the owner is too busy to have repairs begun or thinks because it has worked all right up to this time it will continue to function somehow.

Take this illustration of the furnace: Any dolt will concede that it is wasteful and subversive of the results desired—heat and power—to clog a furnace with fuel, to put too much coal on the fire. That portion of a man that takes up, consumes and employs his food is his furnace, and the purpose of it is to supply heat and power. Its fuel is food. It doesn't require any great intelligence to discern that, though proper fueling is imperative, improper and excessive or deficient fueling must inevitably make for wrong heating and poor power. Also, no furnace is built to handle fuel above its indicated capacity, and every furnace will clog if thus pressed. So, too, will every system. The human body does valiant things, but sooner or later it quits on this continuous overfueling, and then comes the diathetic debacle.

Any person who has looked into this subject of proper eating is chary about saying that anything concerning it is the common-sense thing, because the food fads are put out generally under the title of Common Sense About Eating, and thus and so; and usually if you look into any common-sense pronouncement you will find a bug in it as big as a dinosaur. The fervent food reformer who advocates a handful of pecans and a raw carrot as a proper diet is always convinced that his is the common-sense idea; and so, too, the hay eaters and the calory boys and the bran brethren and all the rest of them. However, if there is any common sense about the subject at all, that common sense is contained in the statement that the first requisite for proper feeding is a limitation of the amount of food to exactly what is needed, and no more. After that comes the kind of food to eat, but the most important thing to regulate is the amount.

I have no quarrel with these numerous food fads. I have tried most of them, and say to their exponents and practitioners, "If a leaf of lettuce and a handful of lentils nourish you acceptably, go to them," reserving for myself the conviction that if Nature intended us to subsist on that sort of fodder, Nature would have provided us with four stomachs and a couple of hundred feet of intestines. I am fully aware of the dangers of autointoxication, but contend that it comes from too great a quantity of food rather than inevitably from certain sorts of food, such as meat and what usually goes with meat. I believe that some meats, in proper quantities, are the most digestible and most effective food man can take; but also I believe that excessive eating of meat is the cause of more suffering and disease of the fifty-year-old brand than any other one food.

Notwithstanding their efforts to make it so, and the insistent and raucous setting forth of their systems as the royal road, there is no royal road to diet. It is an individual proposition. As I have said, every man, by the time he has reached fifty, ought to know what food agrees with him and what food does not. Naturally, his first step should be to discard the food that does not agree with him; that he does not digest easily and properly. Obtusely, that is the thing that most men will not do. If they like a food they eat it and take a chance. They put the pleasure of the palate above the practical value of the intake. However, the object of these remarks is to comment on that very phase of human perversity, and to help correct it, so far as may be, and there is no need of being too serious about it. We all do it.

Cutting Down Gradually

The first thing for the average man of fifty to consider is the amount of food he eats. There may be a few men of that age who eat only to supply their actual physical needs, but there are not many. The second step is to cut down that amount of food. There will be loud clamor over this. On all sides the men of fifty will bob up and shout that they need the food they take, need every ounce of it to keep them going, and can't get along without their substantial breakfast, their tasty luncheon and their complete dinner. All right, all right! If you shouters are in as good physical shape as you were at thirty, all right; if you are not slowing down a bit, all right; if you are not stiffening up somewhat and getting a paunch and functioning without any squeaks and rattles and chugs, all right; if your elimination is what it should be and your blood pressure normal and your organic apparatus one hundred per cent, all right—with this reservation: These things will not continue to be right, even if you are fortunate enough to have them so now—which you probably are not if you would investigate thoroughly—if you persist in eating too much.

I am not advocating a starvation diet or a particularly restricted one. What I seek to establish in the minds of my fifty-year-old colleagues is a diminution of quantity. That's the first step, and the most important one. Cut down! A reduction of ten per cent will help, a cut of twenty per cent will be twice as helpful and a cut of forty per cent will work a miracle, if you choose your food properly. If you are too fat you will get thinner in due course. If you are too lean, no matter how much or little you eat, it means you are not eating properly, and can help yourself by selection rather than by increased amounts of food. Even if your weight is normal, say, and unless you are the bright and shining exception—which you may think you are but which you probably are not—eating less than you are eating, after you get readjusted to the process, will help amazingly.

Specifically, let us set forth the simplest sort of a dinner—steak, baked potato, a vegetable, bread and butter, a piece of pie and a cup of coffee, if you take it. If you are any sort of a trencherman you will eat a pound of steak—that isn't much—and probably all of the mealy part of the potato, the vegetable, at least two pieces of bread and butter and the pie. Now then, try it this way: Cut down the steak to eight ounces, half as much as you ordinarily will eat, and take only one slice of bread and butter. If you eat the potato at all, eat the skin of it and throw away the starchy inside; and if the vegetable is a green one, as spinach, say, eat a liberal helping of that. Dismiss the pie from your thoughts, or if that can't be done eat only half a wedge of it, and beat it from the table. That seems rather drastic. Perhaps; but if you do that sort of thing for a few weeks you'll feel so much better and be so much better that you will never go back to the old days of gorging.

Stick, Brother, Stick!

Suppose, for further example, we elaborate the meal somewhat. Let there be, say, oysters or a salad to begin with; soup, fish, two vegetables, meat, dessert and coffee—a repast still simple enough as such things go. Take the oysters if you want to. They are negligible food at best, and usually doped with condiments to the extinction of their own flavor. Pass the soup. Eat either the fish or the meat, but only one helping. Take one of the vegetables, one slice of bread and nibble at the dessert if you can't conquer that craving for something sweet. Difficult to do? Not when you get the hang of it; and, oh, boy, how much better for you than the heavy slogging all down the line! Cut down the same way at breakfast. Cut down the same way at luncheon. Once you get into it you'll sit back and marvel at the vast quantities of unnecessary food you have been consuming, and give three ringing cheers for your increased health and efficiency.

The first two weeks are the hardest. You have accustomed your digestive apparatus to receiving—not handling—receiving about the same excess quantity of food each day, and when you diminish the supply you will find that the internal machinery will require a little time to recover from its astonishment at not being compelled to work overtime as it has been doing for years, to adjust itself to rational feeding after it has been valiantly laboring for so long to get away with irrational feeding. That is why it is best to diminish about ten per cent at a time. You will be tempted to run out on yourself, to bolt, to fall for the usual large helpings, to pretend you are not getting enough to eat; but stick, brother, stick, and presently your internal friends, the digestive apparatus, will issue you a testimonial of regard and esteem, and you will begin planning what you intend to do when you are eighty-seven.

The problem of the man of fifty is to get enough to eat, but not too much; to get the right things to eat and in proper combinations; to establish within himself the correct fermentations and digestive processes by means of these two operations that will in turn provide the perfect consumption, nourishment and elimination that are necessary for absolute health and efficiency. The twin foundations on which proper eating rests are quantity and quality. As for quantity, and for the reasons set forth above, I suggest to the average eater of fifty, and to the big eater, an ultimate reduction of forty per cent of the food intake; fifty wouldn't hurt after the readjustments are made, nor would it hurt to make the

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first cut twenty per cent. Still, that might frighten the heavy eaters, the boys who must have their three squares a day, and it works out excellently in tens. Cut down ten per cent at the start. Then make it twenty, and so on to forty or fifty, taking a month or six weeks for the job.

The important corollary of quantity is quality; what foods will provide the adequate amount of nourishment, and what are not so useful. The personal equation obtrudes here again. Almost every man has his food idiosyncrasy; some men have many. However, the average man who has come along to fifty has come by virtue of—or despite—eating, in whatever quantities and qualities, the average, ordinary, conventional foods for the most part. He eats meats, vegetables to some extent, and particularly potatoes, eggs, fish, bread, fruit, sweets and fats; drinks coffee, tea, milk and alcoholic beverages, and some water; takes fish, oysters, crabs, lobsters, poultry and occasionally game.

He begins with the simpler of these. No person is a vegetarian at birth, or a nut hatch or a take-it-raw crank or a fruit fanatic; no person at the start goes without his breakfast and then doubles up at luncheon or confines himself to patented fodder. Nature provides for that. If a man falls for food fads it is along later in life. Usually in his young days, if he is well-born in the sense of being healthy, he is a normal feeder on normal foods. Notwithstanding all the loud ballyhoo of the food faddists, the average man's average diet contains all the elements that are necessary to nourish him, develop him, hold him as developed and keep him at top pitch.

The trouble with the diet of the average man of fifty is that it is not discriminatory. He puts combinations of food into the interior that has served him well for his half century, but in the nature of things has not its pristine vigor and energy, that would wreck a retort if mixed in it and subjected to a heat equal to a man's internal heat, and wonders why he gets a disease—or several of them—that originates in malnutrition and malelimination and maldigestion; and a lot of diabolical diseases come from just those.

There is no telling what a man may confer on himself by overeating, wrong eating and underexercise. One may achieve rheumatism, another gout, another Bright's disease, another diabetes when eating in about the same excess and living the same sorts of lives under approximately the same conditions. Why, is one of the physical things they have not found out yet; but one thing they have found out is this: You'll get something unless you readjust, save in the occasional exceptional instance. That's as sure as sunrise.

Exploring the Food Realms

The province of this article is to be suggestive rather than specific. It would be no trick at all to fill a page or two with a solemn discussion of metabolism, calories, katabolism, proteids, purines, acidosis, anabolism, carbohydrates, vitamines and other food patter; quite simple to sprinkle in symbols such as CHNOS or CHO or C_3N_4, or to present tables showing values of various foods in proteins, fats and carbohydrates and their consequent place under the column head, Fuel Values in Calories. As for diets, I could print you a hundred of them, each guaranteed by its compiler to fill the long-felt want, but all subject to individual modification. There is no ideal diet, because there are no ideal human beings. Each one of us has his own personal and peculiar mechanism to keep going, and thus each one of us has his own requirements. Every man must be a bit of an explorer of the food necessities of his body, especially when he has given his alimentary processes a catch-as-catch-can battle from early youth, as most of us have. What men who are not yet sick need is an indication, not an imperative.

When you bring down to brass tacks the conclusions of men who write and speak with authority on the subject of diet—not the cranks or faddists or fanatics—they separate into two sections: Diet for the purpose of making sick men well or to ameliorate so far as possible a diseased condition, and diet to keep well men well. If you are sick you are entirely without the scope of my conclusions—you need medical assistance; but if you are in the usual fifty-year-old health and want to remain in that desirable situation I lay you down these two precepts as to the regulation of your diet—in other words, as to the quality of your food: First, choose foods that agree with you and avoid those which your own experience has taught you you cannot digest or assimilate without distress and ultimate hurt; second, take only such an amount of foods as are needed for proper nourishment and avoid all superfluity of food material—do not eat too much. Here endeth the preaching. Now for the practice:

Just to show how difficult it is to lay down any specific rule of diet conduct, I cite you two men I know, both practical and progressive students of dietetics. They are both doctors, both of great scientific attainments, both high in their profession and both more than seventy years of age. Moreover, they are both bright-eyed and rosy-cheeked, both muscular and active, both mentally remarkable, and both vigorous, alert, healthy and working hard every day. They have large practices and they have exceptional success with their patients.

Here is the daily diet of one of them:

BREAKFAST: Pint of warm milk, tinted with coffee, an orange, peach, baked apple or raw or baked banana, tablespoon or two of cream.

LUNCHEON: A pint of warm milk, four ounces of bread or toast, half an ounce of butter, marmalade or jam; half an ounce of cheese occasionally to supply protein; salad.

DINNER: Four ounces of fish or meat, vegetables to satisfaction, and a small amount of bread and butter.

This is the way the other lives:

BREAKFAST: Two eggs, boiled, poached or scrambled; glass of milk, slice of whole wheat bread, and butter.

LUNCHEON: Eight ounces of meat, one vegetable, glass of milk, slice of bread and butter.

DINNER: The same.

Good Results From Different Diets

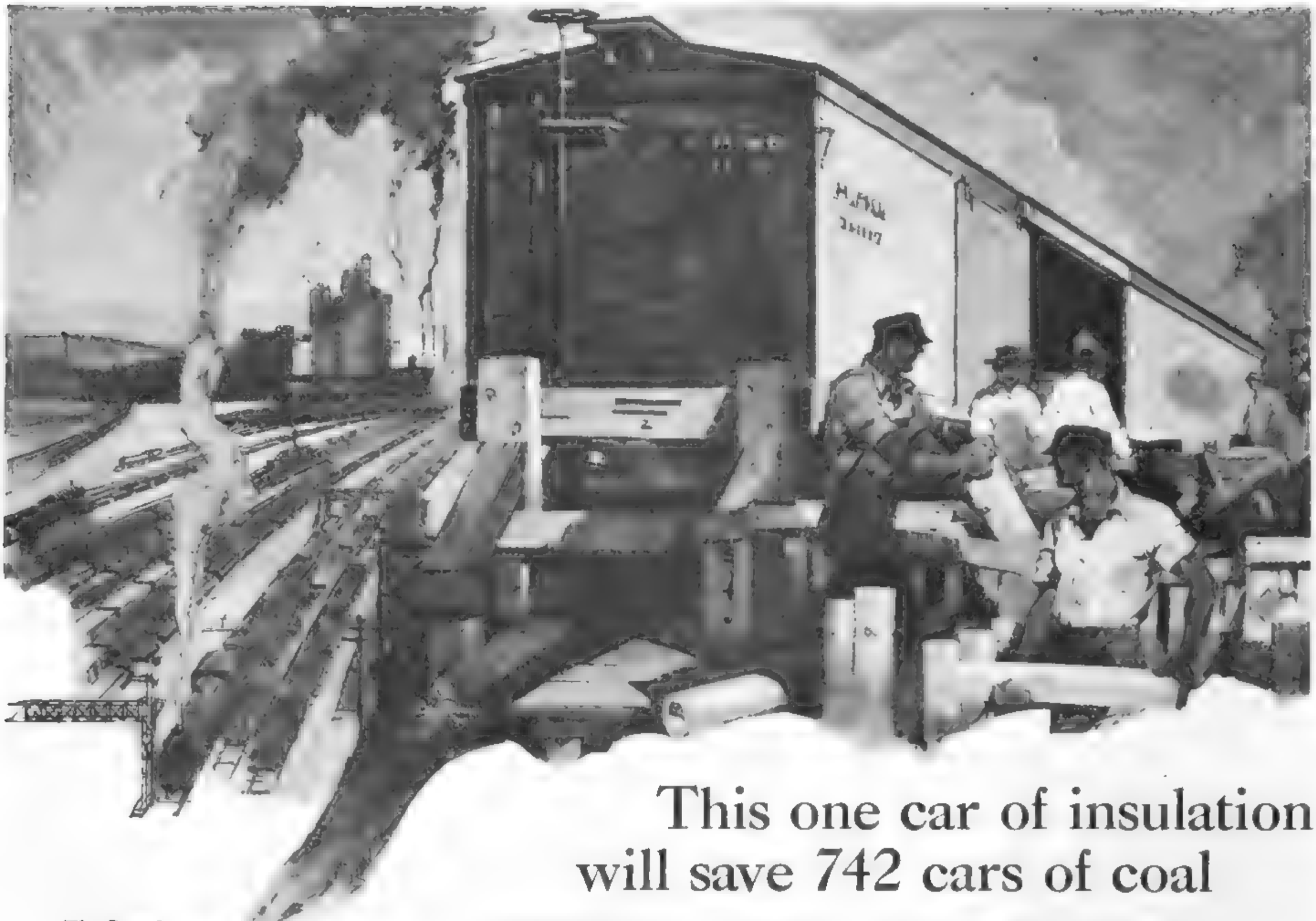
This one drinks quantities of weak coffee—very weak—as a beverage during the day. The other one is a copious water drinker. Both, as I say, are exceptional men, physically and mentally; both have persisted, practically, in these diets for twenty-five years or more, and aside from the small quantities of food taken, which is a main virtue of their regimens, their diets are not much alike, because the second one, the egg-and-meat eater, also is the absolute foe of fruit taken with food, and will not allow himself an ounce of sweets of any sort, not even the first one's jam.

Now how is a layman going to regulate himself when two big men in dietetics differ so materially? One eats only four ounces of meat or fish once a day. The other eats eggs or meat at every meal. One takes only the ghost of coffee for breakfast. The other drinks coffee all day long, not strong coffee, but water flavored with coffee, and much of it. And so on. It is an individual proposition, brethren, and must be figured out individually, which will take some little figuring, but will pay rich dividends in health and efficiency for many years.

However, what one individual has done another may do, and those who are interested may gather a few tips from the recital of the doer's experiences. There is where I come in. I am not setting myself up as a diet sharp or a doctor or a scientific authority, except for myself. I have confined my experiments, efforts, studies and practices to myself, and have had excellent results; and for the purpose of shedding such light as I may on the problem of fifty-year-old colleagues who possibly have not considered the subject yet, but who ought to get busy with it, I have written this piece. Take its conclusions, or leave them. It's all one with me. I am not arguing with you. I am telling you.

Of course, I had a running start on those of my age now, because I began at forty, first to take off fat, and continued, because that was the only way to keep the fat off; but I have played the game up to and a couple of years beyond fifty; I understand the fifty-year-old motif, and a rational conclusion is that what works with me at fifty may, in its broad principles, work with others at fifty—in its fundamentals—because in order to make it absolute that I am pretending no panacea, am not setting forth any elixir of youth, I reiterate that each man is a problem unto himself—that it is an individual proposition, save in its basic aspects.

(Continued on Page 38)



This one car of insulation will save 742 cars of coal

The Proof:

The life of a felted insulation like Asbesto-Sponge can be conservatively figured at twenty years. A standard 36 ft. car carries 1680' of 8" and 1680' of 4" pipe insulation packed inside the 8"—thickness 1½". With steam pressure at 100 lbs. and air temperature at 70° the efficiency of the 8" is 90.3% and the 4" is 88.9%, thus saving in 20 years 37,100 tons of coal or 742 fifty-ton cars. Savings on Johns-Manville 85% Magnesia can be similarly predetermined.

Other insulations for other services: Asbestocel, Zero, Anti-Sweat and Ammonia Insulation. Underground Conduit Insulation and Insulating Cements.

WHENEVER you see men handling insulation, you don't have to wonder what they are going to do with it—you know that they are going to do the very thing that this country so badly needs: SAVE FUEL—and what is equally important, you can know exactly *how much* fuel they will save—for the hit-or-miss stabs of the old "pipe covering" days have given way to a modern science of insulation by which anyone can predetermine his saving and apply these figures to his costs, whether it be for power in the plant or heat in the home.

If coal were cheap and easy to get—and insulation were expensive and hard to get—then bare steam surfaces or plain pipe covering might be countenanced. But in times like these, INSULATION is a vital thing.

It isn't difficult at all to find the heat losses through pipe covering you may have installed in the days when you didn't need to get down to brass tacks in saving fuel. Such figures compared with Johns-Manville charts will point out the difference between what heat you now save and what you can save through the most efficient commercial insulations obtainable—whether it be Johns-Manville 85% Magnesia of the molded type or Asbesto-Sponge of the strong, built-up, felted type.

Figures shown at the left give evidence of the millions of dollars saved annually by Johns-Manville Insulation Service in not only determining the insulation that is right for you—but also in applying it for you in the right way.

JOHNS-MANVILLE, Inc., Madison Ave. at 41st St., New York City
10 Factories—Branches in 64 Large Cities
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INSULATION
that keeps the heat where it belongs
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that make brakes safe
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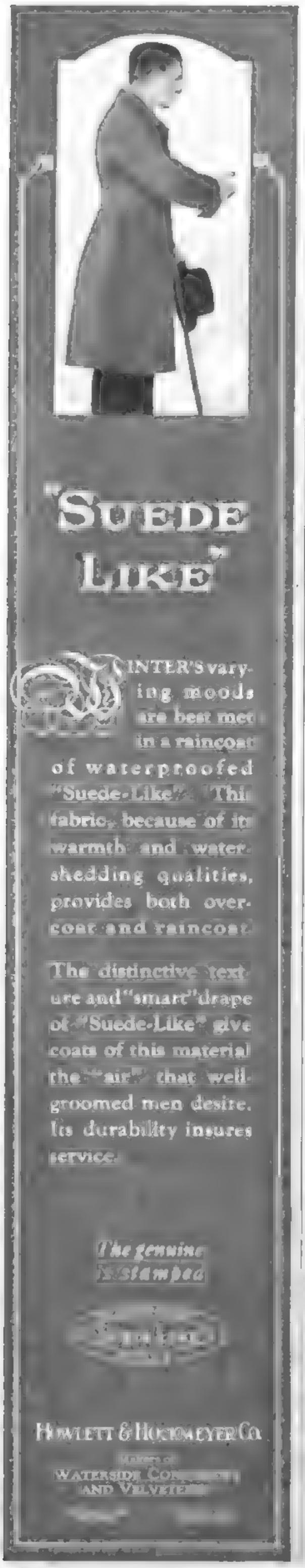

"SUEDE LIKE"
INTER'S varying moods are best met in a raincoat of waterproofed "Suede-Like". This fabric, because of its warmth and water-shedding qualities, provides both overcoat and raincoat.
The distinctive texture and "smart" drape of "Suede-Like" give coats of this material the "air" that well-groomed men desire. Its durability insures service.
The genuine is stamped
HOWLETT & HOCKMEYER CO.
WATERSIDE CO
AND VELVETE

(Continued from Page 36)

Broadly speaking, then, my observation has proved to me that the great majority of healthy men at fifty eat too much food, and, as I have written here, the first step in the corrective process is the reduction of the amount of food eaten. After that comes the kind of food to be eaten for best bodily and mental results. Again broadly speaking, I believe that the greatest and most scientific measure of nourishment for the average fairly healthy man of fifty, the food that he needs to attain his highest proficiency in whatever his task is, is comprised in a judicious diet that includes some meats, eggs, fresh fish and poultry, green vegetables cooked and in salads, milk, fruits and grain—judicious, I said, because with those raw materials any cook can contrive messes and mixtures that would poison a prize fighter; and most cooks do.

Not many of those who express themselves on the subject of food values will say a kind word for meat. Poor, reprehensible meat, the comestible criminal, and especially the demoniac red meat that they say slaughters us so mercilessly! And yet meat has been the food upbuilder and mainstay of the human race ever since Michael J. Homoprimigenus stepped out of his cave some several millions of years ago and laid in a supply for family use by batting a baby mammoth over the head with a club; and yet the meat eaters have prevailed in all the world for all time, and do now; and yet exhaustive experiment has proved that the beef proteid—red meat—is more easily digested, assimilated and oxidized than any proteid, and we must have proteids; and yet a piece of beefsteak, well broiled, loses only two and eight-tenths per cent of its high nutritive value when taken as food, while sixty, seventy and eighty per cent of many of the fad fodders are lost in the digestive processes—are débris instead of food. There is no doubt that excessive eating of meat is the cause of many grave physical disorders—so is excessive eating of almost any other one food—nor that meat eaten in wrong combination with other foods is similarly harmful; but meat, eaten as meat, should be eaten; is real food for real men.

Remarking again, in order that there may be no false colors on my side of it or false hopes on your side, if you are fifty or any other age and are sick with any of the organic disorders that come from wrong eating, you need expert medical attention and not lay advice; but if you are well, and want to remain well or are merely creaking a little here or there, I offer this sheaf of diet suggestions that I have proved up on myself and for myself; that also have the basis of much weighty scientific authority:

If you are very active in your occupation, physically, a pound of meat a day will fill your meat requirements, provided it is broiled, baked, roasted or boiled meat, and is taken in two parts, half a pound at one meal and half a pound at another. This doesn't mean that you should scrupulously measure out eight ounces each time. A piece about as big as the average man's four fingers, from knuckles to tips, is close enough to half a pound for your purposes. If you are of sedentary habit, half a pound of meat a day is sufficient, taken at dinner, say, with eggs for breakfast and milk substituting at luncheon.

Foods to Eat Sparingly

Beef, lamb and mutton are the more desirable meats to eat, with an occasional slice of ham or an occasional three or four strips of crisp bacon. Corned beef can be eaten at long intervals, but with no cabbage obbligato. Nix on the cabbage. For variety, you can substitute any fresh fish in the same amount, but it is wise to exclude the oilier sorts, such as bluefish and mackerel, or any poultry, and especially chicken, all game birds and the shellfish, with these cautions: Lay off the fried chicken and the fried oysters. You should have had enough of those earlier in life anyhow. Fried foods do not fit into the fifty-year-old scheme of things.

All green vegetables have their values, but eat only one vegetable at a meal—don't mix them. Get them with the juices that came out of them when they were cooked, if possible. For example, don't let them squeeze spinach through a colander or mash it into a pulpy mess, but eat it as is. Green salads are fine, but bar onions and cucumbers in the making of them. Use much more oil in the dressing than vinegar. Try making the dressing with lemon juice instead of vinegar. Try the experiment of eating your salads just as they come, or with only a little salt. The taste is acquired, but it is worth acquiring. Eliminate potatoes for a while and see how you get along without them, especially fried potatoes. If you can't exist without potatoes, which is a food obsession many people have, eat them boiled with their jackets on, or baked—and eat the skins also.

Eat no breadstuffs that are not twenty hours old or older, and not more than two slices at a meal. Take butter as you do when it is seventy-five cents a pound—discreetly. Eat your eggs boiled, poached or scrambled, and only two at a time. Take no meat when you have eggs. Take no meat when you have fish. Take no other meat when you have poultry or game. One of these foods at a time gets best results.

Cut down the sweets to a minimum. Eliminate them altogether if you can for a time, but start with a dessert twice a week. You never will know until you have tried it how good a good piece of apple pie is, say, when you have not had any for a week; but a fifth of a pie of ordinary size is enough at a time, or one helping of a pudding, or one dish of ice cream. Sweet eating plays hob with middle-aged digestions.

As to Fruit, Milk and Coffee

Do not mix fruit with any other foodstuffs. This may seem revolutionary, according to the American habit, but it will do no harm to try it for a while. When you have a yen for fruit, eat what you want of it, but eat nothing else. Try a fruit breakfast now and then—all fruit and nothing else; or eat your fruit when the stomach is empty. Be sure that your fruit is ripe, not half ripe or overripe—ripe. Take it without sugar if you can, or with as little sugar as possible; cooked fruit the same way—with little sugar, or none at all, if you can manage it. Sugaring fruit to sweeten the acids of it makes for interior fermentation that isn't agreeable or healthful, especially in middle age, and most especially when the sugared fruit is taken in conjunction with starchy food.

Milk is a problem, and should be used neither as a fad nor a beverage, but as a food. Many people cannot take milk at all. Best effects from milk are obtained by taking it warmed, not iced, and by working it about in the mouth before swallowing in order that it may be well mixed with the saliva and thus become more easily digestible.

The normal person of fifty may take two cups of coffee a day, provided the coffee is of medium strength and is taken with as little sugar as possible and with just a dash of cream or milk. Black coffee is a good digestant. The harm of coffee in sane quantities comes because the heavy doctoring of it with sugar, cream or milk makes it indigestible. Try taking it black, and with only one lump of sugar in it instead of two or three. You may not like it at first, but the liking will soon come if you hang on.

Sounds rather forbidding, doesn't it, you trenchermen—rather sparse and Spartan? But it isn't so bad as it seems. A satisfactory variety may be obtained from that layout, provided good and continued health is more of an object than palate gladdening. Let me sketch in a sample meal or two, just to show what may be done:

BREAKFAST: Two eggs, two slices wholewheat bread toasted, butter, cup of coffee, spoonful of marmalade or jam now and then, but not too often; or four finger-length slices crisp bacon, two slices same sort of toast and butter, cup of coffee or glass of milk; or, if you have a whale of a day ahead of you, eight ounces of well-broiled beefsteak, glass of milk and one slice of toast. However, don't conjure up that whale of a day for yourself too often.

LUNCHEON: Piece of meat or fish or chicken, green salad or cooked vegetable, slice of bread and butter; or, on the whale of a day, when you ate beefsteak for breakfast, an egg sandwich and a glass of milk.

DINNER: Meat, fish, chicken or game, one cooked vegetable in liberal helping, or salad, not more than slice and a half of bread and butter, cup black coffee. Occasionally, when the howl for sweets becomes so loud it deafens your will power and sandbags your resolution, temporize with a piece of pie, or throw in the sop of a dish of pudding or a helping of ice cream, and then turn your thumbs down on sweets for another space, and keep them down as long as you can; the smaller the amounts of sweets the better for you.

It doesn't take so long as may be thought to get used to these restrictions which I offer as having had a most beneficial effect on me and with due regard for the dissimilar physical structure and interior processes of my colleagues of fifty. Anyhow, try it out with whatever modifications your own agreements and disagreements may suggest, but without increase in quantities, for thirty or sixty days. That will give you a personal line on it, and that time will be sufficient for the new metabolism to get going and the eliminations to become adjusted. If it is no good you easily can abandon it; but remember, always, that it took you thirty years to arrive at your present, shall we say, lopsided adjustment, and you cannot expect to undo the work of years in weeks. Many a man who has begun to pay attention to his diet has abandoned the effort because miracles were not performed in days, utterly regardless of the length of time it took his assiduous effort to create the condition he seeks to correct instanter.

This is especially true with the fat man who wants to get thin, as every fat man who is not so balmy topside as he is paunchy midships wants to do. Liberal-living persons of fifty are likely to be overweight, and many of them are downright fat. Now, being overweight at fifty and overweight at thirty are two different conditions. It doesn't hurt a fifty-year-oldster to tote about ten or fifteen pounds of excess plumpness over the specified weight-for-age regulations—not a bit. It helps him a lot if he happens to fall ill of pneumonia or some other of those diseases that burn up the tissues - gives him more resistance and provides material for the bugs to work on to the exclusion of the muscular tissue and perhaps the more vital organs.

I have not one of the standardized weight tables at hand, but as I recall it, a man of fifty, who is five feet ten or eleven, is scheduled to weigh one hundred sixty-five pounds, or thereabouts, when at the proper statistical pount. However, a man of fifty, five feet ten or eleven, needn't worry about himself in that regard if he weighs one hundred seventy-five, or even one hundred eighty or one hundred eighty-five at a pinch. If he weighs more than one hundred eighty-five, as many do, he should do a bit of reducing; not too much, but some. Reduction in the amount of food taken will do that, because food makes fat. There are other reasons for obesity, but basically excess of food makes excess of fat. That is all there is to it.

The Only Sure Reducer

Reduce your intake of food and you will reduce your weight, and unless you do reduce your intake of food you will stay right where you are. There is no medicine or dope or chemical that will do it and not be harmful. There is no exercise that will accomplish it permanently. Self-denial is the only sure reducer, and the battle is a continuous one. The fight is unceasing if you are disposed to be fat. Any man who has a surplus of flesh can take off that surplus of flesh if he will cut down on his food; take it off gradually, as it should be taken off, but surely. He cannot eliminate a paunch and jowls and great, ponderous thighs and buttocks that he took thirty years of hearty eating to adorn himself with, in thirty days; but he can in thirty months if he will stick that long. The man with excess of fat is in Class Z when it comes to combating physical disability and disease. He has less than a Chinaman's chance, and his excess of fat hands him many a disability that he otherwise might escape. Fat is fatal.

Now I can cite you a diet that will take fifteen pounds from any man, if he will follow it, and in three weeks; but the diet, from its lack of proper food proportions, will do that man no good, even if it does remove fat. Besides, the fat will come back when he quits the diet, and no man could stay on that diet indefinitely. He'd just curl up and die of lack of proper nourishment. Once more, the way to get rid of fat is to cut down on the amount of food you eat—cut down fifty per cent. That is slow, but sure and harmless, and the fat comes off from the prominent points it inhabits without leaving baggy skin and other disfigurements. Then, if you would stay defatted, string along with the reduced diet. There is no guesswork about this. I took off seventy pounds of fat, and have kept it off, and I know.

(Concluded on Page 41)

A New Era in Tire-dom

TIRE HISTORY

1. *The Solid Tire*
2. *The Fabric Pneumatic*
3. *The 2 Ply Cord*
4. *The Multi-ply Cord*
5. *The Converse Cord with Compression Tread*

What is this "Compression Tread"? It's a *new* construction idea based on an *old* principle:

> When rubber is *stretched* it cuts easily, tears easily, wears off quickly. When rubber is *compressed* it is hard to cut or tear and resists wear vigorously.

The Converse design is unique because it applies a mechanical principle that utilizes inflation pressure plus car-weight to *compress* the tread from the sides towards the center.

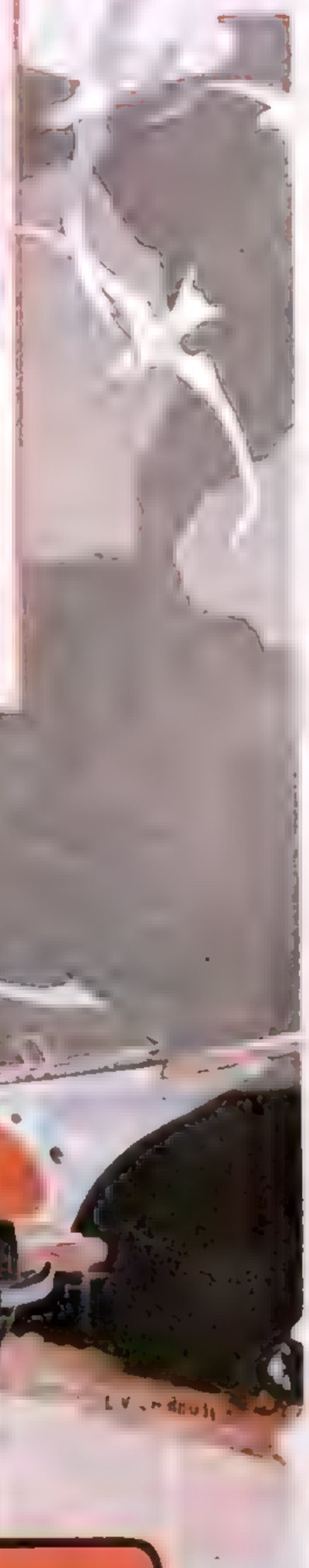
The result is that the Converse tread in contact with the road is always so compressed that its concentrated elasticity resists cuts, punctures and wear to an extent that is almost unbelievable.

This is exactly opposite to the tread of the ordinary tire, where the rubber is always stretched—*not* compressed. And you know what happens to stretched rubber.

The Compression Tread—developed by skilled engineering brains—accounts for the amazing mileage of Converse Cords.

More Miles—Less Skid

(Not a Phrase, but a Fact)

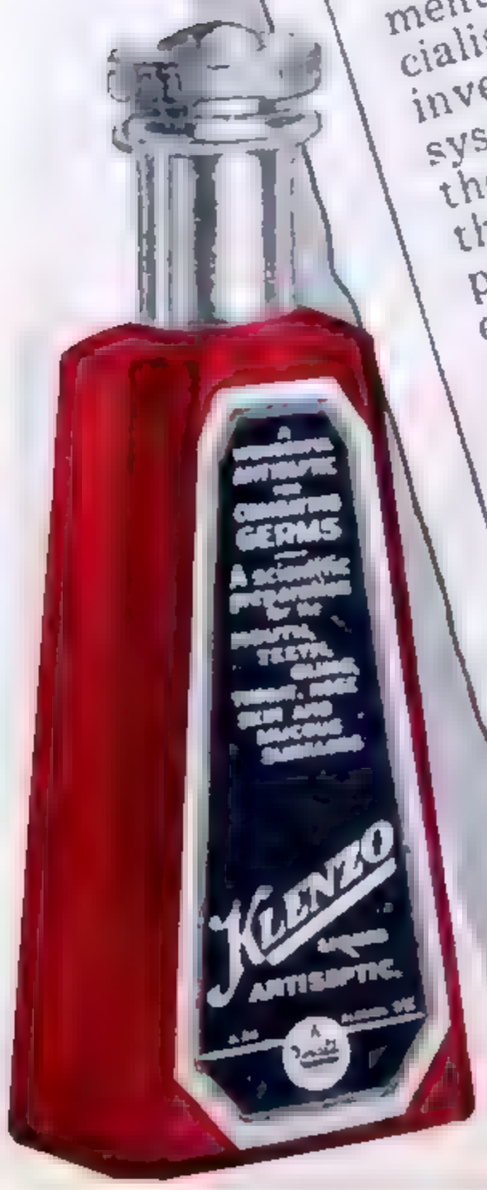


Converse Tires

A Million Dollar Baby

A MILLION DOLLAR BABY

Naturally, those who see this heading expect to read about some "baby heir" of an American multi-millionaire. They will be surprised to learn that such a description applies to a scientific tooth and mouth preparation. They will doubtless wonder also how such a product ever came to be spoken of as a "Million Dollar Baby." So the story must be told. Over three years ago the Rexall Research Department, in consultation with medical specialists and dentists, began an exhaustive investigation into diseases that enter the system through the mouth and nose. In their characteristically thorough way, they spent over two years before they perfected a compound which answered every test and received the endorsement of medical opinion. Such a remarkable demand was created last year, that the sales are expected to run over a million dollars. This very wonderful amount, in its early success, prompted the Rexall people to call Klenzo Liquid Antiseptic their "Million Dollar Baby." During the epidemic last year probably no preparation devised for use as a germ combatter was found more efficacious in preventing contagious diseases that enter the system through the mouth and nose than Klenzo Liquid Antiseptic. This Rexall product can be purchased in 25c and 50c sizes at toilet bottles at any Rexall Drug Store



KLENZO LIQUID ANTISEPTIC

35c in Canada **25¢**

IN a little town of 5000, up in the province of Ontario, Canada, a wide-awake Rexall Druggist wrote the advertisement shown opposite, inserted it in his town newspaper, and displayed Klenzo in his window.

Many customers came in to try Klenzo. They liked it and its fame soon spread through the town. On the second day he had sold out his whole stock, and had to wire for more. Ever since, Klenzo Liquid Antiseptic has been his big seller.

This druggist's experience with Klenzo has been duplicated since by scores of other Rexall Stores. Try Klenzo Liquid Antiseptic. Ask for it only at a Rexall Store. It is obtainable nowhere else.

The Rexall Stores

are an organization of 10,000 progressive retail drug stores throughout the United States, Canada, and Great Britain, united for a world-wide service.

UNITED DRUG COMPANY

BOSTON TORONTO LIVERPOOL PARIS

(Concluded from Page 38)

Conversely, the trouble with otherwise healthy persons who are below their normal weights—too lean—is improper eating, also, and malassimilation. Many a thin man complains he can stuff himself with all sorts of rich foods and not gain a pound. True enough, and for that very reason. He isn't assimilating properly. Get him on the right amounts of the right food and he will come to his normal weight, unless there is something organically wrong with him.

Now for one of the most important suggestions of the lot: Drink water. Drink at least three quarts of water a day—ten or a dozen glasses. Do not drink iced water, but water as it comes out of the tap or the well. Drink at least three glasses before breakfast, not all at once, but while at your toilet and exercises and dressing. Scatter your water drinking along through the day. Drink at least two glasses while you are undressing at night. If while you are beginning your readjustment along these lines you find yourself hungry at night, a glass of milk, drunk slowly and worked about in the mouth with the tongue until it is thoroughly mixed with the saliva, will help. Chew your food thoroughly. Excessive chewing is wasted effort and helps to cause constipation, and bolting is folly. Most persons get best results by drinking after meals, not by washing down their food with liquids taken at meals, although there is much medical dispute over this.

That's about all there is to it, except the Will To Do, which is up to you, and exercise. A widely quoted medical axiom is that a man is as old as his arteries, and the physical one that a man is as young as his knees should be as widely known and acknowledged. Even as most persons overeat, so do most persons underexercise. I don't mean leg exercise or arm exercise, but exercise that takes in waist, abdominal, pectoral, neck, ankle and knee muscles; exercise that increases lung capacity and makes for suppleness—looseness—of carriage.

Walter Camp illustrated this point excellently in one of his books or articles by calling attention to your dog. When he is lying at ease, say, and you call him, he comes; but before he comes he stretches himself fore and aft. So does your cat—always. What you men of fifty need isn't a big biceps or the ability to chin yourself a dozen times or work on the parallel bars or trapeze or with heavy dumb-bells or any of that stuff. You need stretching and twisting and turning exercises that will loosen up the muscles of your waist and abdomen and shoulders and take the creak out of your knees—bending and chest developing exercises.

The fellow who first joshed physical culture by calling it physical torture had it right, because most of the professors of physical culture think with their biceps instead of with their brains. They contrive a system of exercise, and almost invariably seek to make the individual fit the system instead of making the system fit the individual.

Make Your Own System

It is excellent for a young man to devote himself to developing muscle, but what the man of fifty needs to do is to loosen up and get into working order such muscles as he has. He doesn't need any new muscle, and couldn't use it advantageously if he had it. What he needs is to utilize his present stock, to get what he has functioning instead of lying dormant.

There are as many systems of exercise as there are systems of diet, and as many rules; and, as with diet, the thing is an individual proposition. One man's exercise may easily be another man's exhaustion, and the primary postulate of all beneficial exercise is that you get out of exercise only what you put into it. If you put tired energy into it you will get only energy that is tired out of it. Exercise, to be any good at all, should stop before it becomes exhausting, and that point is as individual as the way a man has his hair cut. Still, every normal man has the same sort of muscles as every other normal man, and most men of fifty who have not paid attention to the matter, which comprises the large majority, have about the same unused or flaccid muscles in their equipments.

It is triter than copy-book maxims to say that every man should spend at least two hours out of doors each day, and triter even than that to say that walking is the best exercise for a man fifty years old. Five or six miles of walking out of doors for a man of fifty will do a lot for him, and that is the reason golf is so valuable. But neither walking with golf or without will do all that needs to be done for him. He needs some bendings, twistings, posturings and seekings after suppleness that neither walking nor golf will supply. Many men feel that they are all right physically if they can bend over and touch the floor with the tips of their fingers while holding the knees stiff. Without reference to the fact that the accomplishment is a useless one, because one has knees to stoop with if anything that is on the floor is required, it may be said that if that is the sort of thing that helps, the bender is a poor one, and rigid, who cannot bend over and touch the floor, making the point of contact the backs of his hands turned at right angles to his forearms, and only a passably good one who cannot, with his stiffened legs spread ten inches apart, bend over and thrust his hands between his feet at the floor and touch the floor six or eight inches behind his heels.

That isn't the real thing. What the man of fifty needs is a daily routine that shall comprise exercises for his abdominal muscles, his pectoral muscles, his waist and rib muscles, his knees, his ankles and his neck. And he must take stretching exercises from where he finds them and apply them to himself.

Stretching Exercises

Let me illustrate what I mean by proper stretching exercises. Walter Camp has one he calls the crawl, which consists in standing erect, feet close together, head up, eyes straight and arms extended horizontally. The left arm is dropped to the side of the leg, and as the right arm is curved up and over the top of the head, which is held stiffly erect, until the fingers come as far as possible below the ear, the left arm is pushed down the leg—crawls down—as far as bending the body in that direction will send it. Then the positions are reversed, and the left arm goes over the head and the right arm crawls down the right leg. That exercise stretches and puts into action muscles that the average man of fifty hasn't used since he was a boy.

Again, take the waist exercise adapted from the army setting-up exercises. You stand erect, with hands on hips. Then bend the body at the waist, holding the legs stiff, to the right, back, to the left and front, accomplishing a complete rotary movement from the waist. Reverse this after you have done it sufficiently. First movement, bend to right, back, left, forward, swinging in a circle; and second movement, bend to left, front, right, back, also in a circle. You can get more action and better results by putting the arms straight up by the sides of the head, with palms touching, and holding them there as you swing in your circle. That gives greater leverage, and that does wonders for a lot of your little insides and outsides.

It is not my intention to print a schedule of exercises. Half the fun and nine-tenths of the individual benefit come from fitting exercises to yourself. However, an instance or two more will show the types that are valuable. Stand with your legs eighteen inches or two feet apart, head up, fists clenched and placed on your chest. Then bend down to the right and put your right shoulder behind your right knee, insert it behind your knee into what would be the hollow of your knee, were your leg bent. Do the same with your left shoulder and your left knee. Can't be done? Well, do as much of it as you can; get your shoulder as far back as possible behind that knee, and after you get used to it do it twenty times. No hurry. Take a month to developing it. It's useful as a liver twister.

Or lie flat on the floor on your back, hands by sides. Draw up your legs until your knees are as far toward your chest as you can bring them. Then raise your abdomen with the abdominal muscles as high as you can raise it, and let it drop. Inhale when you jump it up, and exhale when you drop it back. Do this as fast as you can for a hundred times after you get the hang of it. Do it twenty times at first; do it a hundred times when you are accustomed to it. It pays big dividends.

In any halfway rational system of exercise you can find movements similar to these, and select ones that develop the chest, utilize the muscles of the side, back, abdomen, neck and ribs. Take some deep breathing. You can cull some fine ones out of the army setting-up exercises. Don't bother about your biceps or your triceps, but do bother about your knees. Stand erect, with the feet about eighteen inches apart, and sit down on your heels and rise again to the erect position. Do that a few times at first. It will tire you. Keep at it until you can do it thirty times in two shifts of fifteen each. Take some weeks or some months for arriving at the thirty if need be. That keeps your knees young, and a man is as young as his knees.

That is the sort of thing I mean—exercises that are essential adjuncts to your walking; and walk at least four miles a day out of doors, if you can. If you can't, at least do a routine of exercises each morning and night. Ten minutes morning and night will do to keep you in shape when you get going. Do them naked. The windows will be open in your bedroom, of course, because nobody sleeps with closed windows nowadays. We're that civilized anyhow. Fit yourself to a system of your own, and keep at it. Presently you will feel so good and be so good that the exercises will become a part of your routine, just like brushing your teeth and shaving. Hang on until that time comes. It will be hard sledding. The tendency until the habit is established is to shirk, to put the exercises off until tomorrow. Hang on. Presently the habit will be established, and then you are on your way to better health than you have had in years.

Be calm, but be continuous. Take your time. Don't try to get results all at once. Start with five times for each exercise, and increase by fives until you get to the exact point where it ceases to feel pleasurable and becomes a task. The finest feeling a man of fifty can have is the feeling of suppleness, of looseness, of easy ability to bend or sway or swing any way. It's great, and it means you are fit.

Try it. It's worth while. It doesn't take much time. You wake in the morning and give yourself a couple of preliminary stretches. Then throw off the bedclothes and do the abdominal ups and downs while lying in bed. Beat it for the bathroom, and exercise your ankles and toes by rising and falling up and down from the heels to the ball of the foot while you are brushing your teeth. Do your knee dips, the sitting down on your heels, while you are lathering for your shave. After you shave, go to the rest of your routine. Then, if you have a shower bath, take a shower, beginning with warm and tapering off to as cold as you can get it.

Morning Song Service

If you have a tub, take the water blood heat at first, let it run out and splash yourself throughly with water from the cold faucet. Use a couple of rough towels for a rubdown. Then dress, unless, as is usually the case, you want to reserve five minutes for singing My Bonny Lies Over the Ocean, or some other roundelay, because you feel so good. Song service over, dress and on to breakfast and an efficient day. You can do it all in half an hour. Also, do your exercises before you go to bed. You'll sleep better.

When men get to feeling even half fit they are likely to do more than they should in the way of exercise. Take golf: Many a man plays thirty-six holes a day after he is fifty, and no average man should play more than eighteen in a day, no matter how good he thinks he is.

For example, it is probable there are a good many things I can do in the way of athletic stunts that men of fifty who have not gone my exercise routine cannot do, such as jumping and vaulting and walking and other nonspectacular but physical spring-testing divertisements, but I do not do them. I do not need them in my business, nor to keep me fit. The great thing, the desired point, is to have the feel, the know, you can do them, the smooth, supple sense of being able to perform thus, to walk twenty miles easily and comfortably; not that there is any occasion to walk twenty miles, but to have the satisfying consciousness that you can do it if necessary. Moderate exercise moderately taken is the watchword for men of fifty. Be calm, but be continuous.

Finally, there is that invaluable and inevitable advice: Don't worry, and avoid nervous strain. If you can invent a formula for this you will live until you are a hundred sure, provided you eat and exercise, and can sell the formula for a million or two for spending money on the way.

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ELIMINATING THE MIDDLEMAN

(Continued from Page 17)

they seem to have the idea that he has a mortgage on the business of distributing goods. It is true that the orthodox system, which means from farmer or manufacturer to wholesaler and from wholesaler to retailer, is old, and like other established institutions can be dislodged only with great effort and difficulty. It is true, also, that the bulk of foodstuffs and many other articles in common use are handled by the orthodox wholesaler and retailer.

But there are half a dozen other great major systems of distribution, along with almost infinite variations, in actual and lusty operation in this country to-day. The old-fashioned middleman does not enjoy a monopoly by any manner of means. It is true that his vitality and persistence baffle and annoy those who look for and seek his early removal, but this is not because of any lack of competing ideas, methods, and attempts to put them into operation. Those who inveigh against the middleman talk as if nothing else had ever been tried. The fact is that the ablest merchandising minds in the country are working day and night to get rid of the middleman.

Current distributing practices embrace the entire range of known procedure, all the way from complete dependence upon the middleman for creating and maintaining a market, through every degree of coöperation up to the complete assumption by the producer of the entire work of distribution. First of all we have manufacturers who sell direct to retailers, or who even maintain their own retail stores. Some of the largest manufacturers are free from any entanglements with wholesalers.

The packers and also the milk distributors in the larger cities have cut out the orthodox wholesaler from two important classes of perishable food products. The wholesaler to some extent has been crowded out of the ready-made clothing field; automobile manufacturers seem to have skipped the wholesaler or jobber quite successfully; and the same is apparently true of many manufacturers of sewing machines, adding machines, candy and shoes, who in addition have in numerous cases established their own retail stores.

The mail-order houses form a separate major system of distribution. Not only do they apparently cut out the wholesaler and the retailer, but in some cases they own manufacturing companies, one mail-order house owning fifteen separate manufacturing concerns. Then there are the retailers who form buying clubs, syndicates and exchanges. Department stores attempt in certain instances to go round the wholesalers, and even to maintain their own factories. Most sensational of all in its growth has been the chain store, which cuts out many of the intermediate steps.

A Promising Development

The newest and perhaps most promising development is the commodity association, which means an organization of farmers, such as tomato growers or the growers of any other particular product, formed for the purpose of direct marketing. This movement is gaining force rapidly, and through its means the farmer may be able in time to cut out the commission broker and go direct to the retailer. Finally, there are the coöperative organizations of consumers. With the rapid spread of coöperative buying among labor unions and the actual establishment of factories and even banks by the railroad brotherhoods, there is every reason to expect a growing threat to the middleman from this quarter.

Nor have the actual systems in operation exhausted by any means the possibilities. Is it not possible for hundreds or even thousands of manufacturers of different products, such, let us say, as soap, paint, safety razors, hardware supplies and canned goods, to combine for the purpose of establishing retail stores, or even to deal direct with the consumer by mail?

So it is obvious that the wholesaler, who is the typical middleman, does not have the field to himself by any means, either in theory or practice. As a monopolist he is a rank failure. He knows that he must expect even more competition in the future. Yet he persists in doing the bulk of all business. Why is it?

Let us see what he has to say about his own system and competing systems. He may be one-sided and prejudiced, but he is worth listening to. I have combined into one interview a large number of conversations with different classes of wholesalers. The first, as will be seen, represents the viewpoint of a wholesaler in lumber:

"No matter where a man is running a sawmill, he will get hold of a few hardwood trees. Perhaps he will get a little walnut and pack it away. At the end of perhaps a year he will have enough hardwood lumber to make up a car. It may be of five or six varieties, but he can ship it to the wholesaler in hardwoods, who will separate the lumber and put them on his piles. The wholesaler in turn is able to make up complete carload lots and send them out. It would be impossible and out of the question for the small mill men to wait until they had a carload of any one kind of wood, and it would be next to impossible to find a retailer who wanted to use a car of the assorted wood they might have to offer.

"One of these wholesalers, and perhaps the largest in the country, is located at Buffalo, and keeps on hand a stock of twenty million feet. He takes up the hardwood produced by six hundred mills, assembles it into carload lots and sells it.

"An illustration of what takes place in this line is afforded by a mill which attempted to sell eight hundred thousand feet of lumber directly. For some reason the deal fell through, and the mill needed money. It turned to a wholesaler who paid eighty per cent of the price down and then proceeded slowly to ship the lumber out. In the meantime the company had the use of money to purchase new lands and increase its business."

Coal Trade Middlemen

"A big company, owning thirteen mills, decided to do their own wholesaling. But they found that it was not profitable even for such a large number of mills, so they have gone into the wholesale business, and handle lumber for other mills. To-day 33⅓ per cent of the lumber they sell they purchase from other mills."

"In the bituminous coal fields of this country there are six or seven thousand operators, less than one hundred of whom are big enough to have sales organizations of their own. Of course it is human nature for the producer or manufacturer in any line to begrudge the wholesaler's profit. Take the few score soft-coal operators who are big enough to have their own selling organizations. Suppose in the last few years, during the period of excessive demand for coal, a wholesaler had gone to one of these concerns and asked for a few carloads. He wouldn't have got a look-in. They would have been pleasantly offensive to him.

"But have these big companies with their own selling organizations ever sold to the wholesaler when the market was soft? Well, I guess they have! Will they be willing to let him have a little tonnage when times are different and the market is once again soft? You can just bet they will!

"Consider for a moment the wholesaler in soft coal who handles tidewater shipments. These are brought in railroad cars to piers at, let us say, New York Harbor, and then waterborne often as far as Maine. The wholesaler buys at the point of production, pays the freight to tidewater, the boat charge and also the towing charge, which is separate. He assumes all risk of loss and demurrage. He has to pay cash for the freight, boat and towing rates, and pays the mine far more promptly than the consumer pays him; at least such is the case in normal times.

"There are physical difficulties, also, for the movement of coal cars is the most uncertain thing in transportation. The difference in time of delivery is illustrated by the averaging of a large number of lots of coal which came from the same district, the quickest coming through in five days and the slowest in sixty-three days. Now the significance of this irregularity lies in the fact that a great many carload lots are needed to fill the barges; but naturally the railroads have to charge demurrage if the wholesaler leaves his cars which have come through quickly standing around idle at tidewater waiting for the slower cars, which are needed to fill up the barges.

"The charge of several cents a ton after the free time has expired is enough in a

(Continued on Page 44)

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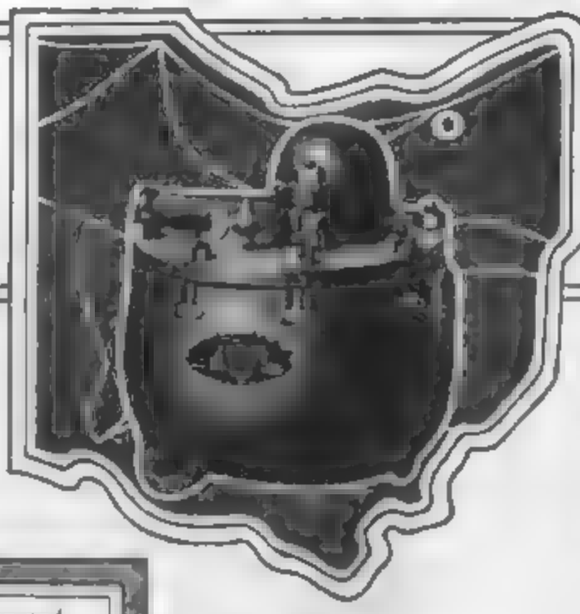

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(Continued from Page 42)

normal market to make a wholesaler lose his entire profit on the shipment, for in such a market a few cents a ton will carry a sale. Considering the fact that some of the wholesalers handle from one-half to three-quarters of a million tons a year of tidewater business at New York alone, you can see that this problem of rapid movement must receive the closest attention all the time. Of course the few big operators handle this matter themselves, but nearly half the tonnage comes from small and medium size operators, among whom there is the most intense rivalry.

"Representing as he does a large number of small and medium size operators, scattered in different fields, the wholesaler is better able to serve his customers in event of transportation or labor difficulties than a producer whose operations are confined to a restricted field where one or both of these disturbing factors may seriously curtail or even terminate shipments.

"Manufacturers are only too glad to avail themselves of the wholesalers' services when prices are low, profits small and the product comparatively little known. But in a boom period, when anything and everything sells easily, or after the product has become well known, partly through the very efforts of the wholesaler and retailer, then the manufacturer agrees with the consumer that the middleman is a parasite. A middleman has been defined as one who shares in the profits and losses incident to the handling of goods between producer and consumer, and you will find that producers and consumers are only too glad to let the middleman share in the losses. They howl only when he shares in the profits."

Diversity of Stocks

"This is especially true at a time of high prices with its inevitable large profits, for then both producer and consumer see the rich pasture on the other side of the fence, and feel that if only the middleman could be removed each would grow rich at the other fellow's expense. You notice that when a city dweller rides into the country in his automobile he hopes to buy farm produce at wholesale prices, whereas the farmer expects to sell at retail prices. Each is willing to cut out the middleman, but you don't see either one anxious to give the middleman's profit to the other.

"Certain shoe manufacturers have their own retail stores in large cities, but it is asserted that retailers in small towns are able to buy direct from the manufacturer on terms which enable them to sell at about the same prices as the stores in the cities. What has been accomplished in a case like this? The manufacturer has to establish branch warehouses, which simply correspond to the jobbers' establishments, and he also has to set up his own retail stores, which correspond to the orthodox retailer. The functions of the middleman have not been eliminated; merely the name of the machinery for performing these functions has been changed.

"Just what does the wholesaler actually accomplish? It is he who studies the needs of his trade and sets out far in advance to assemble the goods from all parts of the world. In some lines there are actually thirty or forty thousand different items. Wholesale druggists have to handle as many as forty thousand items, and they have to get them from four thousand different producers. A grocery wholesaler must secure from two to five thousand items, in some cases from thousands of producers.

"Often as many as thirty countries of origin are represented. There is fruit from South America; fish from the polar seas; spices from the Far East; sugar from many different countries; coconuts and oils from the South Sea Islands; rice, tea and coffee from India and Java. To care for these incoming goods storage must be provided in warehouses that will keep the goods safe and free from deterioration of any kind, whether from the weather, temperature, fire, dust, vermin or what not.

"But the assembling of goods is more than the mere physical transportation of commodities from one place to another, and their storage. It is rather the seeking out of sources and the making of thousands of business connections.

"Once the manufacturer decides to sell direct, he must, of course, have warehouses and branch offices at strategic points. He must have his own selling agencies and extend credit to a far larger number of customers, to many thousands of retailers instead of to a very small number of wholesalers. Instead of shipping goods in carload lots to wholesalers he must break up his shipments into many small units. Recently one of the largest manufacturers in the country decided to cut out the wholesale grocers, and the National Wholesale Grocers' Association in a letter to the manufacturer raised this question:

"If the manufacturer can market his own product individually as economically as the wholesale grocer can collectively handle the products of all food manufacturers, then our present system of distribution should give place to the other method. And, indeed, competition would inevitably bring that about. But it has seemed clear that it was more economical for the consumer that the cost and the burden of distribution—that is, the necessary overhead for this indispensable service—should be spread over the products of the thousands of manufacturers who distribute through the wholesale grocer, instead of having the cost of distribution fall, with its entire weight, upon the products of each manufacturer. The cost and burden of the service of distribution is, of course, thus centered upon one commodity, or a few commodities, of the one manufacturer whenever he undertakes the performance of these functions that would otherwise be discharged by the wholesaler.

"In practically every line the wholesaler pays the producer cash, or almost cash, and extends credit to the retailer. The retailer has to have credit, because he in turn extends credit to his customers. But the manufacturing industry of the country would be infinitely more difficult to carry on if it were not for the quick payments which it gets from the wholesaler. In groceries the general rule is two per cent discount for payment in ten days, whereas the retailer is supposed to pay in thirty days, and the wholesaler is lucky if he gets it that soon.

"In such things as canned goods the wholesaler buys a season's supply and takes the risk of a decline in the market. When sugar was selling very high last year the wholesalers were obliged to contract for six months ahead of the time of delivery in order to get the supply they needed. They were sometimes obliged to furnish an irrevocable letter of credit, and as a result they have since lost scores of millions of dollars."

The Mercantile Firing Line

"But the wholesaler must not be considered only in relation to the producer. His service to the retailer is perhaps even more important. In the drug trade there are about seventy-five hundred standard advertised brands of proprietary medicines made by about three thousand manufacturers. One-third of these brands are in every-day demand on the shelves of nearly all stores. The retailer buys in one-half, one-quarter and even one-twelfth dozen lots, but factory shipments cannot be made economically except in from three to twelve dozen lots.

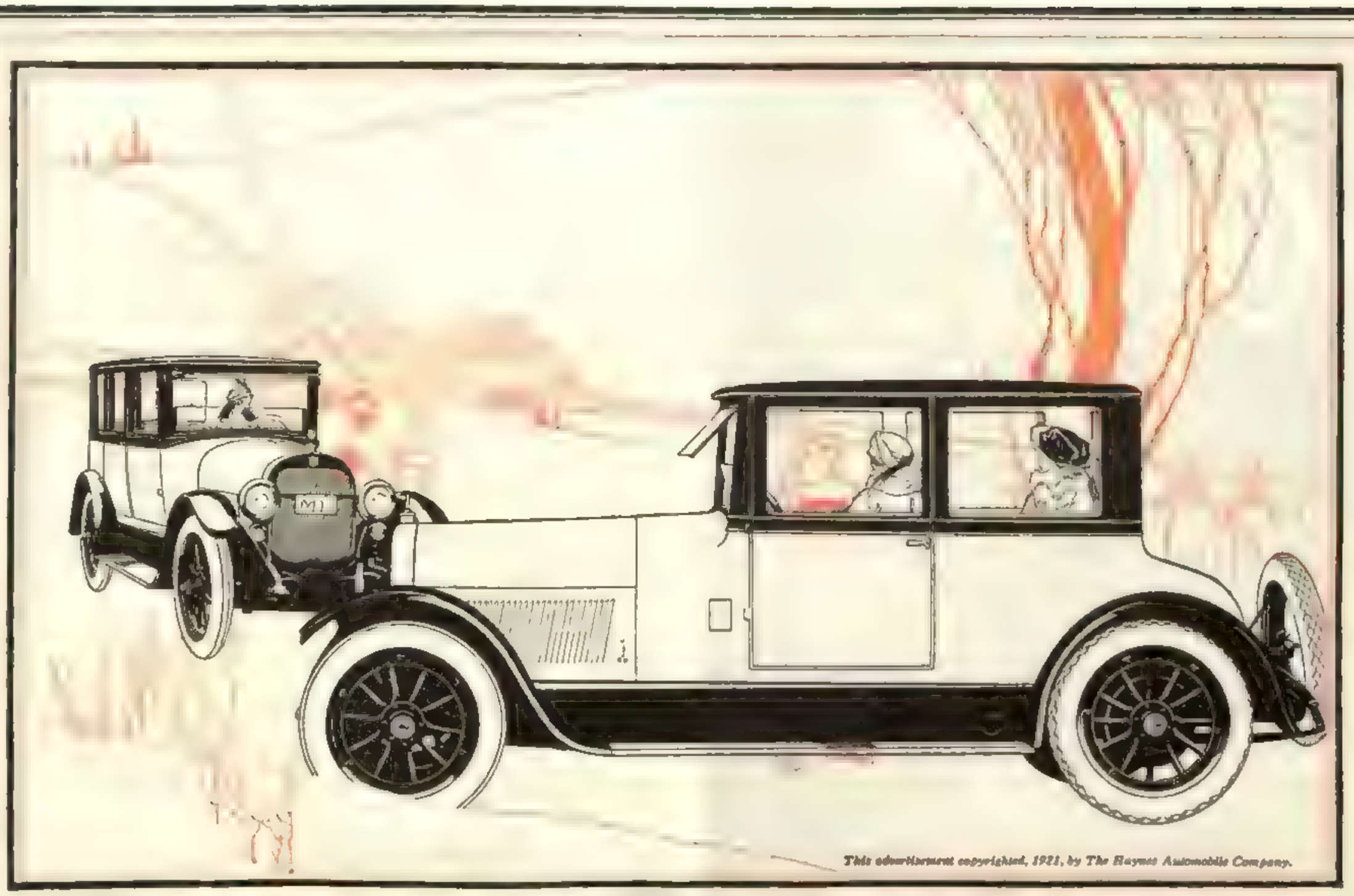
"Altogether there are from six to seven thousand items in a well-stocked drug store, from several thousand different manufacturers and importers. How is the retailer to assemble these items without the service of an intermediary? An army on the battle line would never succeed if it had to go back to the source of supplies for fresh ammunition. It spends its time and endeavor in concentrating upon the use of the material and leaves their assembly to the ordnance and quartermaster departments.

"The retailer, also, is on the firing line and should concentrate upon selling goods. The retailer should be left free to attend to local business. Imagine the druggist in Farmersburg, Indiana, trying through his own efforts to get asafetida from Afghanistan!

"The wholesale druggist has a system of shipping orders on the day received. It is quite common for a small retailer to send an order amounting to only twenty dollars but containing more than forty items from all parts of the world. The wholesaler is like a reservoir which collects in large quantities and sends out in small streams in every direction. It is impossible to conceive of the small retailer doing business with all the different manufacturers. It is, of course, an absurdity.

"But it is not the mere physical impossibility of such a system of distribution: it is, also, the fact that the retailer would be

(Continued on Page 47)



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3 x 3	feet	1.60	7½ x 9	feet	11.85
3 x 4½	feet	2.40	9 x 10½	feet	16.60
3 x 6	feet	3.20	9 x 12	feet	19.00

Prices in the Far West and South average 15% higher than those quoted; in Canada prices average 25% higher. All prices subject to change without notice.

Be Sure to Look for the Gold Seal

On every genuine Congoleum Gold Seal Art-Rug you will find our Gold-Seal Guarantee: "Satisfaction Guaranteed or Your Money Back." It means every word it says—no "ifs," "ands" or "buts."

Beautiful Rug Color Chart Free

Before you call on the dealer, get this rug chart that shows the full line in actual colors. Our Decorative Service Department will gladly help you in selecting the correct pattern for any room. Write our nearest office.

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INCORPORATED

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CLEVELAND BOSTON MINNEAPOLIS
DALLAS KANSAS CITY MONTREAL
ATLANTA

GOLD SEAL CONGOLEUM GUARANTEE
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK

The design on the floor is Congoleum Gold-Seal Art-Rug No. 363. The 6x9 foot size retails at $9.75.

(Continued from Page 44)

hounded to death by overzealous salesmen for manufacturers. Of course the wholesaler is anxious to sell all he can, and sometimes he sells more than he ought to for the retailer's own good. But he is not so interested in any one article as the manufacturer and therefore is in a position to give more unbiased advice as to qualities and grades than is the individual manufacturer.

"Finally, there is hardly any trade where the wholesaler does not to a large extent finance the retailer. Not only does the wholesaler extend longer credit than any except the largest and strongest manufacturer is able to give, but owing to the rapidity with which the retailer is able to replenish stocks he does not have to employ as large a capital as would be the case if he dealt direct with manufacturers from whom he would be obliged to buy in larger lots.

"Many of the functions which the wholesaler performs can be done away with if the retailers form a buying club or syndicate. But that means a manager with as much energy, ambition and ability as the successful wholesaler. More retailers' buying clubs have lost money for the members than ever made money. In certain sections of New England a few groups of department stores have maintained successful buying clubs for a number of years, but as a general rule they have not been successful. In one case, after closing up one of these syndicates, each member was obliged to dig down in his pocket for twenty-five hundred dollars to pay for losses."

Coöperative Stores

"We believe that production and distribution are naturally separate and distinct, different in nature and requirements. Just because the producer branches out into distribution or the distributor goes into production does not merge the two functions into one. We believe the wholesale-retail system not only fits in with human nature, but suits the geographical distribution of population in cities, towns, villages and on farms.

"The chain store is growing rapidly, and is pushing the present system of distribution hard. But there is no personal touch between the owners and the public, and we believe that the average housewife does not propose in the long run to go without the delivery service, ordering by telephone, extension of credit and large varied stock of goods which only the independent retailer has thus far been able to give.

"The automobile has not driven out the horse or bicycle, the regular theater remains despite the movie, and the automat restaurant has not eliminated the Waldorf. If the chain store and the mail-order house became the only retailers the result would be the elimination of the local independent business man of good standing, and we not only feel that the American people would disapprove of such a policy but we believe that in the long run it would not prove efficient.

"The ideal system in theory would be direct from factory to consumer by mail, but this is out of the question as yet with most articles, because the consumer demands to see what he is buying. Nor is it certain that transportation difficulties could be overcome. It is generally agreed that goods should be transported in bulk to as near as possible the point of consumption. Of course, if the manufacturer sets up his own branch warehouses to which he ships in bulk from the factories, and then ships out in small lots to consumers, he is merely duplicating the orthodox middleman system with its expense.

"In theory an important new system of distribution might grow up through the industrial store. There are plenty of large corporations powerful enough to supply goods to their employees below cost. But giving something for nothing in this way is unfair, and will not work on a large scale, because it is essentially paternalistic. It is not the American way of doing things. The American worker wants the wages he is entitled to, not a sop in the form of low prices.

"Our attitude toward consumers' cooperation is that the individual consumer can make more by concentrating upon his own work than by giving the skilled and continuous effort required for the successful management of a coöperative. The average saving by this form of buying on the part of a family we figure to be about sixty dollars a year. The only thing the coöperative can save is the net profit of the retailer, and this is not large enough to warrant the trouble involved. A farmer can make more by raising good hogs than by putting his energy into coöperative buying.

"It is true that in some countries and in certain parts of this country the coöperative has developed to a fair extent. In some cases its development has been due to profiteering on the part of wholesalers and retailers. But the system has been in operation for something like a century, and yet with all these years of competition the wholesaler and retailer still handle the great bulk of goods, even in England, where the coöperative has reached a high stage of development.

"I do not suppose that there is any city in which profiteering was worse during the war than Washington. Several of the large government departments started coöperative stores. In one case the number of possible purchasers was something like ten thousand, and the heads of the bureaus and divisions gave every possible encouragement. Secretary of War Baker and other high officials had their pictures taken while carrying home packages. But the average run of the clerks simply would not stand the bother. The high officials continued to patronize the stores, but the great mass of workers, so we are informed, lost interest after the first enthusiasm blew over.

"We believe that the coöperatives are going to catch blazes now on a falling market. They can't afford to take losses the way private dealers can. The indignation of a consumer against an ordinary merchant for charging more than some other merchant charges is as nothing compared with his anger against a coöperative to which he belongs and that fails to give him the very last penny's benefit of lower prices.

"It is a mistake to suppose that the public is really interested in the wholesaler or the retailer or the coöperative. The public does not care how many steps there are in the chain or how many people are taking profits. What the public is interested in is the ultimate price. The public wants what it wants when it wants it, and it wants it cheap.

"When prices are high, then, of course, the public appears to be intensely interested in the wicked middleman and enthusiastic for coöperation. But if on a falling market the coöperatives cannot make good the consumer will turn against them just as heartlessly as he has fought the middleman in the last few years."

Concentration Hindered

But the strongest argument, perhaps, which the wholesaler has to offer is that he is the greatest existing force which makes for competition and against concentration. He admits that the chain store and mail-order house are in many respects highly efficient and economical. But he argues that if there are, say, thirty or forty chain stores now, and if they grow with little or no competition from the orthodox system of distribution, they will gradually simmer down to three or four gigantic units which will control the food supply of the country.

People who upbraid the middleman rarely appreciate the true implications of their criticism. The same man will denounce the packers in one breath and the middlemen in the other. But it is the middleman who keeps the packers from growing many times larger and stronger even than they are now. The middleman is the one who curbs and limits the activities of these vast concerns, and will fight the chain stores when these latter also threaten to reach a monopolistic stage.

It is the wholesaler who makes possible the existence not only of the small and medium size retailer but also of the small and medium size manufacturer, coal operator and many other types of producers. We have to make a choice between monopoly and its supposed efficiency on the one hand, and competition, the open door, free opportunity and its supposed inefficiency on the other hand. It is absolutely certain that anything like a large-scale elimination of middlemen throughout industry as a whole cannot be effected without a vastly more monopolistic form of business than now exists or than the political institutions and natural temper of the American people are likely to warrant.

But it would be a fatal mistake to assume that there is anything fixed or permanent in the middleman's position. Indeed, it is perfectly clear that in certain lines the middleman has already lost his functions to others, and that he may lose still more as time goes on. It has been pointed out that insurance companies, railroads, express companies, parcels post and banks now assume much of the transportation and financial risk which selling agents, jobbers and wholesalers were formerly obliged to carry.

Also, advertising through newspapers and magazines is constantly enabling an increasing number of producers to go around all classes of middlemen directly to the consumer to tell him at least about the qualities, satisfaction and service of the goods which the producer has for sale. Naturally in such cases middlemen perform less service than before, and should be paid less for what they now do.

But though it would be foolish to deny these changes, it would be equally senseless to expect any sudden or immediate revolution in the great, main distributive system of the country. For no matter how much of a consumer demand the producer is able to create by advertising, or how wonderful his transportation, insurance and banking facilities may be, this demand is not effective in the great majority of cases unless the consumer can find the article at a retail store. Also, in the overwhelming majority of cases the retailer is still able to get the articles only from the wholesaler.

No Cure-All Known

Distribution by mail order or by other direct shipment from producer to consumer has thus far been applied only to a limited number of articles in a few sections of the country and among a few classes of the people. The plain, blunt truth of the matter is that no one has been able as yet to devise any machinery by which goods can move directly from producer to consumer in anything except a small minority of cases.

Except for some of the general matter in the introduction to this article, both the point of view expressed and the illustrative material used have come in the main from the field of manufactured products rather than from agriculture. It may be said that it is the farmer rather than the manufacturer, coal operator, sawmill owner, and the like, who has a real grievance against the middleman. Food is what counts most in our lives, and naturally it is in food products that the middleman's toll is most serious.

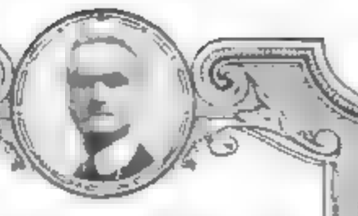
But the more closely this subject of the marketing of food products is studied the less attractive appear the easy solutions, panaceas, and glib denunciations of middlemen. It is easy to say that there are too many middlemen, but we know that in manufacturing the subdivision and specialization of labor have accomplished great things. Why this principle should be so effective in manufacturing and wholly vicious in marketing is not easy to see.

The fact is that in some trades there is probably not enough subdivision, not enough middlemen, to put it bluntly, while in other trades there may be too many. It is merely childish sweepingly to assert in regard to agriculture or industry as a whole that there are too many middlemen. There are thousands of different lines or branches, and only scientific investigation can determine what is the most economic arrangement of the marketing factors in any one branch.

It is significant, however, that few if any really serious studies of marketing methods result in their sweeping condemnation. At the end of a long inquiry into the Eastern grape-marketing problem the Department of Agriculture remarks that "the results should convince the thoughtful reader that there is no universal panacea for marketing difficulties."

Just as in the field of manufactured goods, so in the marketing of farm products, experiments are always being tried. I refer not only to attempts to introduce entirely new systems but to the constant adjustment and readjustment of functions among the existing middlemen. Experiments in extending or restricting their functions without regard to the feelings of competitors are always going on. If there are, let us say, two classes of wholesalers in butter in large cities, it is common for one class to try to break into the other's field.

It must be borne in mind that most farm products are harvested during a short season, and form a glut or surplus the burdens of which no system of banking or credit seems able to carry easily. But the



John Dolan, solo cornetist with Sousa's band, thrills thousands nightly with his Conn Instrument. He says: "The Conn cornet possesses a full, rich tone, perfect scale, and is easy to play in all registers, particularly the upper."

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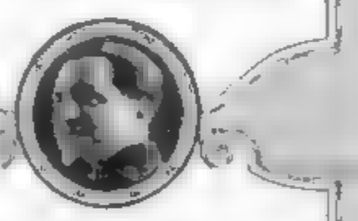

Ted Lewis, foremost saxophone comedian, and all members of the famous Lewis Jazz Band use Conn instruments and praise the key mechanism, tuning device and other exclusive features which make the Conn saxophone easier to play.

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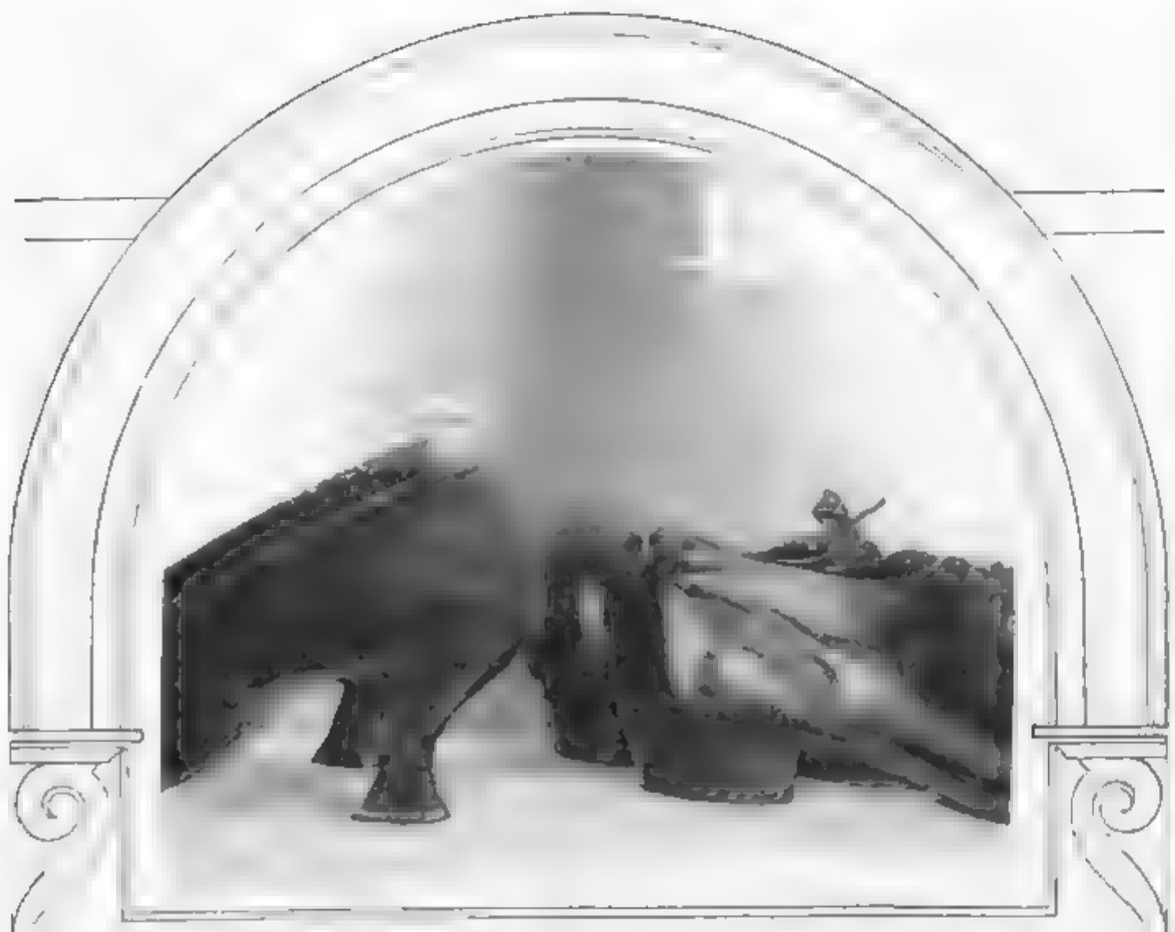


Changing from high to low heels causes foot trouble

Changing back and forth between high and low heeled shoes puts a severe strain on the feet. It is very likely to cause arch trouble and a distortion of the bones which form the ball of the foot.

Fallen arches and mis-aligned heel bones, by unbalancing the body and causing strain where there should be none, frequently cause pains in the feet, legs, hips and back.

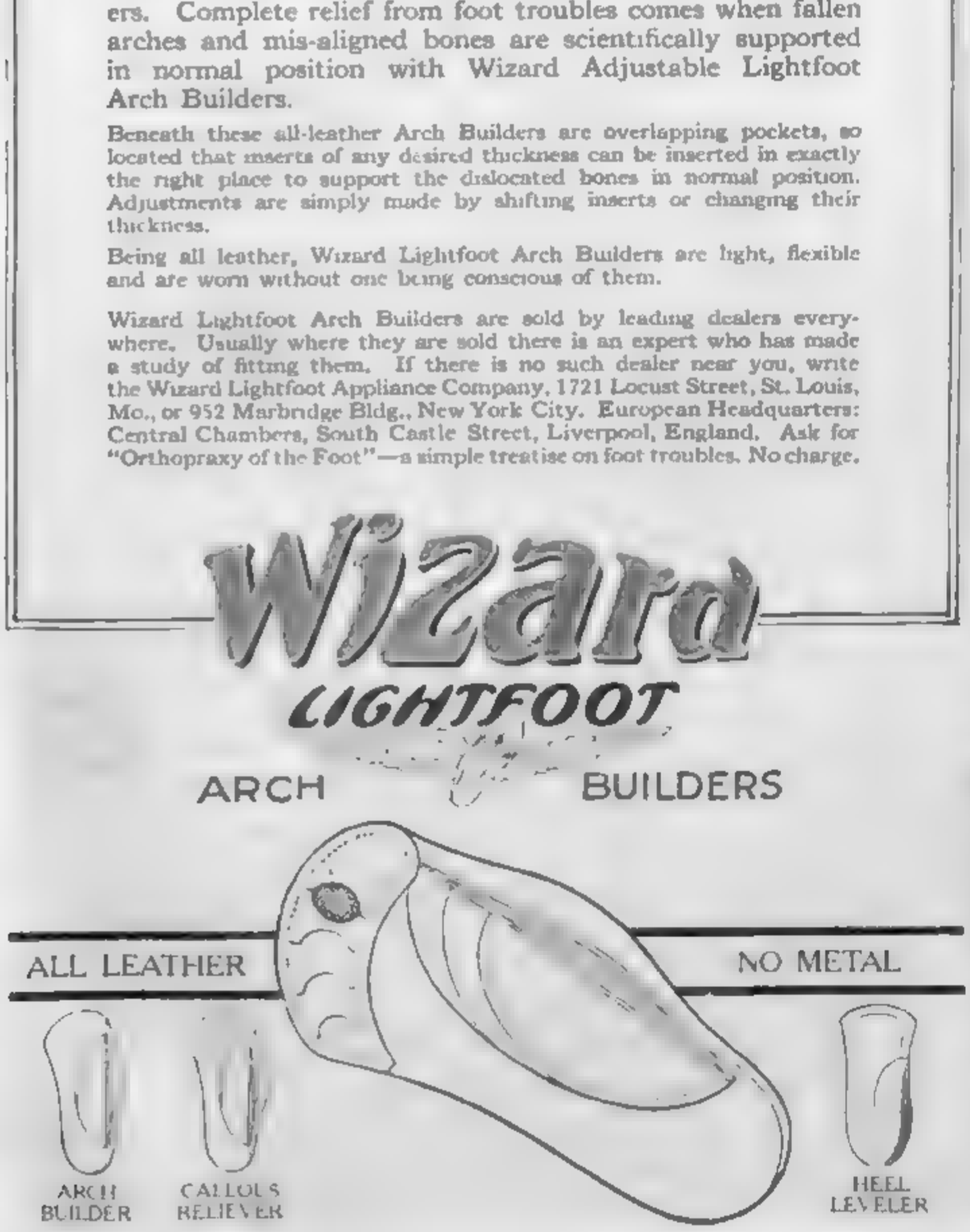
When the height of heels is changed, the arches should be protected with Wizard Adjustable Lightfoot Arch Builders. Complete relief from foot troubles comes when fallen arches and mis-aligned bones are scientifically supported in normal position with Wizard Adjustable Lightfoot Arch Builders.

Beneath these all-leather Arch Builders are overlapping pockets, so located that inserts of any desired thickness can be inserted in exactly the right place to support the dislocated bones in normal position. Adjustments are simply made by shifting inserts or changing their thickness.

Being all leather, Wizard Lightfoot Arch Builders are light, flexible and are worn without one being conscious of them.

Wizard Lightfoot Arch Builders are sold by leading dealers everywhere. Usually where they are sold there is an expert who has made a study of fitting them. If there is no such dealer near you, write the Wizard Lightfoot Appliance Company, 1721 Locust Street, St. Louis, Mo., or 952 Marbridge Bldg., New York City. European Headquarters: Central Chambers, South Castle Street, Liverpool, England. Ask for "Orthopraxy of the Foot"—a simple treatise on foot troubles. No charge.

Wizard LIGHTFOOT ARCH BUILDERS



city dweller wants to consume these products over the entire year. He buys in exceedingly small quantities, and demands that products be available at a moment's notice close to his residence. In the case of, let us say, iron ore, a few large business units, the mines, produce and sell to a few large business units, the mills. But with farm products there are millions upon millions of small units producing and selling to even more millions of still smaller units—the family.

Then, too, a large part of all perishable food products, perhaps somewhere between twenty and forty per cent, decay before they reach the consumer, and the cost has to be spread over the portion which does not decay. More than that, the growing congestion of population in cities means that food is constantly coming from more distant points. Fifty years ago the cities could be supplied by food produced locally, whereas to-day two-thirds of the food-consuming centers are from one thousand to two thousand miles from the principal food-producing areas.

An acquaintance of the writer's, a man of only middle age, supplies butter and eggs to New York clubs and hotels. When he entered the business as a young man most of his supplies came from near the city, whereas now his agents work as far west as Iowa to get what is needed. Many authorities regard the expense of handling foodstuffs after they have reached the cities as an even more serious item.

"It costs more to move a barrel of flour in the city of New York in its first handling by motor truck than it does to transport it from Chicago to New York," says President Smith, of the New York Central Railroad. "In Harlem, with a population of about one million people, there are railroad facilities approximating those of a town of ten thousand population. As a consequence, freight for New York City is hauled past there, ten or twelve miles downtown, at a cent a ton a mile and hauled back again in trucks at a cost of about fifty cents a mile per ton."

I think any fair-minded man will have to admit that whatever system or process or practice is employed, the marketing of farm products is bound to be expensive and burdensome. Nor can it be too strongly emphasized that one reason why hysterical and fallacious ideas are common is because the marketing of farm products has never been subjected to anything like the close expert analysis which has been so freely directed toward the raising of crops, the feeding of animals and farm management.

Commission Men's Troubles

Thus there is no body of scientific knowledge by which to test the panaceas, and the public is ready to believe in any offhand suggestion. It seems reasonably certain that this situation will be gradually changed by the efforts of the Bureau of Markets of the Department of Agriculture, as well as by the state agricultural departments and colleges.

It is believed, no doubt, by many farmers and by the consuming public generally that middlemen make returns below the figures actually received by them, make false reports as to the extent of decay and even dump goods into rivers to keep up prices. That these things are sometimes done is, of course, possible. There is dishonesty among every group of men, among those who produce as well as those who market goods. The fundamental difficulty, however, is not one of dishonesty at all. It is hinted at in picturesque fashion in a statement from a commission man:

"See that box of chickens? Grain must have been high, way up out of reach, where that stock was grown. Chickens may be chickens in the village market, but there are all sorts of comparative terms here, like thin, rough, scalded, dark-colored, staggy, medium, plump, milk-fed and a lot of others. Each describes a grade and price, apart from the general grades, such as broilers, roasters, and so on. The shipper billed that crate of birds as roasters, but they look as if he ought to have tagged them roosters. A bunch of skinny birds like those can't be sold to the regular trade.

"I can see it going to the Saturday peddlers, who will hang it up on their racks by the curb and get what they can for it from customers who can only afford the cheapest food. But the commission man will have hard work to make the shipper believe we did what we could for him. That Slim-Jim asparagus goes to the same kind of trade, and so does that lot of overgrown turnips and the undersized, rough-looking apples. The shipper ought to thank us for keeping that stuff off the dump heap. But he won't, oh, no!

"The small or occasional shipper is the hardest to handle. He does not have enough produce to pack even a crate all alike, even if he knew how. Sometimes he doesn't try; perhaps he puts the culls in the middle. He may use an odd-size package just because it is the only thing handy. When the buyer sees an odd package it starts him guessing, not only how much it holds, but on the stuff itself, because that kind of package might as well as not be labeled, 'Put Up by a Beginner.' Nobody else would do it. We sell it. But what could you expect for a price? The stuff may be good, but it's guesswork, and nobody will pay much for a guess.

"Mixed packages are another nuisance. A grocer came in just now to buy a barrel of pears. I opened one, he dug into the top layer, reached down nearly halfway into the barrel. 'Two kinds of pears; they are no good'—and out he went with his nose in the air to buy them some other place."

Unstandardized Marketing

"Extensive shippers we can depend on better; they have learned what a reputation is worth and how to keep it; their stencil on a barrel means something, and we have plenty of buyers looking for it. The large shippers are not doing much of the kicking. It is the little chaps who make most of the trouble, and there is a reason. A good many shippers never use a commission house except when they can't sell any other way, the reason being it is poor and there is a glut of that kind. We can't find a market where there isn't any. Perhaps the goods will not bring the freight charges.

"I suppose we commission salesmen are human. Maybe we do not work as hard to sell for the man who ships us once in a while something he can't sell as we do for the shipper that we can depend on and want him to depend on us, but we try to sell just the same, and pay him the money."

But you and I do not have to depend upon any middleman, who may be prejudiced, for testimony as to the fundamental reason for the wastefulness of the present system of food distribution. The leaders of the farmers are only too willing to admit it. The central difficulty, aside from the inherent difficulties already mentioned and which no system can remedy, lies in the fact that food is produced by seven million isolated, separated, individual and too independent growers, many of whom, naturally, as would be the case in any group of people of that size, are ignorant of the best trade practices. This point and its further implications have been well explained in a recent address by Alva Agee, head of the New Jersey Department of Agriculture:

"We farmers have liked our independence sufficiently to do as we pleased, and to our own hurt, and especially in the matter of perishable stuff, which forms such a big part of the daily food bill of the city man. We have dumped our small individual quotas of goods of unknown quality into great centers of distribution where prices were made most directly. We have encouraged the existence of an army of buyers who must make a living in the handling of our products, and we have made it impossible that the consumer in the cities should be supplied without a vast multitude of people standing between us and the consumer, in order that personal assurance regarding quality might be handed down from person to person until it reached the housewife.

"Producers have acted independently in grading and directing their products to market, and there is such uncertainty regarding quality that an army of people is kept busy in order that personal assurance may be passed all along the line to the consumer who buys in quart quantities. The most of the men engaged in this vast work of redistribution may be necessary to the system, and may not be earning any more than they should be earning in this world, but they are piling up costs prodigiously. It is a great jumble that results in the high cost of food and sad complaining on the part of consumers, while the producer is left without adequate net income to buy the products that other industries are putting on the market."

Fundamentally the same idea was recently expressed in the report of the second

(Concluded on Page 50)

ONE DOLLAR

ONE DOLLAR is the new price of the famous Topkis Men's Athletic Union Suits!

This is the most sensational price revision known in men's wear. It gets down to bed-rock at once. It anticipates and discounts any drop in costs of making that may occur in 1921.

This is the kind of price, and the character of value, that you've not known since before the war. It gives your dollar every cent's worth of purchasing power the dollar ever had—and then some!

The dollar price is made in the interests of the buying public, the underwear trade, and our workers.

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At one dollar, the Topkis Men's Athletic Union Suit is the uttermost in underwear value! Absolutely no let-down in quality. Perfect fit—roomy and easy—that lets you forget you have underwear on. Full freedom in action—entire comfort in repose. Healthful—your skin has a chance to breathe.

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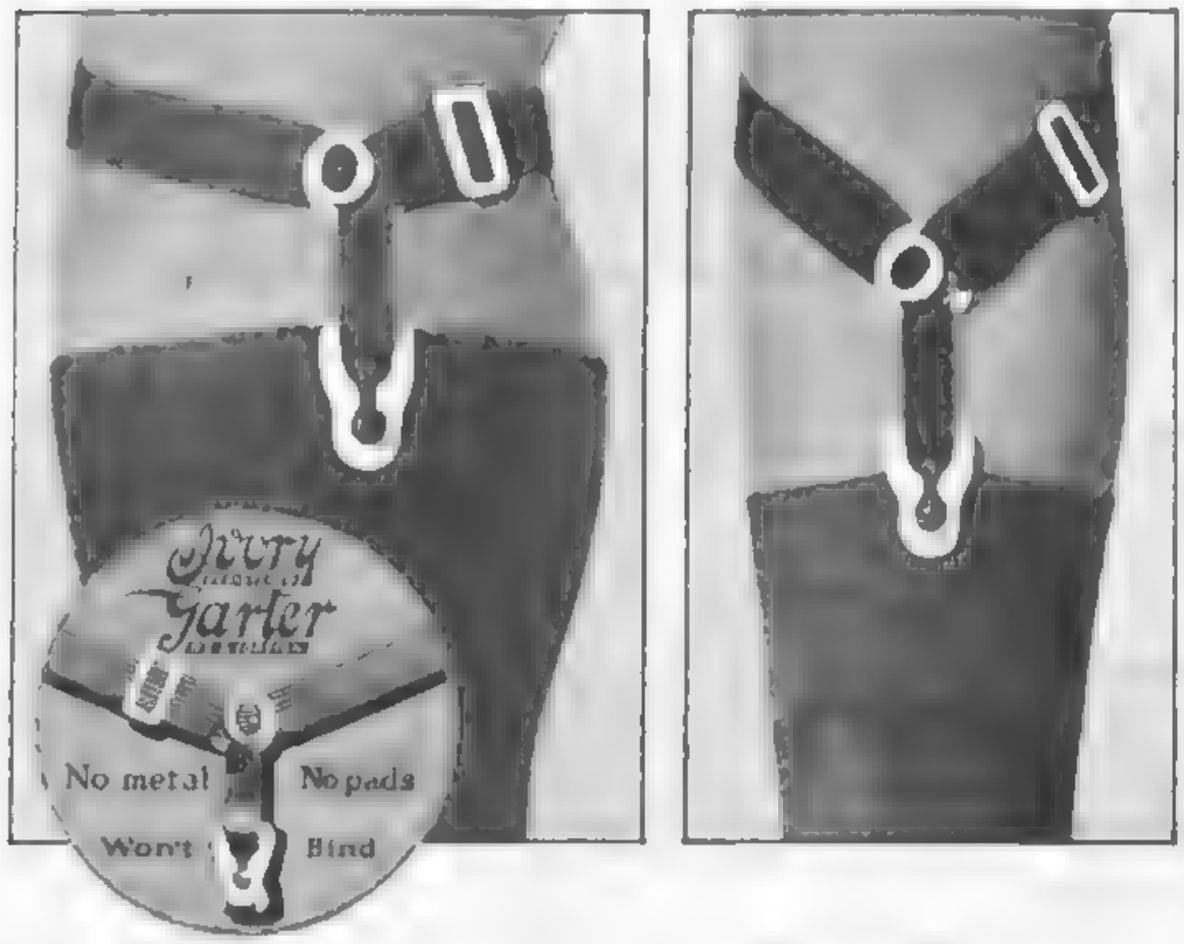

Your leg may be thin as a beanpole

OR it may be short and fat. But whatever shape it is, Ivory Garters will fit it trimly and truly, holding up your socks perfectly without ever a hint of binding. May be you never have given much thought to garter comfort because you've been used to badly fitting, binding garters. But try Ivories once and your legs will feel as free as in the old barefoot days. Because the scientific Ivory construction makes it lively and elastic all the way 'round—no pads, no dead cloth. They're light as a silk sock, and quick and easy to clasp. There are no rights and lefts to get you mixed up, and no metal to rust and eat the fabric.

Ivories hold your socks up beautifully, no matter whether you are long legged or short legged. The harder your socks pull, the better Ivories hold. You can wash Ivory Garters in cold water because they can't rust. So it's a good idea to have two pairs, and you can have one clean and fresh each week. Remember, Ivory Garters are patented and cannot be duplicated. The only way to get the genuine is to insist on Ivory Garters. My, how delighted your legs will be the first day you put Ivories on! Say the name firmly and plainly—*Ivory Garters*. Your dealer has them in stock.

IVORY GARTER COMPANY
NEW ORLEANS, U. S. A.

Ivory Garter
REGISTERED U.S. & FOREIGN

(Concluded from Page 48)

industrial conference called by President Wilson, the vice chairman and active head of which was Herbert Hoover:

"The present distribution of food is inherently and necessarily upon a speculative basis, because each agency that handles the product is speculating upon its ability to find supplies on the one hand and customers on the other. The conference believes that coöperation among consumers in the purchase of their supplies and among producers in the marketing of their products will tend to stabilize both demand and supply, and offer legitimate opportunity for reduction in the margin between producer and consumer."

At one time last summer tomatoes could not be purchased at all in a large Pennsylvania city, although farmers not more than a hundred miles away were plowing them under because of the low prices received. Transportation difficulties may account for numerous cases of this sort, but according to reliable authorities the market for tomatoes in that particular city was not large enough to make it profitable for any one commission merchant to ship in unless he received a price which when passed on to the consumer would have been exorbitant.

Despite the fact that something like two or three times as many coöperative marketing associations have failed in the past as have succeeded, there seems no remedy, on a large scale at least, for such cases except in grading, branding and selling through a commodity organization; in this case a tomato growers' association, large and financially strong enough to employ skillful managers who know how to reach the ultimate market without an immense cost of redistribution.

As Mr. Agee says:

"It is in the interest of consumers as well as producers that a food product goes to market graded, standardized and branded in such degree that an army of men is not needed to pass the product along to the final consumer.

"Collective action compels grading, and leads to branding and brings together under one control such an enormous volume of a farm product that the central office can afford to be thoroughly informed regarding the requirements of every community of consumers."

Collective Action

"It renders unnecessary the shipment of an enormous mass of the product to some center of distribution for reshipment out to the consuming towns and cities. It wipes out at a single stroke an enormous waste in distribution due to the activities of men whose work we now make necessary by our crude marketing methods, the consumer paying a far smaller charge for freight transfers and all the necessary expense of redistribution, and through this progress which we would be making in scientific marketing he would gain some of the profit that he now enjoys as a result of standardization of all his other supplies.

"Such collective action in selling automatically wipes out an immense amount of underbidding by producers and their local representatives to secure orders from distant markets, and thus permits as high a degree of stabilization of prices as is consistent with actual demand and supply. The producer has suffered enormously through his attempt to direct to market his small contribution to the supply furnished by his region, and has a right to eliminate this unwholesome loss. He yields to the control that collective action demands, and the consumer profits with him because waste hurts everybody. The ability to stabilize prices, and to obtain all that is fair under the working of true economic law regarding supply and demand, does not give to the producer any advantage greater than is possessed by a great steel company or any other manufacturing interest that puts a great body of product upon the market and directs it to the consumer skillfully and economically.

"Certainly we are in our rights when we grade and pool our wool, because here again is a product supplied in very small quantity from hundreds of thousands of farms and marketed at a tremendous disadvantage when grade is not known. Collective action is needed to establish the grades and to direct the product in an orderly way toward the consumer."

That the extension of the commodity organization idea opens up important vistas is apparent. The evils which have come from the individual, unharmonious marketing efforts of seven million isolated producers is obvious. But once more we have to face the old question of waste and inefficiency versus monopolistic tendencies. Public sentiment will never permit any spectacular attempt on the part of farmers to fix prices and secure the power incident to such action, any more than it will allow corporations to grow beyond a certain point.

Some price fixing may be the natural sequence of the coöperative action that must be taken to cut out waste, but if that proves to be the case it will come naturally. A more accurate sizing up of what supply and demand permit is reasonable and desirable. It is practicable to eliminate many of the depressing influences upon prices to the farmer without adopting any program in which price fixing is a controlling influence.

Make Haste Slowly

But if cooperative effort on the part of the producer to redress real grievances makes so much money for him that his class consciousness is developed to a point where any wild scheme seems practicable, it will be an evil day for the country. The need for careful and steady rather than emotional progress toward the betterment of the distributive system is pointed out in a telling way by Mr. Agee:

"We have for our guidance and caution the fact that all popular movements outrun discretion in sections. This naturally must be so, because there is that new enthusiasm which overcame inertia and made the movement possible, and there is the considerable factor due to participation by restless souls that turn always to whatever is new. There is a third influence which probably I should have named first, and that is the seeming necessity resting upon those responsible for a new movement to produce results and justify existence. The most of us have a liking for any scheme that makes cash return each Saturday for the endeavor of the week, and we lack the staying power and the philosophy that let us rest fully satisfied for the laying of to-day's foundations so that whatever we build may be enduring.

"When one of you is employed by your committee as the farm-bureau agent, I hope you are told that the most important thing for the first month is that you do nothing, because it is very much better to move slowly than to make a record for performance that runs in the wrong direction. Equally, a movement that hopes to affect vitally the most important industry of a great country cannot safely present a record of concrete accomplishment within a few months, or even a year or two. If it does do something that attracts attention it may be worth while, just as quick lunch is worth while to a hungry man; but such a thing cannot reach down to assurance of a permanent and substantial dependence for subsistence.

"If we are led to project ourselves into coöperative endeavor before we have the true spirit of teamwork and have developed staying power, we can easily set coöperation back and make the world worse for our having been in it. Coöperation depends upon a state of mind, and frankly we farmers have not been soundly grounded so that our attitude is constant and unswerving. When we have developed staying powers we shall solve many of our worst problems in distribution, greatly to our own profit and likewise to the profit of the ultimate consumer."

"$1,000 Saved!"

"Last night I came home with great news! Our savings account had passed the thousand dollar mark!

"I remember reading one time that your first thousand saved is the most important money you will ever have, for in saving it you have laid a real foundation for success in life. And I remember how remote and impossible it seemed then to save such a sum of money.

"I was making $15 a week and every penny of it was needed just to keep us going. It went on that way for several years—two or three small increases, but not enough to keep up with the rising cost of living. Then one day I woke up! I found I was not getting ahead simply because I never had learned to do anything in particular.

"I made up my mind right then to invest an hour after supper each night in my own future, so I wrote to Scranton and arranged for a course that would give me special training for our business. Why, in a few months I had a whole new vision of my work! The general manager was about the first to notice the change. An opening came and he gave me my first real chance. A little later another promotion came with enough money so we could save $25 a month. Then another increase—I could put aside $50 each pay day. And so it went.

"Today I am manager of my department—with two increases this year. We have a thousand dollars saved! And this is only the beginning. We are planning now for a home of our own. There will be new comforts for Rose, little enjoyments we have had to deny ourselves up to now. And there is a real future ahead, with more money than I used to dare dream that I could make."

Success is *not* something remote—it is within easy reach for *you* if you will just follow the simple rules that have made all men successful who have practiced them.

First, decide what *your* work is, the work you would most enjoy doing. Then study it, learn everything about it that you can. The easy, convenient way to do this is to let the International Correspondence Schools help you. For 30 years they have been helping men and women out of routine drudgery into work they like—helping them to win advancement, to have happy, prosperous homes, to know the joy of getting ahead in business and in life.

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An Advertisement to Our Employees:

"If you have ever been doubtful as to whether we mean what we say, this ought to settle it."

People generally pay more attention to telegrams than to letters, don't they? You agree, because you know that the man who pays several times the cost of a letter to get his message before you quickly and prominently has something important to say.

That's exactly why I'm giving you this message in expensive — and valuable — space when I might get it to you more economically in several other ways. That's why I'm *advertising, to you, the service you give.*

There's another reason, too. I'm here *going on public record* with this — which I wouldn't be if the same sheet of printed words were sent to you at the hotel or at your home address.

Now forget those preliminaries and get the message:

You know, and I know, that the policies of this business are simple, and plain, and easily understood.

You know, and I know, that the biggest job in running these big hotels is to keep the *human* side of service up to our standard. The mechanical service-features don't make one one-hundredth the trouble that the *people* who give service do.

Our guests are promised, by our policies and in our advertising and otherwise, a service that isn't only thorough, but is also helpful; that isn't perfunctory, and that is interested; that *isn't ever* grudging, and *is always* courteous.

Those written promises, made to our customers, are just as binding on us as are the written promises to our bankers to pay them certain moneys.

What I'm saying to you, here and now, is that *those promises must and will be kept;* and I'm saying it in this way, in addition to all the other ways you know about, because I want you to know that these are *promises of record,* and that neither you nor I nor anybody working in these hotels can forget them or neglect them, and get away with it.

All previous instructions stand, you understand, and all alibis are outlawed. You're to do *all your authority permits* toward satisfying any guest, and if that doesn't satisfy him you're to see that he gets to your superior.

You're to be guided by the Codes; you're to use your head.

I don't want to preach, and I don't want to scold. If I do either I'll do it in private. What I'm trying to do is to put this to you in the most forceful way I can think of.

If you have ever been doubtful as to whether we mean what we say, this ought to settle it.

E. M. Statler

Hotel Pennsylvania

Opp. Pennsylvania Terminal, New York. *The Largest Hotel in the World*

A WALL STREET BAPTISM

(Continued from Page 26)

"Hardly at all," said Terry. "I've talked with him only twice."

"He needs a friend," said Riggs. "J. W. never boasts of what he means to do. He will sometimes boast of what he has done. When he talks as he did to-day you may be sure the trap is sprung."

"There's no sign of anybody in a trap," said Terry.

"Maybe not," said Riggs. "The grass is tall and the game is big and cautious."

On coming in the next morning, J. W. walked up to the bull on the mantel as usual, but instead of turning it only two or three degrees more in the orbit of its humiliation he swung it all the way round, so that it presented its ferocious front to view as of old; and as he did this he intoned the epic then heard for the first time in any language:

He who sells what isn't his'n
Must pay the price or go to prison.

His voice was hoarse and ominous, denoting a state of action.

"A bear," he said, addressing Terry with menacing gestures—"a bear is one who sells another person's property—who sells what he doesn't own—intending to replace it when he can buy it back at a lower price. If he cannot replace it he must settle in money, on such terms as the true owner of the property may be pleased mercifully to make. If he cannot settle in money he is merely a thief, and the fate of a thief awaits him."

Then we heard it again:

He who sells what isn't his'n
Must pay the price or go to prison.

With that he vanished into his lair.

What baffled us most was that nothing whatever seemed to be taking place. The market was like a thing dead. Still, we watched it intently.

As on three other occasions the dance came off in the last ten minutes—only for once there was a different sequel. First the market was flooded with selling orders, and it so happened that Manhattan Traction shares were the weakest of all, breaking five points in one gasp. But whereas formerly this kind of selling had carried everything before it, now it met resistance in the form of very heavy buying orders; and the buying was more powerful than the selling, so that as you looked prices stopped falling and began to rise. And it so happened that Manhattan Traction shares rose faster than anything else.

J. W. had been shut up in his room the whole afternoon. He emerged, wiping the back of his neck, and addressed Terry.

"I will give you some news for your paper, Mr. Terry," he said. "The situation in Manhattan Traction shares is very interesting. For many weeks someone—I mention no names yet—someone has been selling them for a fall, quietly, a little at a time, to attract no attention. The sellers have sold more than they can deliver. They have sold themselves into a corner. Their attack to-day was to have been followed by rumor of a receivership. So many evil rumors have recently come true that this one might have been widely believed. It might have caused a panic. The wicked conspiracy has been upset. Manhattan Traction shares closed to-day, as you see, at seventy-five. To-morrow they will sell at eighty-five. Please say so in your paper."

To these sensational remarks he added the jingle:

He who sells what isn't his'n
Must pay the price or go to prison.

Then he left us.

Terry was dubious. He would have to make his paper responsible for the prediction that Manhattan Traction shares would rise ten points in a day, for of course he could not quote J. W. We urged him to do it, nevertheless.

"J. W. for once is playing a game in the open," said Riggs. "He will make the prediction good, and your paper will get the credit."

"It's clear he thinks he has Weed cornered in Manhattan Traction," said Terry. "I'm not so sure." And he was minded to be obstinate.

"You oblige me to tell you what I shouldn't," said Riggs. "Now listen. Holder for once was a thought ahead of J. W. He sent me to San Francisco to study Weed's way of playing the game. I found a man who had worked with Weed and hated him violently. He gave me what I wanted—what only five people in the world know. Weed has certain invariable tricks of technic, especially two, which, if you know them, enable you to detect his tracks in the market. Some day I'll tell you what they are. I brought this information to Holder, who gave it to J. W., and J. W. knew how to make good use of it. He discovered Weed's tracks in the market then. He found that Weed had been steadily selling Manhattan Traction shares for a fall. Now what does J. W. do? He goes to the bankers who control Manhattan Traction. He gets them to pool their shares and lock them up and give him entire control of the market. J. W. knows where every share of Manhattan Traction is, and he knows how much Weed has sold. The thing is air-tight. It will be the prettiest corner you ever saw."

Terry, being persuaded, went the whole length. He led his paper the next morning with the flat statement that the bears who had been selling Manhattan Traction were cornered, and that the shares would rise ten points that day. It produced a decided sensation.

J. W. arrived in an ecstasy, now singing his jingle to the nursery tune of London Bridge is Falling Down. He knew two other tunes. One was the hymn, Where He Leads There I Will Follow, and the other, Coming Through the Rye. By various repetitions and vocal atrocities he could sing his lyric to all three, and did incessantly to almost the end of the story.

Before the end of the day they were singing it to a ribald tune on the floor of the Stock Exchange, where they danced it, too, holding hands in a ring round the post where Manhattan Traction shares were dealt in.

J. W.'s prediction came true. The last quotation was eighty-five. We were all at the ticker to see it, including J. W.

"I'll give you some news for your paper, Mr. Terry," he said again. "To-morrow Manhattan Traction shares will sell at ninety. Please say so in your paper. And you may add that it is understood—please say it just that way—it is understood that any bear who has sold more Manhattan Traction than he can deliver may, when he is ready, settle in cash with J. W. Atchison & Co. at a price twenty points above the current market quotation, whatever that quotation happens to be at the time."

All of which Terry printed precisely.

Manhattan Traction shares rose majestically to ninety. No bear appeared.

"The longer he waits the better, for the longer he waits the higher," J. W. said to Holder.

By this time everyone knew what the situation was. Every morning Terry's paper announced the price at which Manhattan Traction shares would sell that day, and his circulation, as you might suppose, increased in a fabulous manner. The point at which Weed would have to give up and walk into J. W.'s office "with his hide in his hands," to settle, was the subject of wagers on the Stock Exchange. And the terms of settlement were harder each day. In a week Manhattan Traction shares rose in the market from seventy-five to a hundred and fifteen, and, as Terry kept saying in his paper, the settling price was always twenty points higher than the market quotation.

You understand that when a speculator has sold shares which he does not own, as you might sell another person's horse for two hundred dollars with the idea of buying it from the owner for one hundred, and cannot deliver the shares because the market, as one says in Wall Street, is cornered—which means that the owner of the horse will not sell it—then he may do one of three things, namely:

He may find someone to sell him the shares privately at an arbitrary price—and shares are unlike horses in that they are all identical;

He may go to those who hold his contracts for the delivery of the shares, confess his inability to deliver them, and in lieu of shares make a settlement in cash and get let off, or

He may fail.

Nobody could buy Manhattan Traction shares in the market, for the market was cornered. J. W. controlled it absolutely. He did all the buying and selling himself, through his brokers. It was impossible, on

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No artificial thickening or meat stock is used—nothing but tomatoes and real cream. Heinz tomatoes are sun-ripened, and gathered just when they attain their finest flavor.

Heinz Cream of Tomato Soup is perfectly prepared, ready for the table; smooth; rich and tasty. Just heat it. A fine example of Heinz quality.

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Mr. Punch says:

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Of the boring of holes there is no end—everybody sooner or later feels the need of putting a hole into something or other. In the house, in the garage, in the laundry, in the kitchen—there's always something that requires a good hole for a screw or a hanger, a lock or a bolt.

With Mr. Punch, the Goodell-Pratt Automatic Drill, you just look in the handle and select any one of eight different sizes of drill points. You pick out the right size, fit the point into the "chuck," and Mr. Punch, the Automatic Drill, does the rest—the hole is made in a minute.

Pushes right through plaster without a crack or a chip

Through the hardest wood without a split. Through soft lumber and no mushing, crumbling, or balling up on the point of the drill.

This Goodell-Pratt Drill makes every man a repair man. Any amateur busybody can use it. Butlers, chauffeurs, laundrymen, farmers, newlyweds—everybody with a head and two good hands can use this drill.

There are more than 1500 Goodell-Pratt Good Tools. Every one of them made to stand up and give long and faithful service. Remember the name when you go into a hardware store—and forget all future tool worries.

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1500 GOOD TOOLS

the other hand, for Weed to find anyone to sell him the shares privately, because, as Riggs said, the bankers and principal owners of Manhattan Traction shares had put their holdings together and locked them up, in order that J. W. might corner the market. Therefore Weed had either to confess his plight and make a settlement with J. W. in cash, on J. W.'s terms, or fail.

The nightly scene at the Windsor was theatrical. On one side of the room sat J. W., surrounded by friends and ancient enemies, all treating him as their hero, bull of bulls, slayer of the monstrous bear.

On the other side, always alone, sat the bear, still wearing his beautiful hide, sipping his drink and pulling his beard. He was a hateful figure. Yet even those who had felt his invisible claws in the stock market and now gloated over his imminent destruction were compelled to admire his nerve.

During the day J. W. sat not in his lair but in the private office, meaning, as we knew, to receive Weed in our presence, thereby to humiliate him all the more.

Meanwhile Manhattan Traction shares rose to one hundred and eighteen, to one hundred and twenty-three, to one hundred and twenty-seven, to one hundred and thirty, exactly according to prediction; and still no Weed appeared. We noticed that Holder was beginning to worry, and mentioned the fact to Riggs.

"I know," said Riggs. "He is uneasy. Three times he has said to me, 'Mr. Weed is a very able speculator.'"

Could he have escaped?

No. Manhattan Traction shares were quoted on the tape at one hundred and thirty-five when the moment came. Jim, the porter, entered the private office with a dramatic, participating air, and whispered to J. W.

"Talk out loud," said J. W. "Who is it?"

"He won't give his name, sir," said Jim. "He says he wants to see you about Manhattan Traction."

"Bring him in," said J. W.

Casting aside all pretense of not being spectators we stared rudely at the door. We couldn't help it.

Now in walked, not Weed but a very different person—tall, with brown eyes close together, in a weak, impudent face.

"What do you want?" J. W. asked angrily.

"I've come to settle," said the stranger, and pulled a twitching smile.

"Settle for what?" J. W. asked, his color beginning to change.

"I'm the bear you are after in Manhattan Traction," said the stranger with a little touch of swagger. He might be ruined, but he had kept the biggest of them guessing for a long time. That was what he was thinking.

J. W. left him standing and made a deliberate trip to the humidor. Returning with a large cigar he stopped to look at the tape. He looked at it unseeingly. Once I thought he was about to laugh.

"Well, who in hell are you?" he asked, sitting down again and biting the cigar through.

"I am J. Witherington Butt," said the stranger.

"Where did you come from, Mr. Butt?" J. W. asked with extreme politeness.

"From your state, I believe—North Carolina," said Butt.

"How long have you been in Wall Street?"

"Nearly three years," said Butt.

"How much money did you bring here?" J. W. asked.

"I came to Wall Street without a nickel," said Butt, swaggering again.

"And you're the man that's been selling Manhattan Traction shares all this time," said J. W., speaking more to himself than to Butt. He was adjusting his mind to an incredible fact, suddenly revealed in the light of a fantastic circumstance. "Have you brought your sheet?" he asked.

Butt produced a large sheet on which his commitments in Manhattan Traction shares were all set out. J. W. studied it for a long time. Then rising and handing the sheet to Holder he said, addressing Butt: "My partner will settle with you." To Holder he said: "Find out how much Mr. Butt has got, and then send him back to North Carolina without a nickel."

Holder took Butt away. J. W. went into his lair. The rest of us discreetly withdrew.

J. Witherington Butt was one of those meteoric things that can happen in Wall Street. He belonged to the Consolidated Exchange, called "the little board," which the great New York Stock Exchange pretends to take no notice of. He had been speculating for a fall in prices when that series of wild declines began. By pressing his luck madly, parlaying his profits, he had run a shoe string into two millions, suddenly. Then under the Napoleonic delusion which overtakes such characters he conceived himself to be a great manipulator. Single-handed he had projected a bear campaign against Manhattan Traction.

"But what of those tracks which could only have been Weed's?" we asked Riggs. "How could J. W. have been so completely fooled?"

"Lightly now," Riggs pleaded. "I'm down and helpless. There are two possible explanations. One is that Butt by some strange accident discovered Weed's tricks and copied them. However, that seems very improbable. The other explanation would be that Weed was in fact a seller of Manhattan Traction shares, but discovered the trap in time to escape, and so managed his exit as to leave no tracks at all."

We never knew whether what followed was on J. W.'s part simply very handsome human conduct or an act deeply calculated. A week later Weed's table at the Windsor was spread for dinner, which everybody noticed; moreover, it was spread for two. Then Weed and J. W. came walking in together, dined heartily and passed a long and pleasant evening.

"How now?" we said to Holder, who was there, too, dining alone. "Shall the bull and bear lie down together?"

"Mr. Weed," said Holder, "is a very able speculator."

From that hour Stilson Weed was accepted as a permanent fact in the jungle.

When his name was next mentioned in the private office it was J. W. who brought it up, relevantly to nothing.

"Mr. Weed," he said, "tells me on his word of honor that he had nothing to do with those bearish operations which upset the stock market on three different occasions."

"Do you believe him?" asked Terry.

"I understand you, Mr. Terry," said J. W. "I understand you perfectly. If you will be pleased to accept a leaf from my experience it is this: In Wall Street never believe anything with more than one eye and one ear."

Entrance to Hoback Canon, Jackson Hole, Teton National Forest, Wyoming

Enlarged from negative made with a No. 2A Brownie fitted with a seventy-five-cent Kodak Portrait Attachment.

When the Children out-grow Childhood

After all, home pictures mean the most. Pictures of travel, of the week-end motor trip and of our sports—all these add to the fascination of the picture album. But the home pictures—for the most part pictures of the children, just every day pictures—these are the ones that never lose their appeal, that grow more and more in value as the children out-grow childhood.

And with a Kodak or Brownie such pictures are simple and inexpensive. The No. 2A Brownie, with which our illustration was made, sells for four dollars and fifty-eight cents, including the war tax. The Kodak Portrait Attachment, which is simply an extra lens that can be instantly attached or detached, provides for making "close-ups". As its name implies, it is for making *portraits* rather than *views* and it costs but **seventy-five cents. A six exposure 2A Brownie film is thirty cents.**

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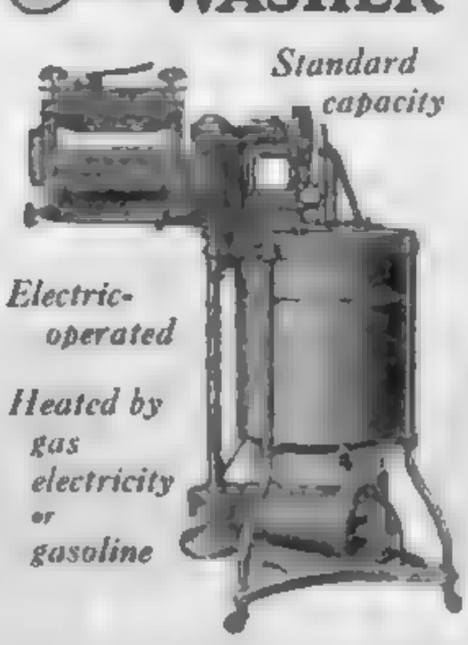

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THE WRONG TWIN

(Continued from Page 21)

had been told to make as fancy as she pleased, Winona hastily scribbled in her journal: "Am I of a gay disposition? Too gay, too volatile? No matter! It is an agreeable defect where one retains discretion sufficient for its regulation. This very night I am one of a party avowedly formed for pleasure, something my reflective mind would once have viewed with disapprobation. But again no matter. Perhaps I have been too analytical, too introspective. Perhaps the war has confused my sense of spiritual values. War is such a mistake!"

It was a flushed and sparkling Winona who later fluttered down the dull old stairs of the respectable Penniman home at the call of the waiting Wilbur Cowan. Her dark hair was still plainly though rather effectively drawn about her small head—she had definitely rebuffed the suggestion of her mother that it be marceled—but her wisp of a frock of bronze gossamer was revolutionary in the extreme. Mrs. Penniman had at last been fancy in her dressmaking for her child, and now stood by to exclaim at her handiwork. Winona, with surprising aplomb, bore the scrutiny of the family while she pulled long white gloves along her bare arms. A feathered fan dangled from one of them.

"Now, I guess you believe me," said Mrs. Penniman. "Haven't I always said what a few little touches would do for you?" Proudly she adjusted a filmy flounce to a better line. "And such lovely, lovely slippers!"

The slippers were indeed to be observed by one and all. The short dancing frock was in that year.

Wilbur Cowan was appreciative.

"Some kid!" he cried; "an eyeful!"

Winona pouted for the second time that day, instead of rebuking him for these low phrases of the street. Only Judge Penniman caviled.

"Well, I'd like to know what we're coming to," he grumbled. "The idee of a mere chit like her goin' out to a place that's no better than a saloon, even if you do guzzle your drinks at a table—and in a dug-out dress!"

Winona, instead of feeling rebuked, was gratified to be called a mere chit. She pouted at the invalid.

"Poor father!" she loftily murmured, and stood while her mother threw the evening cloak about her acceptable shoulders.

It was true that at the La Bohême alcoholic stimulant would be served to those who desired it, but this was not compulsory, and the place was in no sense a common saloon. Her father was old-fashioned, as he had shown himself to be about the lawless new dance steps that Wilbur had been teaching her. He had declared that if people performed such antics in public without music they'd mighty soon find themselves in the lockup, and Winona had not even shuddered. Now, as he continued to grumble at this degeneracy, she gracefully tapped his arm with her fan. She had read of this device being effectively employed by certain conquerors of men, and coolly she tried it upon her father. She performed the trifle gracefully, and it seemed of value, audacious and yet nothing to be misunderstood by a really clean-minded man. She tapped the judge again as they left, with a minor variation of the technic. The judge little knew that he but served as a dummy at target practice.

The car in which Wilbur conveyed his guest to the scene of revelry was not of an elegance commensurate with Winona's. It was a mongrel of many makes, small, battered and of a complaining habit. He had acquired it as a gift from one who considered that he bestowed trash, and had transformed it into a thing of noisy life, knowing, as a mother knows of her infant, what each of its squeaks and rattles implied. It was distressing, in truth, to look upon, but it went. Indeed, the proud owner had won a race with it from a too outspoken critic who drove a much superior car. It was Wilbur Cowan who first in Newbern discovered that you could speed up a car by dropping a few moth balls into the gasoline tank. He called his car the Can, but, unreasonably, was not too cordial to others using the name.

The Can bore the pair to a fretful halt under the newest electric lights on River Street. "The La Bohême," read the dazzling sign. And Winona passed into her new life. She was feeling strangely young as she relinquished her cloak to a uniformed maid. She stood amid exotic splendor, and was no longer herself but some regal creature in the Sunday supplement of a great city paper. She had always wanted to be a girl, but had not known how—and now at thirty-five how easy it seemed! She preceded Wilbur to a table for two, impressive with crystal and damask, and was seated by an obsequious foreigner who brought to the act a manner that had never before in Newbern distinguished this service—when it had been performed at all.

Other tables about them were already filled with Newbern's elect, thrilled as was Winona, concealing it as ably as she, with the town's new distinction. Hardly had food been ordered when a hidden orchestra blared and the oblong polished space of which their own table formed part of the border was thronged with dancing couples. Winona glowingly surrendered to the evil spell. Wilbur merely looked an invitation and she was dancing as one who had always danced. She tapped him with her fan as he led her back to the table where their first course had arrived. She trifled daintily with strange food, composing a sentence for her journal: "The whole scene was of a gayety hitherto unparalleled in the annals of our little town."

There was more food, interspersed with more dancing. Later Winona, after many sidewise perkings of her brown head, discovered Merle and Patricia Whipple at a neighboring table. She nodded and smiled effusively to them. Patricia returned her greeting gayly; Merle removed a shining cigarette holder of remarkable length and bowed, but did not smile. He seemed to be aloof and gloomy.

"He's got a lot on his mind," said Wilbur, studying his brother respectfully.

Merle's plenteous hair, like his cigarette holder, was longer than is commonly worn by his sex, and marked by a certain not infelicitous disorder. He had trouble with a luxuriant lock of it that persistently fell across his pale brow. With a weary, world-worn gesture he absently brushed this back into place from moment to moment. His thick eyeglasses were suspended by a narrow ribbon of black satin. His collar was low and his loosely tied cravat was flowing of line.

"Out of condition," said Wilbur expertly. "Looks pasty."

"But very, very distinguished," supplemented Winona.

Patricia Whipple now came to their table with something like a dance step, though the music was stilled.

She had been away from Newbern for two years.

"Europe and Washington," she hurriedly explained as Wilbur held a chair for her, "and glad to get back but I'm off again. Nurse! Begin the course next week in New York—learning how to soothe the bed of pain. I know I'm a rattlepate, but that's what I'm going to do. All of us mad about the war."

Wilbur studied her as he had studied Merle. She was in better condition, he thought. She came only to his shoulder as he stood to seat her, but she was no longer bony. Her bones were neatly submerged. Her hair was still rusty, the stain being deeper than he remembered, and the freckles were but piquant memories. Here and there one shone faintly, like the few faint stars showing widely apart through cloud crevices on a murky night. Her nose, though no longer precisely trivial, would never be the Whipple nose. Its lines were now irrevocably set in a design far less noble. Her gown was shining, of an elusive shade that made Wilbur think of ripe fruits—chiefly apricots, he decided. She was unquestionably what she had confessed herself to be a rattlepate. She rattled now, with a little waiting, half-tremulous smile to mark her pauses, as if she knew people would weigh and find her wanting, but hoped for judgments tempered with mercy.

"Mad about the war? I should think so! Grandpa Gideon's mad, and Harvey D.—that dear thing's going to do something at Washington for a dollar a year. You'd think it was the only honest money he'd ever earned if you heard Merle talk about bankers sucking the life blood of the people. Juliana's taking charge of something and Mother Ella's mad about knitting—always tangled in yarn. She'll be found strangled in her own work some day. And Uncle Sharon mad about the war, and fifty times madder about Merle.

"D'you see Merle's picture in that New York paper yesterday?—all hair and eyeglasses, and leaning one temple on the first two fingers of the right hand—and guess what it said—'Young millionaire socialist who denounces country's entrance into war!' Watch him—he's trying to look like the picture now! Uncle Sharon read the 'millionaire socialist,' and barked like a mad dog. He says: 'Yes, he'd be a millionaire socialist if he was going to be any kind, and if he was going to be a burglar he'd have to be one of these dress-suit burglars you always read about.'

"Of course he's awfully severe on Merle for not going to fight, but how could he with his bad eyes? He couldn't see to shoot at people, poor thing; and besides, he's too clever to be wasted like a common soldier. He starts people to thinking—worthwhile people. He says so himself. Mixed up with all sorts of clever things with the most wonderful names—garment workers and poet radicals and vorticists and new-arters, and everything like that, who are working to lift us up so nobody will own anything and everybody can have what he wants. Of course I don't understand everything they say, but it sounds good, so sympathetic, don't you think?"

She had paused often with the little smile that implored pity for her rattlepatedness. Now it prolonged itself as the orchestra became wildly alive.

Winona had but half listened to Patricia's chatter. She had been staring instead at the girl's hair—staring and wondering lawlessly. She had seen advertisements. Might her own hair be like that—"like tarnished gold," she put it? Of course you had to keep putting the stuff on at the roots as it grew out. But would her color blend with that shade? Patricia's skin had the warm fairness of new milk, but Winona was dusky. Perhaps a deeper tint of auburn ——

She was recalled from this perilous musing by Rapp, Senior, who came pressing his handkerchief to a brow damp from the last dance. He bowed to Winona.

"May I have this pleasure?" he said. Winona rose like a woman of the world.

"We're on the map at last," said Rapp, Senior, referring to Newbern's newest big-town feature.

"I know I'm on the map at last," said Winona coyly, and tapped the arm of Rapp, Senior, with her feathered trifle of a fan.

"Dance?" said Wilbur to Patricia.

"Thanks a heap! Merle won't. He says how can he dance when thinking of free Russia? But did you see those stunning Russian dancers? It doesn't keep them from dancing, does it? Poor old Merle is balmy—mice in his wainscoting."

They danced, and Patricia was still the rattlepate.

"You're going over, Uncle Sharon told us. Merle says you're a victim of mob reaction—what does that mean? No matter. Pretty soon he said you'd be only a private. Grandpa Gideon looked as if he had bitten into a lemon. He says, 'I believe privates form a very important arm of the service'—just like that. He's not so keen on Merle, but he won't admit it. With him it's once a Whipple always a Whipple! When he saw Merle's picture, leaning the beautiful head on the two long fingers and the hair kind of scrambly, he just said, 'Ah, you young scamp of a socialist!' as if he were saying, 'Oh, fie on you!' Merle can talk the whole bunch down when he gets to shooting on all six—sounds good, but I've no doubt it's just wise twaddle.

"What a stunning dancer you are! Ask me quick again so I won't have to go back to free Russia. I'll promise to nurse you when you get wounded over there. I'll have learned to do everything by that time. Wouldn't it be funny if you were brought in some day with a lot of wounds and I'd say, 'Why, dear me, that's someone I know! You must let me nurse him back to health'; and of course they would. Anyway, the family's keen about my going. They think I ought to do my bit, especially as Merle can't, because of his eyes. Be sure you ask me again."

He asked her again and yet again. He liked dancing with her. Sometimes when she talked her eyes were like green flames.

(Continued on Page 59)

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The *"Faultless Nurser"*—"Next Best to Mother's Breast"—provides an unbroken flow of food, not air, thereby helping to prevent wind colic and indigestion. Patented Valve and Re-inforcing Ribs *prevent collapse.* Babies like the velvety smooth *"Faultless Nurser" Nipple,* which is easily cleansed and withstands repeated sterilizing in boiling water.

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Excelo makes *your kind* of cake. Rich, chocolatey Chocolate; luscious, spicy Devil's Food, or sweet, white, fine-textured Lemon or Vanilla.

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But she talked of nothing long and the flames would die and her little waiting smile come entreating consideration for her infirmities.

"Now you be sure to come straight to me directly you're wounded," she again cautioned him as they parted.

He shook hands warmly with her. He liked the girl, but he hoped there would be other nurses at hand if this thing occurred; that is, if it proved to be anything serious.

"Anyway, I hope I'll see you," he said. "I guess home faces will be scarce over there."

She looked him over approvingly.

"Be a good soldier," she said.

Again they shook hands. Then she fluttered off under the gloomy charge of Merle, who had remained austerely aloof from the night's gayety. Wilbur had had but a few words with him, for Patricia claimed his time.

"You seem a lot older than I do now," he said, and Merle, brushing back the errant lock, had replied: "Poor chap, you're a victim of the mob reaction. Of course I'm older now. I'm face to face with age-long problems that you've never divined the existence of. It does age one."

"I suppose so," agreed Wilbur.

He felt shamed, apologetic for his course. Still, he would have some plain fighting, Wall Street or no Wall Street.

He wrested a chattering Winona from Mrs. Henrietta Plunkett at the door of the ladies' cloakroom. Mrs. Plunkett was Newbern's ablest exponent of the cause of woman, and she had been disquieted this night at observing signs of an unaccustomed frivolity in one of her hitherto stauncheст disciples.

"I can't think what has come over you!" she had complained to Winona. "You seem like a different girl!"

"I am a different girl!" boasted Winona.

"You do look different—your gown is wonderfully becoming, and what lovely slippers!" Mrs. Plunkett inspected the aged débutante with kindly eyes. "But remember, my dear, we mustn't let frivolities like this divert our attention from the cause. A bit more of the good fight and we shall have come into our own."

"All this wonderful mad evening I have forgotten the cause," confessed Winona.

"Mercy!" said Mrs. Plunkett. "Forgotten the cause? One hardly does that, does one, without a reason?"

"I have reasons enough," said Winona, thinking of the new dancing slippers and the frock.

"Surely, my dear, you who are so free and independent are not thinking of marriage?"

Winona had not been thinking of marriage. But now she did.

"Well"—she began—"of course I ——"

"Mercy! Not really! Why, Winona Penniman, would you barter your independence for a union that must be demeaning, at least politically, until our cause is won?"

"Well, of course ——" Winona again faltered, tapping one minute toe of a dancing slipper on the floor.

"Do you actually wish," continued Henrietta Plunkett, rising to the foothills of her platform manner, "to become a parasite, a man's bondslave, his creature? Do you wish to be his toy, his plaything?"

"I do!" said Winona low and fervently, as if she had spoken the words under far more solemn auspices.

"Mercy me! Winona Penniman!"

And Wilbur Cowan had then come to bear her off to her room, that echoed with strange broken music and light voices and the rhythmic scuffing of feet on a floor—and to the privacy of her journal.

"I seem," she wrote, "to have flung wisdom and prudence to the winds. Though well I know the fading nature of all sublunary enjoyments, yet when I retire shortly it will be but to protract the fierce pleasure of this night by recollection. Full well I know that Morpheus will wave his ebon wand in vain."

Morpheus did just that. Long after Winona had protracted the fierce enjoyment of the night to a vanishing point she lay wakeful, revolving her now fixed determination to take the nursing course that Patricia Whipple would take, and go far overseas, where she could do a woman's work; or, as she phrased it again and again, be a girl of some use in a vexed world.

In the morning she learned for the first time that Wilbur was to go to war in company with a common prize fighter. It chilled her for the moment, but she sought to make the best of it.

"I hope," she told Wilbur, "that war will make a better man of your friend."

"What do you mean—a better man?" he quickly wanted to know. "Let me tell you, Spike's a pretty good man right now for his weight. You ought to see him in action once! Don't let anyone fool you about that boy! What do you expect at a hundred and thirty-three—a heavyweight?"

After he had gone, late that afternoon, after she had said a solemn farewell to him in the little room of the little house in the side yard, Winona became reckless. She picked up and scanned with shrewd eyes the photograph of Spike that had been left: "To my friend Kid Cowan from his friend Eddie—Spike—Brennon, 133 lbs. ringside."

She studied without wincing the crouched figure of hostile eye, even though the costume was not such as she would have selected for a young man.

"After all, he's only a boy," she murmured. She studied again the intent face. "And he looks as if he had an abundance of pepper."

She hoped she would be there to nurse them both if anything happened. She had told Wilbur this, but he had not been encouraging. He seemed to believe that nothing would happen to either of them.

"Of course we'll be shot at," he admitted, "but like as not they'll miss us."

Winona sighed and replaced the photograph. Now they would be a couple of heads clustered with other heads at a car window; smiling, small-town boys going lightly out to their ordeal. She must hurry and be over!

IV

WILBUR, with his wicker suitcase, paused last to say good-by to Frank, the dog. Frank was now a very old dog, having reached a stage of yapping senility, where he found his sole comfort in following the sun about the house and dozing in it, sometimes noisily dreaming of past adventures. These had been exclusively of a sentimental character, for Frank had never been the fighting dog his first owner had promised he would be. He was an arch sentimentalist, and had followed a career of determined motherhood, bringing into the world litter after litter of puppies, exhibiting all the strains then current in Newbern. He had surveyed each new family with pride—families revealing tinges of setter, Airedale, Newfoundland, pointer, collie, with the hopeful air of saying that a dog never knew what he could do until he tried. Now he could only dream of past conquests, and merely complained when his master roused him.

"I hope you'll be here when I get back—and I hope I'll be here too," said his master, and went on, sauntering up to the station a bit later as nonchalantly as ever Dave Cowan himself had gone there to begin a long journey on the six-fifty-eight. Spike Brennon lounged against a baggage truck. Spike's only token of departure was a small bundle covered with that day's Advance. They waited in silence until the dingy way train rattled in. Then Sharon Whipple appeared from the freight room of the station. He affected to be impatient with the railway company because of a delayed shipment which he took no trouble to specify definitely, and he affected to be surprised at the sight of Wilbur and Spike.

"Hello! I thought you two boys went on the noon train," he lied carelessly. "Well, long as you're here you might as well take these—in case you get short." He pressed a bill into the hand of each. "Good-by and good luck! I had to come down about that shipment should have been here last Monday—it beats time what these railroads do with stuff nowadays. Five days between here and Buffalo!"

He continued to grumble as the train moved on, even as the two waved to him from a platform.

"A hundred berries!" breathed Spike, examining his bill. "Say, he sheds it easy, don't he?"

They watched him where he stood facing the train. He seemed to have quit grumbling; his face was still.

"Well, kid, here we go! Now it's up to the guy what examines us. You'll breeze through—not a nick in you. Me—well, they're fussy about teeth, I'm told, and of course I had to have a swift poke in the mush that dented my beak. They may try to put the smother on me."

"Cheer up! You'll make the grade," said Wilbur. (Continued on Page 61)

Pro-phy-lac-tic

Well-Kept Hands

THE Pro-phy-lac-tic Hand Brush No. 400 readily disposes of all dirt, grime or stains on the hands and under the nails, because its bristles are the finest quality obtainable. Yet the bristles are too good to be harsh—they won't scratch the tenderest skin. And they won't come out, because they are set in aluminum and riveted to a chemically treated hardwood back. This brush will give you complete service for years to come.

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Through the night he sat cramped and wakeful in the seat of a crowded day coach, while Spike beside him slept noisily, perhaps owing to the dented beak. His head back, he looked out and up to a bow moon that raced madly with the train, and to far pale stars that were still. He wondered if anyone out there noted the big new adventure down here.

CHAPTER XVII

WILBUR COWAN'S fear that his brother might untimely stop the war proved baseless. The war went on despite the New Dawn's monthly exposure of its motive and sinister aims; despite its masterly paraphrase of a celebrated document declaring that this Government had been "conceived in chicanery and dedicated to the industrial slavery of the masses." Not even the new social democracy of Russia sufficed to inspire any noticeable resistance. The common people of the United States had refused to follow the example of their brothers of Russia and destroy a tyranny equally hateful, though the New Dawn again and again set forth the advantages to accrue from such action. War prevailed. As the Reverend Mallet said: "It gathered the vine of the earth and cast it into the great wine press of the wrath of God."

But the little cluster of intellectuals on the staff of the New Dawn persevered. Monthly it isolated the causative bacteria of unrest, to set the results before those who could profit would they but read. Merle, the modernist, at the forefront of what was known as all the new movements, tirelessly applied the new psychology to the mind of the common man and proved him a creature of mean submissions. He spoke of "our ranks" and "our brave comrades of Russia," but a selective draft had its way and an army went forward.

In Newbern, which Merle frequented between issues of the magazine, he received perhaps less appreciation than was his due. Sharon Whipple was blindly disparaging. Even Gideon was becoming less attentive when the modernist expounded the new freedom. Gideon was still puzzled. He quoted, as to war: "The sign of a mad world. God bless us out of it!" But he was beginning to wonder if perhaps this newest Whipple had not, with all his education, missed something that other Whipples had learned.

Harvey D. had once or twice spoken with frank impatience of the New Dawn's gospel. And one Kate Brophy, cook at the Whipple New Place, said of its apostle that he was "a sahft piece of furniture." Merle was sensitive to these little winds of captiousness. He was now convinced that Newbern would never be a cultural center. There was a spirit of intolerance abroad.

Sharon Whipple, becoming less and less restrained as the months went on, spoke of the staff of the New Dawn in Merle's hearing. He called it a cage of every unclean and hateful bird. Merle smiled tolerantly, and called Sharon a besotted reactionary, warning him further that such as he could never stem the tide of revolution now gathering for its full sweep. Sharon retorted that it hadn't swept anything yet.

"Perhaps not yet—on the surface," said Merle. "But now we shall show our teeth."

Sharon fell to a low sort of wit in his retort.

"Better not show your teeth to the Government!" he warned. "If you do you want to have the address of a good dentist handy."

And after another month—when the magazine of light urged resistance to the draft—it became apparent not only that the New Dawn would not stop the war, but that the war would incredibly stop the New Dawn. The despoilers of America actually plotted to destroy it, to smother its message, to adjust new shackles about the limbs of labor.

Sharon Whipple was the first of the privileged class to say that something had got to be done by the family—unless they wanted to have the police do it. Gideon was the second. These two despoilers of the people summoned Harvey D. from Washington, and the conspiracy against spiritual and industrial liberty ripened late one night in the library of the Whipple New Place. It was agreed that the last number of the New Dawn went pretty far—farther than any Whipple ought to go. But it was not felt that the time had come for extreme measures. It was believed that the newest Whipple should merely be reasoned with. To this end they began to reason among themselves, and were presently wrangling. It developed that Sharon's idea of reasoning lacked subtlety. It developed that Gideon and Harvey D. reasoned themselves into sheer bewilderment in an effort to find reasons that would commend themselves to Merle; so that this first meeting of the conspirators was about to break up fruitlessly, when Sharon Whipple was inspired to a suggestion that repelled yet pricked the other two until they desperately yielded to it. This was that none other than Dave Cowan be called into consultation.

"He'll know more about his own son than we do," urged Sharon.

Harvey D.'s feeling of true fatherhood was irritated by this way of putting it, but in the end he succumbed. He felt that his son was now far removed from the sphere of Dave Cowan, yet the man might retain some influence over the boy that would be of benefit to all concerned.

"He's in town," said Sharon. "He's a world romper, but he's here now. I heard him to-day in the post office telling someone how many stars there are in the sky—or something like that."

The following afternoon Dave Cowan, busy at the typesetting machine of the Newbern Advance, Daily and Weekly, was again begged to meet a few Whipples in the dingy little office of the First National. The office was unchanged; it had kept through the years since Dave had last illumined its gloom an air of subdued, moneyed discretion. Nor had the Whipples changed much. Harvey D. was still neat-faced and careful of attire, still solicitous of many little things. Gideon, gaunt and dour, was still erect. His hair was white now, but the brows were black and the eyes beneath them shot their questioning glance straight. Sharon was as he had been, round-chested, plump; perhaps a trifle readier to point the ends of the grizzled brows in choleric amaze. The Whipple nose on all three still jutted forward boldly. It was a nose never to compromise with Time.

Dave Cowan, at first glance, was much the same, even after he had concealed beneath the table that half of him which was never quite so scrupulously arrayed as the other. But a second glance revealed that the yellow hair was less abundant. It was now cunningly conserved from ear to ear, above a forehead that had heightened. The face was thinner, and etched with new lines about the orator's mouth, but the eyes shone with the same light as of old and the same willingness to shed its beams through shadowed places such as first national banks.

He no longer accepted the cigar, to preserve in the upper left-hand waistcoat pocket with the fountain pen, the pencil and the toothbrush. He craved rather permission to fill and light the calabash pipe. This was a mere bit of form, for he was soon talking so continuously that the pipe was no longer a going concern.

Delay was occasioned at the beginning of the interview. It proved to be difficult to convey to Dave exactly why he had been summoned. It appeared that he did not expect a consultation—rather a lecture by Dave Cowan upon life in its larger aspects. The Whipples, strangely, were all not a little embarrassed in his presence, and the mere mention of his son caused him to be informative for ten minutes before any of them dared to confine the flow of his discourse within narrower banks. He dealt volubly with the doctrines espoused by Merle, whereas they wished to be told how to deal with Merle. As he talked he consulted from time to time a sheaf of clippings brought from a pocket.

"A joke," began Dave, "all this socialistic talk. Get this from their platform: They demand that the country and its wealth be redeemed from the control of private interests and turned over to the people to be administered for the equal benefit of all. See what they mean? Going to have a law that a short man can reach as high as a tall man. Good joke, yes? Here again: 'The Socialist Party desires the workers of America to take the economic and political power from the capitalistic class.' Going to pull themselves off the ground by their boot straps, yes? Have a law to make the weak strong and the strong weak. Reads good, don't it? And here's the prize joke—one big union: 'The Socialist Party does not interfere in the internal affairs of labor unions, but supports them in all their struggles. In order, however, that such struggles might attain the maximum of efficiency the socialists

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CLOTHES FOR CHILDREN

favor the closest organic cooperation of all unions as one organized working body."

"Get that? Lovely, ain't it? And when we're all in one big union, who are we going to strike against? Against ourselves, of course—like we do now. Bricklayers striking against shoemakers and both striking against carpenters, and all of 'em striking against the honest farmer and the farmer striking back, because every one of 'em wants all he can get for his labor and wants to pay as little as he has to for the other fellow's labor. One big union, my eye! Socialists are jokes. You never saw two of 'em yet that could agree on anything for ten minutes—except that they want something for nothing."

The speaker paused impressively. His listeners stirred with relief, but the tide of his speech again washed in upon them.

"They lack," said he, pointing the calabash pipe at Gideon Whipple, sitting patiently across the table from him, "they lack the third eye of wisdom." He paused again, but only as if to await applause. There was no intimation that he had done.

"Dear me!" murmured Gideon politely. The other Whipples made little sounds of amazement and approval.

"You want to know what the third eye of wisdom is?" continued Dave, as one who had read their secret thought. "Well, it's the simple gift of being able to look at facts as they are instead of twisting 'em about as they ain't. The most of us, savages, uneducated people, simples, and that sort, got this third eye of wisdom without knowing it: we follow the main current without knowing or asking why. But professors and philosophers and preachers and teachers and all holy rollers like socialists ain't got it. They want to reduce the whole blamed cosmos to a system, and she won't reduce. I forget now just how many billion cells in your body"—he pointed the pipe at Sharon Whipple, who stirred uneasily—"but no matter." Sharon looked relieved.

"Anyway, we fought our way up to be a fish with lungs, and then we fought on till we got legs, and here we are. And the only way we got here was by competition—some of us always beating others. Holy rollers like socialists would have us back to one cell and keep us there with equal rewards for all. But she don't work that way. The pot's still a-boiling, and competition is the eternal fire under it.

"Look at all these imaginary Utopias they write about—good stories, too, about a man waking up three thousand years hence and finding everything lovely. But every one of 'em, and I've read all, picture a society that's froze into some certain condition—static. Nothing is! She won't freeze! They can spray the fire of competition with speeches all they like, but they can't put it out. Because why? Well, because this life thing is going on, and competition is the only way it can get on. Call it Nature if you want to. Nature built star dust out of nothing, and built us out of star dust, but she ain't through; she's still building. Old Evolution is still evoluting, and her only tool is competition, the same under the earth and on the earth, the same out in the sky as in these states.

"Of course there's bound to be flaws and injustice in any scheme of government because of this same competition you can't get away from any more than the planets can. There's flaws in evolution itself, only these holy rollers don't see it, because they haven't got the third eye of wisdom; they can't see that the shoemaker is always going to want all he can get for a pair of shoes and always going to pay as little as he can for his suit of clothes, socialism or no socialism.

"What would their one big union be? Take these unions that are striking now all over the country. They think they're striking against something they call capital. Well, they ain't. They're striking against each other. Railroad men striking against bricklayers, shoemakers striking against farmers, machinists striking against cabinetmakers, printers striking against all of 'em—and the fools don't know it: think they're striking against some common enemy, when all the time they're hitting against each other. Oh, she's a grand bit of cunning, this old evolution!"

"This is all very interesting, Mr. Cowan"—Harvey D. had become uneasy in his chair, and had twice risen to put straight a photograph of the Whipple block that hung on the opposite wall—"but what we would like to get at——"

"I know, I know"—Dave silenced him with a wave of the calabash—"you want to know what it's all about—what it's coming to, what we're here for. Well, I can tell you a little. There used to be a catch in it that bothered me, but I figured her out. Old evolution is producing an organism that will find the right balance and perpetuate itself eternally. It's trying every way it knows to get these cells of protoplasm into some form that will change without dying. Simple enough, only it takes time.

"Think how long it took to get us this far out of something you can't see without glasses! But forget about time. Our time don't mean anything out there in the real world. Say we been produced in one second from nothing; well, think what we'll become in another ten seconds. We'll have our balance by that time. This protoplasm does what it's told to do—that's how it made eyes for us to see, and ears to hear and brains to think with—so by that time we'll be really living; we'll have a form that's plastic, and can change round to meet any change of environment, so we won't have to die if it gets too cold or too hot. We want to live—we all want to live; by that time we'll be able to go on living.

"Of course we won't be looking much like we are now; we're pretty clumsy machines so far. I suppose, for one thing, we'll be getting our nourishment straight from the elements instead of taking it through plants and animals. We'll be as superior to what we are now as he is to a hoptoad." The speaker indicated Sharon Whipple with the calabash. Sharon wriggled self-consciously. "And pretty soon people will forget that anyone ever died; they won't believe it when they read it in old books; they won't understand it. This time is coming, as near as I can figure it, in seven hundred and fifty thousand years. That is, in round numbers; it might be an odd hundred thousand years more or less. Of course I can't be precise in such a matter."

"Of course not," murmured Harvey D. sympathetically; "but what we were wanting to get at——"

"Of course," resumed the lecturer, "I know there's still a catch in it. You say, 'What does it mean after that?' Well, I'll be honest with you. I haven't been able to figure it out much farther. We'll go on and on till this earth dries up, and then we'll move to another, or build one—I can't tell which—and all the time we're moving round something, but I don't know what or why. I only know it's been going on forever this life thing—and we're a little speck in the current, and it will keep going on forever.

"But you can bet this: It will always go on by competition. There won't ever be any Utopia, like these holy rollers can lay out for you in five minutes. I been watching union labor long enough to know that. But she's a grand scheme. I'm glad I got this little look at it. I wouldn't change it in any detail, not if you come to me with full power. I couldn't think of any better way than competition, not if I took a lifetime to it. It's a sporty proposition."

The speaker beamed modestly upon his hearers. Gideon was quick to clutch the moment's pause.

"What about this boy Merle?" he demanded before Dave could resume.

"Oh, him?" said Dave. "Him and his holy rolling? Is that all you want to know? Why didn't you say so? That's easy! You've raised him to be a house cat. So shut off his cream."

"A house cat!" echoed Harvey D., shocked.

"No education," resumed Dave. "No savvy about the world. Set him down in Spokane with three dollars in his jeans and needing to go to Atlanta. Would he know how? Would he know a simple thing like how to get there and ride all the way in varnished cars?"

"Is it possible?" murmured Harvey D.

The Whipples had been dazed by the cosmic torrent, but here was something specific—and it was astounding. They regarded the speaker with awe. They wanted to be told how one could perform this feat, but dreaded to incur a too wordy exposition.

"Not practical enough, I dare say," ventured Harvey D.

"You said it!" replied Dave. "That's why he's took this scarlet rash of socialism and holy rolling that's going the rounds. Of course there are plenty that are holy rollers through and through, but not this boy. It's only a skin disease with him. I know him. Shut off his cream."

"I said the same!" declared Sharon Whipple, feeling firm ground beneath his feet for the first time.

"You said right!" approved Dave.

"It would be a shock to him," said Harvey D. "He's bound up in the magazine. What would he say? What would he do?"

"Something pretty," explained Dave. "Something pretty and high-sounding. Like as not he'd cast you off."

"Cast me off!" Harvey D. was startled.

"Tell you you are no longer a father of his. Don't I know that boy? He'll half mean it, too, but only half. The other half will be showing off—showing off to himself and to you people. He likes to be noticed."

Sharon Whipple now spoke:

"I always said he wouldn't be a socialist if he couldn't be a millionaire socialist."

"You got him!" declared Dave.

"I shall hate to adopt extreme measures," protested Harvey D. "He's always been so sensitive. But we must consider his welfare. In a time like this he might be sent to prison for things printed in that magazine."

"Trust him!" said Dave. "He wouldn't like it in prison. He might get close enough to it to be photographed with the cell door back of him—but not in front of him."

"He'll tell us we're suppressing free speech," said Harvey D.

"Well, you will be, won't you?" said Dave. "We ain't so fussy about free speech here as they are in that free Russia that he writes about, but we're beginning to take notice. Naturally it's a poor time for free speech when the Government's got a boil on the back of its neck and is feeling irritable. Besides, no one ever did believe in free speech, and no government on earth ever allowed it. Free speakers have always had to use judgment. Up to now we've let 'em be free-speakinger than any other country has, but now they better watch out until the boat quits rocking.

"They attack the machinery and try to take it apart, and then cry when they're smacked. Maybe they might get this boy the other side of a cell door. Wouldn't hurt him any."

"Of course," protested Harvey D., "we can hardly expect you to have a father's feeling for him."

"Well, I have!" retorted Dave. "I got just as much father's feeling for him as you have. But you people are small-towners and I been about in the world. I know the times and I know that boy. I'm telling you what's best for him. No more cream! If it had been that other boy of mine you took, and he was believing what this one thinks he believes, I'd be telling you something different."

"Always said he had the gumption," declared Sharon Whipple.

"He's got the third eye," said Dave Cowan.

"We want to thank you for this talk," interposed Gideon Whipple. "Much of what you have said is very, very interesting. I think my son will now know what course to pursue."

"Don't mention it!" said Dave graciously. "Always glad to oblige."

The consultation seemed about to end, but even at the door of the little room Dave paused to acquaint them with other interesting facts about life. He informed them that we are all brothers of the earth, being composed of carbon and a few other elements, and grow from it as do the trees; that we are but supervegetables.

He further instructed them as to the constitution of a balanced diet—protein for building, starches or sugar for energy, and fats for heating and also for their vitamine content.

The Whipples, it is to be feared, were now inattentive. They appeared to listen, but they were merely surveying with acute interest the now revealed lower half of Dave Cowan.

The trousers were frayed, the shoes were but wraiths of shoes. The speaker, quite unconscious of this scrutiny, concluded by returning briefly to the problems of human association:

"We'll have socialism when every man is like every other man. So far Nature hasn't made even two alike. Anyway, most of us got the third eye of wisdom too wide open to take any stock in it. We may like it when we read it in a book, but we wouldn't submit to it. We're too inquiring. If a god leaned out of a cloud of fire and spoke to us to-day we'd put the spectroscope on his cloud, get a moving picture of him and take his voice on a phonograph record; and we wouldn't believe him if he talked against experience."

Dave surveyed the obscure small-towners with a last tolerant smile and withdrew.

"My!" said Gideon, which for him was strong speech.

"Talks like an atheist," said Sharon.

"Mustn't judge him harshly," warned Harvey D.

II

SO IT came that Merle Dalton Whipple, born Cowan, was rather peremptorily summoned to meet these older Whipples at another conference. It was politely termed a conference by Harvey D., though Sharon warmly urged a simpler description of the meeting, declaring that Merle should be told he was to come home and behave himself. Harvey D. and Gideon, however, agreed upon the more tactful summons. They discussed, indeed, the propriety of

(Continued on Page 67)

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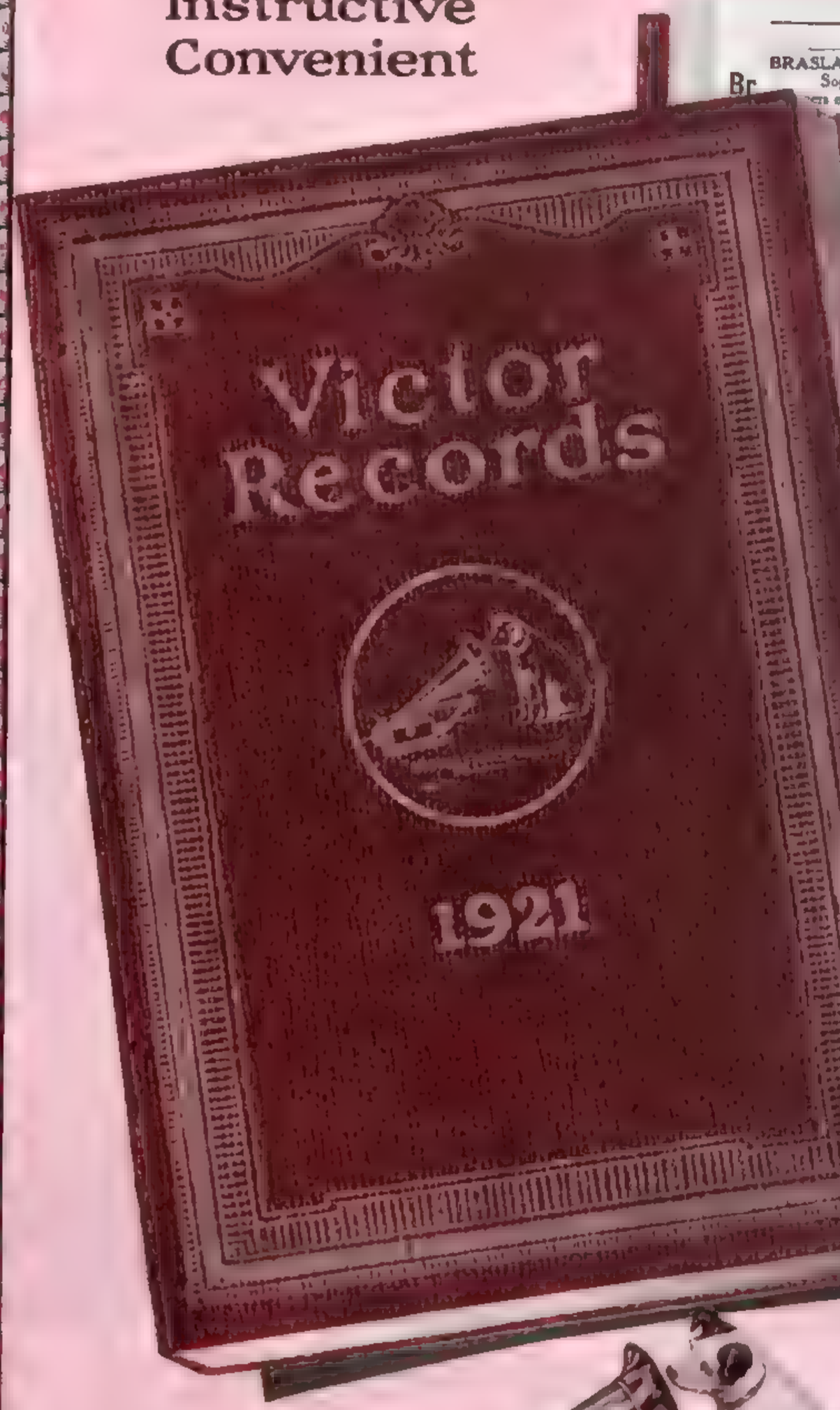

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Aunt Jemima *Bids Goodbye* to the Old Plantation

"Farewell! a word that must be, and hath been—
A sound which makes us linger; yet—farewell!"

What memories clustered 'round that cabin!
Her first railroad trip—
The big mill in the North—
that smiling face on the package

AUNT JEMIMA turned. Through tear-dimmed eyes she saw what she was never to see again—her little cabin home.

A thousand memories flashed across her mind. How happy she had been on that old Louisiana plantation! How kind, how noble, had been her "massa," Colonel Higbee!

She thought of the morning she first took her mother's place in the big kitchen of her master's mansion; of his unconcealed pride in her as she grew into fame through her skill as a cook.

Then, crowding out these bright memories, came those of the war—sad memories of the Colonel's going; of the manse so desolate, long crumbled in ruin.

And she saw herself again—left alone with just her pickaninnies and a sheltering place, that sturdy little cabin.

Now some twenty years had flown. She had raised her little family and it, too, had gone. Aunt Jemima was quite alone.

But you remember, perhaps, that she had sold to a big milling company in the North the pancake recipe that had made her famous, the recipe that no other mammy cook could equal.

Well, this was the day when she should carry out that stipulation of the sale which required her going to the mills and overseeing the preparation of a pancake flour to be made from her recipe and sold in a ready-mixed form.

Grieved though she must have been to bid that last goodbye, she was happy, too. A new opportunity of service was open to her. If from her recipe a ready-prepared flour could be made, thousands then could enjoy her pancakes as the Colonel's guests had done.

And she had never been in the North; she had never ridden on a train—a world of new experiences lay before her.

IT was a rather dazed old mammy who stepped off the train at St. Joseph, Missouri. Everything was new to her; everything was different, so much different.

But friends, she found, were there to greet her—and she smiled that wonderful smile of hers, smiled herself deep into their affections.

Soon settled in her new home, soon rested in its comforts, she took up her work at the mills.

Months of testing and trying followed—months of hard and patient work. It seemed that the hoped-for results just would not come. Day after day Aunt Jemima tested the flour the millers made, time after time they found it below the standard they had set. It didn't make *Aunt Jemima's* pancakes.

But was it to be wondered at? A way had to be found to mix by machinery the ingredients of Aunt Jemima's pancake batter, to mix them exactly according to her recipe! Equipment had to be *built;* it couldn't be bought. No one had ever made such a pancake flour before.

At last the way was found. To the flour that the huge machines had mixed, Aunt Jemima added simply milk, and the pancakes she made were just like the ones she had served to Colonel Higbee and his guests down on the old plantation—as tender, as golden-brown—with the same richness and the same fine flavor!

They put them side by side—pancakes that Aunt Jemima mixed, pancakes that the milling machines mixed. No one could see or taste a difference between them. There was no difference!

Then the flour was put out in packaged form—in packages with Aunt Jemima's picture on them.

HOW proud she must have been! How happy! Now everybody could have her pancakes, and all they had to do was to add milk to that flour and bake them! Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour sprang instantly into favor.

Today, even the milk is in that flour! Baking powder is in it! It's so rich it needs no eggs! You simply stir in *water* and your batter's ready—before the griddle's hot! The breakfast problem is merely one of having the coffee done in time.

Today Aunt Jemima breakfasts are regular in millions of homes. They're so economical; they're so easy to get; they're so wonderfully satisfying and good.

Are *you* having them? Aunt Jemima left the old plantation so that you might.

Try Aunt Jemima *Buckwheat* Flour, too. It's ready-mixed. And it makes just enough variation of your Aunt Jemima breakfasts. You say you don't care for buckwheat cakes? You've never had Aunt Jemima's on a blustery winter morning, have you?

Jolly Rag Dolls for the children

See special offer on top of any package of Aunt Jemima Pancake or Aunt Jemima Buckwheat Flour. It tells how to get the funny Aunt Jemima Rag Dolls

"It's in town, Honey!"

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(Continued from Page 62)

admitting Sharon to the conference. Each felt that he might heedlessly offend the young intellectual by putting things with a bluntness for which he had often been conspicuous. Yet they agreed at last that he might be present, for each secretly distrusted his own firmness in the presence of one with so strong an appeal as their boy. They admonished Sharon to be gentle. But each hoped that if the need arose he would cease to be gentle.

Merle obeyed the call, and in the library of the Whipple New Place, where once he had been chosen to bear the name of the house, he listened with shocked amazement while Harvey D., with much worried straightening of pictures, rugs and chairs, told him why Whipple money could no longer meet the monthly deficit of the New Dawn. The most cogent reason that Harvey D. could advance at first was that there were too many Liberty Bonds to be bought.

Merle, with his world-weary gesture, swept the impeding lock from his pale brow and set pained eyes upon his father by adoption. He was unable to believe this monstrous assertion. He stared his incredulity. Harvey D. winced. He felt that he had struck some defenseless child a cruel blow. Gideon shot the second gun in this inhuman warfare.

"My boy, it won't do. Harvey is glossing it a bit when he says the money is needed for bonds. You deserve the truth—we are not going to finance any longer a magazine that is against all our traditions and all our sincerest beliefs."

"Ah, I see," said Merle. His tone was grim. Then he broke into a dry, bitter laugh. "The interests prevail!"

"Looks like it," said Sharon, and he, too, laughed dryly.

"If you would only try to get our point of view," broke in Harvey D. "We feel——"

He was superbly silenced by Merle, who in his best New Dawn manner exposed the real truth. The dollar trembled on its throne, the fat bourgeoisie—he spared a withering glance for Sharon, who was the only fat Whipple in the world—would resort to brutal force to silence those who saw the truth and were brave enough to speak it out.

"It's the age-old story," he went on, again sweeping the lock of hair from before his flashing glance. "Privilege throttles truth where it can. I should have expected nothing else; I have long known there was no soil here that would nourish our ideals. I couldn't long hope for sympathy from mere exploiters of labor. But the die is cast. God helping me, I must follow the light."

The last was purely rhetorical, for no one on the staff of the New Dawn believed that God helped anyone. Indeed, it was rather felt that God was on the side of privilege. But the speaker glowed as he achieved his period.

"If you would only try to get our point of view," again suggested Harvey D., as he straightened the Reading From Homer.

"I cannot turn aside."

"Meaning?" inquired Sharon Whipple.

"Meaning that we cannot accept another dollar of tainted money for our great work," said Merle crisply.

"Oh," said Sharon, "but that's what your pa just told you! You accepted it till he shut off on you."

"Against my better judgment and with many misgivings," returned the apostle of light. "Now we can go to the bitter end with no false sense of obligation."

"But your magazine will have to stop, I fear," interposed Gideon gently.

Merle smiled wanly, shaking his head the while as one who contradicts from superior knowledge.

"You little know us," he retorted when the full effect of the silent, head-shaking smile had been had. "The people are at last roused. Money will pour in upon us. Money is the last detail we need think of. Our movement is solidly grounded. We have at our back"—he glanced defiantly at each of the three Whipples—"an awakened proletariat."

"My!" said Gideon.

"You are out of the current here," explained Merle kindly. "You don't suspect how close we are to revolution. Yet that glorious rising of our comrades in Russia might have warned you. But your class, of course, never is warned."

"Dear me!" broke in Harvey D. "You don't mean to say that conditions are as bad here as they were in Russia?"

"Worse—a thousand times worse," replied Merle. "We have here an autocracy more hateful, more hideous in its injustices, than ever the Romanoffs dreamed of. And how much longer do you think these serfs of ours will suffer it? I tell you they are roused this instant! They await only a word!"

"Are you going to speak it?" demanded Sharon.

"Now, now!" soothed Harvey D. as Merle turned heatedly upon Sharon, who thus escaped blasting.

"I am not here to be baited," protested Merle.

"Of course not, my boy," said the distressed Harvey D.

Merle faced the latter.

"I need not say that this decision of yours—this abrupt withdrawal of your coöperation—must make a profound difference in our relations. I feel the cause too deeply for it to be otherwise. You understand?"

"He's casting you off," said Sharon, "like the other one said he would."

"Ssh!" It was Gideon.

"I shall stay no longer to listen to mere buffoonery," and for the last time that night Merle swept back the ever-falling lock. He paused at the door. "The old spirit of intolerance," he said. "You are the sort who wouldn't accept truth in France in 1789, or in Russia the other day." And so he left them.

"My!" exclaimed Gideon forcefully.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Harvey D.

"Shucks!" exclaimed Sharon.

"But the boy is goaded to desperation!" protested Harvey D.

"Listen!" urged Sharon. "Remember what his own father said! He's only half goaded. The other half is showing off—to himself and us. That man knew his own flesh and blood. And listen again! You sit tight, if you want to get him back to reason!"

"Brother, I think you're right," said Gideon.

"Dear me!" said Harvey D. He straightened an etched cathedral, and then with a brush from the hearth swept cigar ashes deeper into the rug about the chair of Sharon. "Dear me!" he sighed again.

III

EARLY the following morning Merle Whipple halted before the show window of Newbern's chief establishment purveying ready-made clothing for men. He was about to undergo a novel experience and one that would have profoundly shocked his New York tailors. There were suits in the window, fitted to forms with glove-like accuracy.

He studied these disapprovingly, then entered the shop.

"I want," he told the salesman, "something in a rough, coarse, common-looking suit—something such as a day laborer might wear."

The salesman was momentarily puzzled, yet seemed to see light.

"Yes, sir—right this way, sir," and he led his customer back between the lines of tables piled high with garments. He halted and spanned the chest of the customer with a tape measure. From halfway down a stack of coats he pulled one of the proper size.

"Here's a snappy thing, sir, fitted in at the back—belted—cuffs on the trousers, neat check——"

But the customer waved it aside impatiently.

"No, no! I want something common—coarse cloth, roughly made, no style; it mustn't fit too well."

The salesman deliberated sympathetically.

"Ah, I see—masquerade, sir?"

The customer again manifested impatience.

"No, no! A suit such as a day laborer might wear—a factory worker, one of the poorer class."

The salesman heightened his manifestation of sympathy.

"Well, sir"—he deliberated, tapping his brow with a pencil, scanning the long line of garments—"I'm afraid we're not stocked with what you wish. Best go to a costumer, sir, and rent one for the night perhaps."

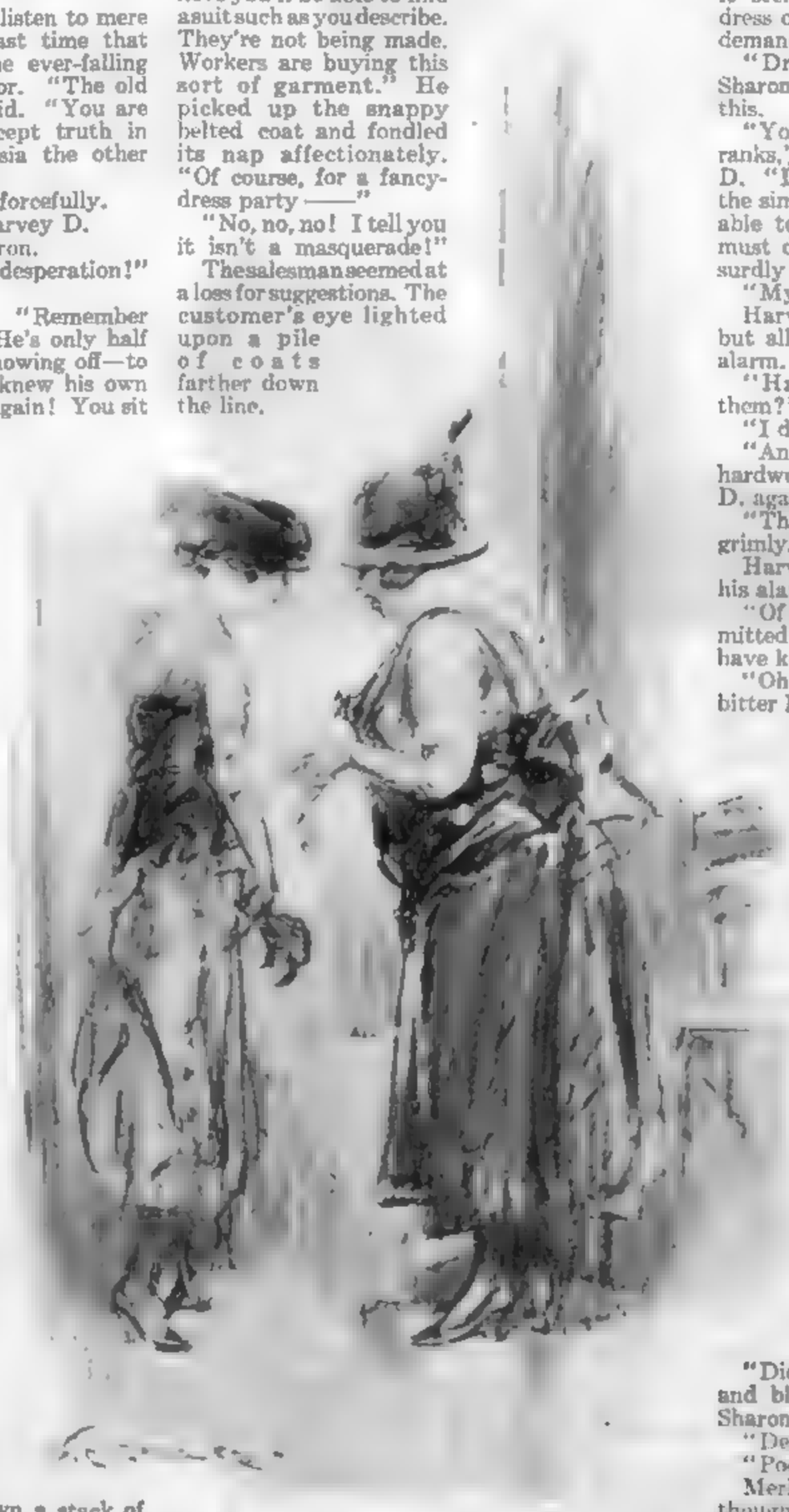
The customer firmly pushed back a pendent lock of hair and became impressive.

"I tell you it is not for a masquerade or any foolishness of that sort. I wish a plain, roughly made, common-looking suit of clothes, not too well fitting—the sort of things working people wear, don't you understand?"

"But certainly, sir; I understand perfectly. This coat here is what the working people are buying; sold a dozen suits myself this week to some of the mill workers—very natty, sir, and only sixty-five dollars. If you'll look closely at the workers about town you'll see the same suits—right dressy, you'll notice. I'm afraid the other sort of thing has gone a little out of style; in fact, I don't believe you'll be able to find a suit such as you describe. They're not being made. Workers are buying this sort of garment." He picked up the snappy belted coat and fondled its nap affectionately. "Of course, for a fancy-dress party——"

"No, no, no! I tell you it isn't a masquerade!"

The salesman seemed at a loss for suggestions. The customer's eye lighted upon a pile of coats farther down the line.



"Surely, My Dear, You Who are So Free and Independent are Not Thinking of Marriage?"

"What are those?"

"Those? Corduroy, sir. Splendid garments—suitable for the woods, camping, hunting, fishing. We're well stocked with hunting equipment. Will you look at them?"

"I suppose so," said the customer desperately.

IV

LATE that afternoon the three older Whipples, on the piazza of the Whipple New Place, painfully discussed the scene of the previous evening. It was felt by two of them that some tragic event impended. Sharon alone was cheerful. From time to time he admonished the other two to sit tight.

"He'll tell you you ain't any longer a father of his, or a grandfather either, but sit tight!"

He had said this when Merle appeared before them as a car drew up to the door. There was an immediate sensation from which even Sharon was not immune. For Merle was garbed in corduroy, and the bagging trousers were stuffed into the tops of heavy, high-laced boots. The coat was belted but loose fitting. The exposed shirt was of brown flannel, and the gray felt hat was low-crowned and broad of brim. The hat was firmly set on the wearer's head, and about his neck was a bold wreath of color—a knotted handkerchief of flaming scarlet.

The three men stared at him in silent stupefaction. He seemed about to pass them on his way to the waiting car, but then paused and confronted them, his head back.

He laughed his bitter laugh. "Does it seem strange to see me in the dress of a common workingman?" he demanded.

"Dress of a what?" demanded Sharon Whipple. The other ignored this.

"You have consigned me to the ranks," he continued, chiefly to Harvey D. "I must work with my hands for the simple fare that my comrades are able to gain with their own toil. I must dress as one of them. It's absurdly simple."

"My!" exclaimed Gideon.

Harvey D. was suffering profoundly, but all at once his eyes flashed with alarm.

"Haven't those boots nails in them?" he suddenly demanded.

"I dare say they have."

"And you've been going across the hardwood floors?" demanded Harvey D. again.

"This is too absurd!" said Merle grimly.

Harvey D. hesitated, then smiled, his alarm vanishing.

"Of course I was absurd," he admitted contritely. "I know you must have kept on the rugs."

"Oh, oh!" Again came the dry, bitter laugh of Merle.

"Say," broke in Sharon, "you want to take a good long look at the next workingman you see."

Merle swept him with a glance of scorn. He stepped into the waiting car.

"I could no longer brook this spirit of intolerance, but I'm taking nothing except the clothes I'm wearing," he reminded Harvey D. "I go to my comrades barehanded." He adjusted the knot of crimson at his white throat. "But they will not be barehanded long, remember that!"

Nathan Marwick started the car along the driveway. Merle was seen to order a halt.

"Of course, for a time, at least, I shall keep the New York apartment. My address will be the same."

The car went on.

"Did that father know his own flesh and blood—I ask you?" demanded Sharon.

"Dear me!" sighed Harvey D.

"Poor young thing!" said Gideon.

Merle, on his way to the train, thought of his hat. He had not been able to feel confidence in that hat. There was a trimness about it, an assertive glamour, an air of success, that should not stamp one of the oppressed. He had gone to the purchase of it with vague notions that a laboring man, at least while actually laboring, wears a square cap of paper which he has made himself. So he was crowned in all cartoons. But, of course, this paper thing would not do for street wear, and the hat he now wore was the least wealth-suggesting he had been able to find. He now decided that a cap would be better. He seemed to remember that the toiling masses wore a lot of caps.

TO BE CONTINUED

Style and long service

Why wear rubbers that look big and clumsy? Why buy those that split or wear through quickly at the heel?

Top Notch rubbers for men and women overcome these two great objections. They are exceptionally stylish, light and fine fitting. They have heels of patented construction—heels that wear twice as long as the heels of ordinary rubbers. The finest rubber is used in their construction and every vital point of wear is doubly protected.

In almost every city and town there is a Top Notch dealer who sells these durable, stylish Top Notch rubbers and arctics, as well as long-lasting rubber boots. Write today for the name of the Top Notch dealer in your city and for our booklet of rubber footwear.

BEACON FALLS RUBBER SHOE COMPANY
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TOP NOTCH
BEACON FALLS
RUBBER FOOTWEAR

Small-Town Stuff

By ROBERT QUILLEN

Fear

A COWARD is not one who is afraid, but one who does not conquer fear. All living creatures are afraid. Fear is as natural and as unavoidable as hunger, love, anger. To fear is normal. The man who fears nothing lives only in storybooks.

Many men in many ages have said that fear is ignorance. This is not wholly true. The child fears the dark and the traveler fears the jungle because ignorance cannot calm an imagination determined to people the world with terrors. But the burned child fears the fire because of knowledge, and men learn prudence—which is the polite name for fear—by experience that leaves them bruised and sore.

Ignorance and imagination inspire many fears, but knowledge dearly bought inspires more

Fear is explained by the expectation of defeat or hurt. If one is confident of superior strength and prowess he does not fear an adversary. The cat does not fear the mouse. The absence of fear is but confidence in victory. It is but recognition of the fact of superior strength.

In the World War fear kept stride with men of all nations. Fear at times clutched their hearts and turned their thews to jelly. Yet they did the thing they were required to do, outfaced fear and won their decorations for gallantry. These were not cowards. They were normal men gathered from the ends of the earth—neither better nor worse than the average of the human breed. Acquaintance with horrors taught them fear, and imagination pictured death in each shell that shrieked overhead.

The drunken man fears nothing because his mind is drugged. The man crazed by anger fears nothing because his mind no longer functions. Fear requires some measure of intelligence.

A man will tread upon a worm, and leap aside when a snake appears in his path. Is he then a craven? Rather his fear does credit to his intelligence. One who is frail and weak may without dishonor avoid contact with a bully. Or when one weak and frail carries a lethal weapon a strong man may without dishonor watch his step and avoid conflict.

Youth fears the name of coward. It risks its neck in an effort to give the lie to its trembling knees. It ventures much, yet seldom without fear. The fear of public opinion drives it to do the things it would gladly leave undone.

One who is given to introspection is prone to magnify his faults and make much of his deficiencies. Because he knows fear he imagines himself a coward. He hides the fact of his fear to avoid the scorn of his fellows. He feels inferior. This, indeed, is ignorance. For he and his fellows are cast in the same mold, and the fears he feels are known to them, and by them as carefully hidden.

It frequently happens that one finds himself in an unequal contest. He is conscious of impotence. Here, then, is test of courage. A reasonable fear weakens him in every fiber, and only pride impels him to face the struggle. His adversary, inspired by a reasonable confidence, finds in the assurance of victory added weight for his blows. Victory is his before the contest begins.

At other times one enters a contest without knowledge of his adversary's strength. Here is no test of courage, but rather a test of intelligence. The adversary's scowling visage and drawn weapon inspire a feeling of terror. There is a temptation to take to one's heels. But wait. The adversary is but oneself on the other side of the arena. He also sees a scowling visage and a drawn weapon. He also feels an urge to be gone. Take courage from the knowledge of his fear and give him a reason for prudence, so that hereafter he need not depend upon imagination for dread of your prowess.

One cannot avoid fear if he has the wit to understand danger. Yet when fear would master him he may take counsel of his intelligence and either find grace to reprove his affrighted imagination or, if the danger is real, reflect that he himself is a formidable adversary, to be given a wide berth, and thus gain the confidence necessary to generate force for a respectable blow.

Take little thought of your fears. You are no coward. Every man born of woman is such as you are. If your fellows have won your respect by a show of valor in spite of their fears you may win their respect and your own in like manner. Fear is itself a coward and may be whipped to heel.

Hair

HAIR is factory equipment of the *genus homo*, designed to serve as a bonnet or hat. It is fastened at one end. Common male men wear it cut short, and the feminine kind of women wear it long. Men of the highbrow type who feel the need of scenery to advertise the possession of brains wear it long enough to oil the coat collar. This style is frequently affected by reformers, verse makers, artists and peddlers of patent medicines, and is accepted as proof that the wearer is entitled to a prefixed Hon. or Prof. Estimable ladies who have never forgiven Nature for wishing the feminine sex on them wear their hair short.

Hair comes in a variety of colors. If it is too dark to be called brown, it is called black. Other standard colors are red, auburn and golden. Red varies from the shade of an anæmic brick to the flaming scarlet affected by an outraged gobbler. As a rule, it indicates a nimble wit and the advisability of avoiding personal encounter with the wearer. The word "auburn" is used to designate a dark shade of red or a desire to show courtesy to one who possesses red hair and doesn't appreciate it. Golden hair is found in storybooks, musical-comedy choruses and corner drug stores.

As male persons advance in years, the hair occupying their highest altitude falls by the wayside, leaving a drear expanse of shining surface closely resembling the cue ball. This condition is technically known as baldness. The first appearance of the phenomenon causes deep depression and a peculiar mental condition that manifests itself as faith in the cheerful promises of baldheaded barbers. The victim massages and annoys his scalp in a frantic effort to conjure back his departed glory, but his efforts are futile. Departed hair is beyond the reach of anything less puissant than a ouija board. If he is a philosopher he will resign himself to fate and refuse to be irritated by the cautious sarcasm of barbers. If he is not a philosopher he will encourage the hair rooted above his ears and drape it carefully over the dome, or buy a toupee. The toupee should not be confused with the closed car known as a coupé. It is not a vehicle, though in lands addicted to Bolshevism and similar weird doctrines it is frequently a little buggy.

The gentler sex is not subject to baldness. This exemption may be due to the practice of going bareheaded, or it may be the result of Nature's provision for an earlier day when woman's hair needed to be deep rooted and strong in order to provide a suitable handle when her savage spouse desired to mop the floor with her. When one of the gentler sex discovers that her hair is combing out in alarming quantities she does not despair. She can save the combings and have them fashioned into an auxiliary braid, or if she has no acquaintance with thrift she can buy a switch that has previously been combed from the head or heads of a party or parties unknown. In either case, when she has answered reveille and finished the morning assembly no mere man will suspect that the greater part of her coiffure spent the night on a dresser.

This exemption from baldness is not the only particular in which hair shows a disposition to favor the gentler sex. As a male person learns to maneuver his hands and feet and control his Adam's apple in the presence of ladies, there appears on his lip and chin a fuzz that later, by reason of opposition and adversity, assumes the nature of bristles. These bristles must be pruned daily if one would hold his job and avoid the police court, and the pruning operation is an excellent test of hardihood.

There are pretty little males, otherwise fully grown, who have no hair on the front part of their faces, but these usually marry vigorous and generously proportioned ladies who have mustaches of their own, and this arrangement maintains the family average.

This is a typical page from the manual issued by the Laundryowners National Association to supplies to modern laundries—it sets forth specific formulas for the washing of every class of goods. Here, also, is the formula of the rinse.

The Formula of the Rinse—

3.2 Gallons of Water to Every Pound of Clothes

To secure the thorough rinsing result which modern laundries obtain, the home laundress would be required to use a barrel of rainwater for every tub of clothes.

"Rinsin'? Lan' sakes, nothin' to that. I jess jounces 'em up and down a couple times, that's my method"—said one of the South's colored "Mammies" to an inquisitive interviewer.

Nevertheless, we know nowadays that real rinsing requires something more than "a dab up and down," for only through proper rinsing can sunshiny sweetness in clothes be secured.

But what is *proper* rinsing, and how much is enough? Some people will recommend one thing; some another—but ask a *professional* laundryman and this is what he will tell you:

In washing, soap dissolves in the water—the cleansing fats which it contains are carried into the innermost pores of the fabric. After the soap has done its work, all of it must be rinsed out. If any is left it will do what any fat will do—it will "sour" and the clothes will sour.

Wringing, and a single plunge in the water are insufficient for *complete* rinsing—only thorough, methodical sousing in pure, soft water will suffice.

Your table linen, bed linen, and other white pieces are rinsed at least five times in modern laundries—each time in fresh, clear water that is changed before every rinse. For every pound of flat work and apparel of this class, an average of 3.2 gallons is used.

This means that for the rinsing of what in the home would make less than a tubful of clothes, a barrel of water is employed in the modern laundry.

For colored shirts the modern laundryman's formula calls for four rinses; for colored hose, three—for everything you send in your family bundle there is a definite, purifying rinsing schedule. Exactly the amount of pure, soft water is used that will impart to all your things that sweetness in every pore which is so refreshing to the body, and so necessary for real comfort and robust health.

It is this exactness—this fineness in every process—which makes modern laundering saving of fabrics, and economical for housewives.

You can secure this service from any of the modern laundries in your city. Try it. Send your bundle to a modern laundry.

THE AMERICAN LAUNDRY MACHINERY COMPANY
Executive Offices: Cincinnati

WINNIE O'WYNN AND THE SILENT PLAYER

(Continued from Page 15)

"Well, well, I will do it. I feel, after our talk, that you will keep the post for that length of time quite easily."

He counted out a hundred and thirty pounds with an air of some melancholy and handed the money to the girl.

"There you are, then. Forgive me if I suggest that you take care of all that money. Put it in the bank, my dear Miss O'Wynn. You may not know it, but there are men in this city who would not hesitate to rob you of that if they could."

"Oh, how wicked!" cried Winnie.

Mr. Slite then arranged to call for her on the following morning and personally to escort her to Bradburn Manor and, having thanked both men with a very pretty air of profound and even slightly excited gratitude, Winnie went—bankward.

"Will you please let them put this money with my other money?" she purred to the cashier in a voice that penetrated through all the layers of horn and thick armorlike callosities which his work had built up round his heart clear down to his inmost being. He smiled at the lovely face that had blossomed so suddenly before him.

"Why, of course, Miss O'Wynn!"

"Thank you so much. You are so kind."

One of the rosebuds she was wearing broke off and fell on the counter.

She pushed it across with a delicious, faint flush.

"Would you like it?" she said. "It's for being kind to a little girl who doesn't understand very well about money matters."

He took it—almost simpering—and slipped it in his buttonhole.

After all, he needn't wear it home—where, if his wife did not notice it, one of his six children certainly would. Winnie had made another friend for life.

She spent the greater part of the afternoon in her kimono, thinking things over.

"Well, it is perfectly clear that Mr. Jay and Mr. Slite need me very badly," she mused gayly, "or they would never have agreed to pay so well and so heavily in advance. They are such wolves and so clever. I'm sure they mean to take some advantage of me."

She worked over the interview step by step, and finally arrived at the conclusion that as the wolves were willing to pay her heavily in excess of the market rates for readers, then they needed her in preference to anyone else.

"That is because I am so ingenuous," she said.

But she was to refrain from discussing her past or her parents.

"That is obviously because they do not wish Mr. Bradburn to know who I am, which may mean that they want him to believe me somebody I am not," she told herself rather intricately.

"And they are in a very great hurry," she noted further. "So, to sum up, here is the position: Two wolves are in very urgent need of a nice, demure, ingenuous girl to read to a very rich business man in failing health. They seem to desire him to believe that she is a certain person. What person? And why?" She knitted her pretty brows, then relaxed them. She had her problem, but without further knowledge it was impossible to solve it. She decided to wait.

II

THERE was nothing about the approach to Bradburn Manor which indicated that Mr. Bradburn was other than a very wealthy man indeed. The wonderful antique, wrought-iron gates, the long avenue of vast oaks, the huge, cattle-dotted park, the lake, the great gardens and finally the mansion, a perfect specimen of Jacobean architecture, all had their message for Winnie. It was not deep, nor was it subtle—just a simple, sound, sterling, genuinely hall-marked, milled-edge message which said to her: "Come along, my dear, come along. Here, and not elsewhere, are waiting the bonny little brides for those gay little soldiers of your battalion in the bank. Come right along and meet them!"

She did not linger. With the cold-eyed Mr. Slite she entered the big house, and there was introduced to a thinnish gentleman, who, though all his features were good, was absolutely expressionless. This was Alexander Boyde, confidential secretary to Mr. Bradburn. He and Slite greeted each other quietly, but like old friends—old friends with a mutual understanding, Winnie fancied, and card-indexed the fancy for future consideration. Mr. Boyde advanced a welcome, and Winnie, switching on her full voltage of wireless charm, cooed civilities back to him. A certain faint interest dawned in the lidless gaze of Mr. Boyde.

"You would like to go to your room, I expect," he said then. "Your things are already there, and your maid ——"

Winnie's wide blue eyes dropped swiftly. "Your maid"—card-indexed, heavily underlined and with a great big black question mark next to it.

"Thank you. That is so thoughtful—kind," she murmured, and shook hands with Mr. Slite.

"Your Engagement is Terminated, Miss O'Wynn," He Whispered in Such Urgent Haste That It Had Almost a Touch of Fury

Boyde moved to touch the bell, and Mr. Slite bent toward her.

"You are going to make a great hit here, child," he whispered, a quiver of excitement in his low voice. "Boyde thinks you will suit Mr. Bradburn grandly. Tell me, how are you off for clothes? Have you plenty?

"Can you be smart always? You must be, you understand."

"I have one nice frock and two that I can patch up somehow. I will try, though they are so shabby and dowdy."

"Tchk! Tchk!" went Mr. Slite softly, and crammed a big wad of notes into her hand. "Here, take this! It's for expenses. Dress yourself well—well, you understand. Quiet, ladylike, demure, but well. Do you see? Well, mind!"

"Very well," said Winnie submissively.

Boyde turned to the footman, who answered his ring, with instructions that the housekeeper be required to show Miss O'Wynn to her rooms, and this was done. She was a dear old lady—Mrs. Beaton, these many years housekeeper to Mr. Bradburn, and she took Winnie under an ample wing at once. "You're tired, child, my dear," she said, smiling at the girl. "You would like your lunch. I will have it sent up to you when I have made you comfortable."

They went out together. Mr. Slite, with a tinge of apology in his voice, called her back.

"Oh, pardon me, Miss O'Wynn—one moment!" He steered her out of earshot and whispered: "Remember, my dear girl—nothing about your past or your parents, and when you receive a telegram from me, 'Return at once,' act on it instantly. Tell no one—not even Mr. Bradburn—you are going. That is all provided for. Do you understand?"

"Oh, yes, perfectly, Mr. Slite!"

"That's fine—fine! Good-by."

Winnie spent twenty-four hours in Bradburn Manor before she met her employer, but during that time her wits put in a forty-eight-hour shift. She perceived that Mr. Alexander Boyde appeared to be very much the grand vizier of the establishment; and further, that he evidently desired her to be treated rather more like an honored and distinguished guest than a nice but unimportant little girl hired to read to Mr. Bradburn.

She rode with Boyde in the morning, and listened carefully to the advice and information he gave her as to Mr. Bradburn's tastes and fancies. It occurred to her that, like Messrs. Jay and Slite, he was desperately anxious that she should succeed in pleasing the old millionaire. A few naïve questions soon made it clear to her that Mr. Bradburn was not an unreasonably difficult man to please. She recalled the intuition that had warned her of a possible secret understanding between Boyde and Mr. Slite, and as she did not for a half second imagine that either was anxious for her sake, the obvious solution was that their anxiety was on their own behalf.

"And as daddy would have said if it had occurred to him, one rarely sees men anxious except on account of their children, their health, their wives and their money—most often their money," she told her reflection in the mirror before which she presently changed from riding kit to a demure house frock. She stood regarding herself, holding a wispy silk stocking in her hand.

"It is clearly worth a lot of money to them if I make a good impression on Mr. Bradburn. Why? That is what you have to find out, Winnie mine."

She was still revolving this simple problem in her mind when presently she was presented to Mr. Cairns Bradburn, who was lying upon a couch in his big, comfortable study.

"The lady I have engaged to read to you, sir—Miss O'Wynn," said Mr. Boyde.

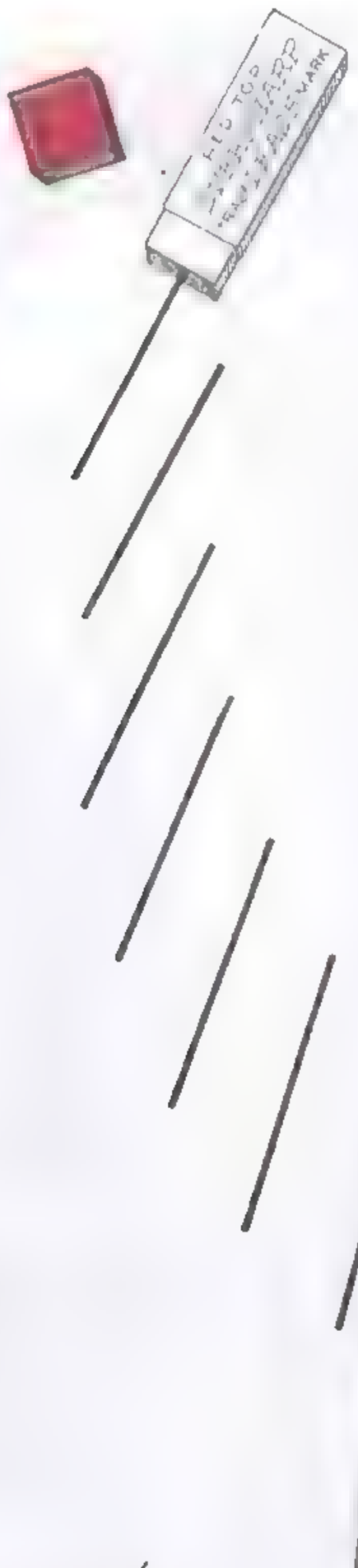
Winnie found herself looking into a pair of gray eyes from which increasing years and ill health as yet had been powerless to delete the keenness.

As she took in the worn face she realized that Mr. Bradburn was a handsome old man, and if not one who was prone to overleniency nevertheless a just and reasonable man. But it was evident that he was ill—even clear that he had fought his last big fight in the world of business and finance.

She felt sorry for him. Winnie admired ability more than anything else in the world, and a child could have seen that here was an able man. With his thick, rather long gray hair, his short gray beard, his square, competent face, he was rather like an old lion enfeebled—with a ring of hungry wolves closing in upon him. Perhaps her real sympathy showed in her deep blue eyes, or upon her face. At any rate the old man's eyes softened as he looked at the trim, quiet little gray figure standing so demurely before him. He welcomed her, asked a few little questions about her comfort, wanted to know if she had had any exercise that morning, and finally indicated a volume lying upon a table near his couch.

"Do you think you are man enough to read through Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, Miss O'Wynn?" he asked. "In my very young days my opportunities for reading this monumental work were limited, but now I have time and to spare. I am very interested in what Gibbon has to say about that great ruin. He uses very sound arguments. He was a very wonderful mind. I look round me and I see other empires making the same terrible mistakes, heading along the same fatal path, so surely and swiftly that one might almost believe they were deliberately modeling themselves upon ancient Rome. I am

(Continued on Page 74)



Eversharp Leads

The Name Is on the Box with the Red Top

YOUR Eversharp Pencil will never clog or jam or scratch if you are always careful to use genuine Eversharp Leads. These leads are easily recognized because they are sold in a little red-topped box. *Here is the box . . .* Be sure the leads you buy are in a like container. Just as bullets are scientifically gauged to fit a gun barrel, so are Eversharp Leads calibrated exactly to the unvarying size of the loading barrel and rifled tip of the Eversharp Pencil. Their writing quality is as uniform as their size. The red-topped box carries twelve Eversharp Leads, enough to last for many months. They are made in indelible and in standard black, the latter in varying degrees of hardness. Sold by Eversharp dealers everywhere.

THE WAHL COMPANY, Chicago

Western Representatives: Bert M. Morris Co., San Francisco

A close-up photograph of one of the big Goodyear Cord Tires which equip trucks of the Remington Typewriter Company that haul in New York State between Syracuse, Ilion and New York City, and also go as far as Bridgeport, Connecticut

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GOODYEAR

Continuous, Safe, Punctual Hauling on Pneumatics

"The Remington Typewriter Company hauls on pneumatics (Goodyear Cord Tires) because it gets much more hauling done on them in a day, or a month, or a year. In May, 1919, we began an intended six months' comparison, but after 25 days of observation, the results were so decisively in favor of pneumatics that we stopped the test and adopted them for most of our local work and all of our long-distance work. Their record on a 3½-ton truck showed, by comparison, an increase in truck mileage of 195%, and the following reductions—repair and maintenance cost, 99%; labor cost, 70%; operating cost, per mile, 43%. The big Goodyear Cord Tires have delivered mileages up to 17,000."—Leonard Rayburn, Purchasing Agent, Remington Typewriter Company, Syracuse and Ilion, N. Y.

THE sturdy motor express hurrying over large stretches of country, in many ways confirms experience like this when it travels on Goodyear Cord Tires.

The spick-and-span mercantile delivery fleet so shod and serving a city and its environs, similarly demonstrates the value of pneumatic traction, cushioning and spryness.

The scheduled bus, the bulky highway freighter, the business transport with fragile cargo and the emergency repair truck, all work to advantage on pneumatics.

For the many variations of both urban and rural duty, the competent Goodyear Cord Tires supply the basic factors of continuous, safe and punctual haulage.

These elements of pneumatic prowess are made most effective by the stamina of Goodyear Cord construction widely expressed, despite hardships, in exceptional mileages.

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Haul on Pneumatics

CORD TIRES

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THIS house, the oldest in the United States, was used by the monks who came to Florida with Pedro Menendez and founded St. Augustine in 1565. In 1919 it was re-roofed by the present owners—The St. Augustine Historical Society and Institute of Science—with Carey Asfaltslate Shingles.

Carey Asfaltslate Shingles were chosen in preference to all other roofings because they are made on an extra heavy felt base, saturated with an unusually large amount of asphalt and covered with an extra heavy body of specially tempered asphalt. The beautiful Indian red color is permanent and never requires painting. The spark-proof slate also protects from spark cinders and all ordinary fire risks.

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CAREY ROOFING PAINTS include Asphalt-Asbestos Fibre Coating for renewing and preserving worn-out wood, metal, and composition roofs. Carbon paint for hot metal surfaces. Noah's Pitch for stopping leaks. Universal coating for creosoting lumber, etc.

CAREY BUILT-UP ROOFINGS include eleven different specifications for permanent Asphalt Felt and Asphalt-Asbestos sheets to be applied in courses and built on the job—one course above another. A roof for every type of building.

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The Philip Carey Company

1 Mills Ave., Lockland, Cincinnati, U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 70)

very much interested in Gibbon. I have reached the part dealing with the exactions of Constantius."

He showed her the place, and the girl began:

"'With the view of sharing that species of wealth which is derived from art or labour, and which exists in money or in merchandise, the emperors imposed a distinct and personal tribute on the trading part of their subjects. Some exemptions, very strictly confined both in time and place, were allowed to the proprietors who disposed of the produce of their own estates. Some indulgence was granted to the profession of the liberal arts; but every other branch of commercial industry was affected by the severity of the law. The honourable merchant of Alexandria who imported the gems and spices of India for the use of the western world; the usurer who derived from the interest of money a silent and ignominious profit; the ingenious manufacturer, the diligent mechanic, and even the most obscure retailer of a sequestered village were obliged to admit the officers of the revenue into the partnership of their gain.'"

Already the old financier was sorrowfully shaking his head at the only too familiar picture conjured up by the soft, rather slow, distinct voice of the girl; but he did not interrupt. She, too, fell quickly under the spell of the great historian, and read on steadily.

It had its charm, that little scene in the big and luxurious study. A long shaft of sunlight dropping through the deep mullioned window caught her beautiful pile of hair so that it looked like spun gold, and her sweet face was hardly less serious and perturbed than that of the old steel master as, together, they lost themselves in mazy politics of ancient Rome:

"'A people elated by pride or soured by discontent is seldom qualified to form a just estimate of their actual situation. The subjects of Constantius were incapable of discerning the decline of genius and manly virtue which so far degraded them below the dignity of their ancestors; but they could feel and lament the rage of tyranny, the relaxation of discipline, and the increase of taxes ——'"

The millionaire moved.

"'The relaxation of discipline and the increase of taxes,'" he repeated. "That will do for to-day, Miss O'Wynn."

He smiled at the girl's look of surprise.

"Too little, eh?" he said. "We shall read much more usually, but to-day's reading was only a test. I don't want to depress you with a long installment on the first day."

"Do you think you will like my reading, Mr. Bradburn?" asked Winnie a little anxiously.

"You read perfectly, child. I look forward to many enjoyable afternoons."

The old financier looked at her with a great kindness in his eyes. She flushed a little, delightfully conscious of a sensation of genuine pleasure. Her quick intuition had almost instantly told her that deep down under the armor of chill, hard reserve which the rich man had been driven to assume by the envious, grasping and rapacious swarms that for years had eddied round his knees, like waves round a lighthouse base, there was a mine of sheer selfless kindliness and good will, and she had been really anxious to please him. She could see by his eyes that he was lonely, with the terrible loneliness of a very rich but childless man, and she knew that he was ill.

"I am so glad you like my reading," she said. "I will do my very best."

"I know, I know!" He looked out at the sunshine.

"Now, Boyde shall play you a game of golf," he said. "There's a course in the park, and some nice people come to play there. You will meet them."

He hesitated a little.

"If you think you would care for a lonely meal with an old man I should like you to dine with me to-night. It will not be very amusing."

"I have not come here to be amused, you know," she said simply. "You are the master, I am the reader. But I would like to dine with you."

She saw that he was lonely in the sense that her father had often been lonely during her school days; lonely for lack of a woman about him whom he liked and trusted. She saw a slow light burn in his eyes.

"Thank you, child, thank you," he said quietly. "Now go and play. Tell me if everything is not as you would like it."

She went slowly to her rooms, thinking.

And this was the man upon whose trail that pack of wolves—Jay, Slite and, she suspected, Alexander Boyde—were running with their muzzles to the ground, mute, dangerous, famished for plunder. And they had selected her with the intention of using her in some deeply hidden, subterrene fashion as the decoy. She stopped in the big hall she was crossing, staring absently at a fine oil painting.

"I, too, want money—lots and lots of it," she told herself. "But I wouldn't manipulate it from a man who is ill and yet so kind as Mr. Bradburn. Only a hyena will linger round a dying lion that has often fed him royally. No. He is the only man who has looked at me quite like that since—since poor daddy.

"What is their scheme?"

The soft sound of house slippers crossing a space of oak flooring between the great rugs of the hall caught her ear, and she turned. It was Mrs. Beaton.

"So you are studying the paintings, my dear?" said that comfortable lady, smiling. "Do you think her beautiful?"

Winnie looked again at the portrait. She had not noticed it before. As she looked at the lady on the canvas—quite obviously the work of a master—she was aware of an odd, vague feeling of familiarity with it. She had never seen the portrait or the lady before.

"She is wonderful, of course, Mrs. Beaton, with that unusual hair, and so pale, and those odd almond eyes."

She smiled upon Mrs. Beaton.

"It would be foolish to call her anything but beautiful, only it is a strange and bizarre beauty," she said.

The old housekeeper nodded.

"You see her right, my dear," she told the girl, and dropped her voice: "She was Mrs. Raymond Cleves, his only child."

"Was? Do you mean she is dead?" asked Winnie.

"She is dead, yes. But she was dead to Mr. Bradburn many years ago. They quarreled, and she left home. Neither she nor her child—her daughter—ever returned. Her temper was terrible. It was a tragedy."

Winnie wondered if that tragedy had anything to do with the curious conditions of her engagement.

"I shall come to your room for tea presently, if you will have me, dear Mrs. Beaton," she purred, "and if you like I would love to hear about her."

Mrs. Beaton was only too willing. Winnie gossiped a little, then dutifully found Boyde, played him a quick nine holes, as Mr. Bradburn had wished her to, and then strolled into the town, where she headed at once to the nearest telephone call office and called up a certain youth who used at least fifty per cent of his brains for the purpose of producing quite hopeless dreams exclusively concerned with Winnie—one Mr. Gus Golding, a clerk for Mr. Jay.

"Is that Mr. Golding?" she cooed. "Ah, dear Mr. Golding, I want you to help me with your advice, please. . . . Yes, I knew you would—so kind—always so kind and chivalrous. . . . You are speaking from the office. . . . I was afraid you would be out at tea. . . . Are you alone in the office? How lucky for me. . . . It's only a little thing I wanted your advice about—little to you, but important to me. Do you know—have you ever heard of a lady named Winifred May Cleves? She was the daughter of a Mrs. Raymond Cleves. She might be a client of Mr. Jay or of his friend, Mr. Slite."

It was quite a shot in the dark, but it found the bull. Mr. Golding did know of the lady. He said so—at length and with emphasis. And when, a little later, Winnie sweetly choked him off she had learned several things from the clerk.

Miss Cleves, it seemed, was a friend of Mr. Jay and a client of Mr. Slite. Gus could not conceive why she was friendly to his employer, and he certainly did not understand how she could permit herself to be a client of Mr. Slite. He spoke with similar definiteness about the lady herself. If Miss O'Wynn would picture a lady exactly different in every respect from herself she would achieve an admirable idea of Miss Cleves.

"She's tall like a Maypole," said Mr. Golding, "and slender like a long sword. She's twenty-four years old, a rust-red blonde, with a French chalk complexion

(Continued on Page 77)

A More Delicious Cheese

Sold in a better, cleaner, more sanitary way

The old way

The old, unsanitary way of selling cheese in bulk is going the way of the flour bin, the oatmeal barrel, the cracker case. Here is a better, a more delicious cheese, sold in airtight, sanitary, economical tins.

Buy Kraft Elkhorn Cheese *in tins*, the new and better way to sell cheese. The discovery of the Kraft processes by which cheese can be put up in tins is regarded as one of the most important forward steps in the science of sanitary food distribution. Cheese is, by its nature, one of the most easily contaminated foodstuffs. Sealing it in airtight tins protects its purity and freshness.

A better cheese in tins

Kraft cheese is better because only the choicest grades of thoroughly cured cheese are used.

Food for men who work

The cheese is first tested for flavor, texture and butter fat contents.

The selected cheese is then blended to insure uniform flavor and quality.

The blended cheese is sterilized and packed in parchment-lined tins, sealed airtight and the tin is sterilized in live steam. So prepared, Kraft Elkhorn Cheese *in tins* will keep in any climate, hot or cold, damp or dry.

Kraft cheese *in tins* does not require refrigeration. Served at natural room temperatures it spreads on bread or crackers. If you want to serve it hard, chill the tin before opening it.

Have it on your pantry shelf, always available, always fresh, always delicious. Kraft cheese is always fresh because it is never exposed to the air until you are ready to serve it.

Its quality, flavor and texture never vary. It is always of the same delicious creamy richness.

Cheese is best food

Cheese is one of the greatest foods afforded to mankind. It is a "meat food" and should be eaten in place of meat.

Food for growing children

It has all the nourishing characteristics of meat, the same food values, but in condensed form.

One pound of Kraft cheese is equivalent in nutriment to nearly three pounds of lean beef.

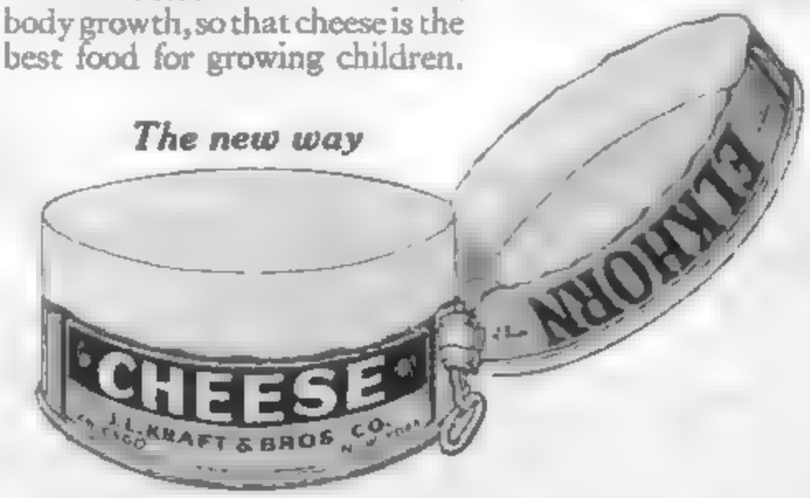
It is the "meat food" of more than a full gallon of whole milk.

As you know, milk is all nourishment but the water, and cheese is milk with the water taken out. Milk contains the mineral elements necessary to the upbuilding of the human body, as well as those elements which generate heat and strength.

Cheese, having all the bone, tissue and muscle building elements, is a splendid food for workers, whether the tasks be mental or physical. It is a high-powered food.

Milk is the only food which contains all the precious vitamines essential to health and body growth, so that cheese is the best food for growing children.

The new way



Give children all the Kraft cheese they want. It will make them big, strong and rosy with health.

Cheese is economical

It is an economical food, costing much less in food values than meat, chicken, eggs, fish or any of the meat foods.

Kraft cheese is wasteless. Not even a rind to remove.

Best for brain workers

Cheese can be cooked in many delicious ways. It is easily and quickly prepared and affords many delightful variants for the home menu. Combined with cereals and such cereal products as macaroni, spaghetti, noodles, corn meal, etc., it is an ideal complete ration.

Added to fresh vegetables, to green salads and to such legumes as peas, beans, lima beans, lentils, Kraft cheese furnishes a food dish of the highest nutritive value.

There is a variety of Kraft cheese to suit every taste.

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Kraft Cheese

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A cheese of creamy richness, a mild and mellow flavor that creates cheese appetites.

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Kraft Cheddar, with the finest Spanish Red Pimentos, which adds zest to a lunch.

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Kraft Cheddar, with Green Chile Peppers—a cheese with a rich "sharp" smack.

Kraft Rarebit
(Prepared) with eggs and seasoning—add milk—stir while heating—serve on buttered toast.

Kraft Camembert
(Cam-em-bare).—A soft, creamy-colored cheese, of spreading consistency, tart flavor.

Kraft Swiss
Made in "Switzerland of America." All the flavor and goodness of the best Swiss cheese.

Kraft Roquefort
Imported Roquefort and Cheddar cheese, blended. Retains the true Roquefort flavor. Does not get strong or rancid.

Kraft Limburger
Most cheese lovers prefer Limburger, but object to its strong odor. Kraft's Limburger has all the tang, pungency and flavor of ordinary Limburger, but the Kraft process minimizes the odor and in tins the odor is never evident. Kraft Limburger is most delicious. Try it, and you'll never go back to bulk Limburger.

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This little book, which we will gladly mail you free on request, tells you many interesting facts about cheese as a food and why Kraft cheese is never binding or indigestible. If you will send 10 cents to cover cost of packing and mailing, we will send you a generous sample tin of Kraft cheese and this book with 50 scores of delicious cheese recipes. Learn how to make cheese cut down the meat bills. Use coupon below.

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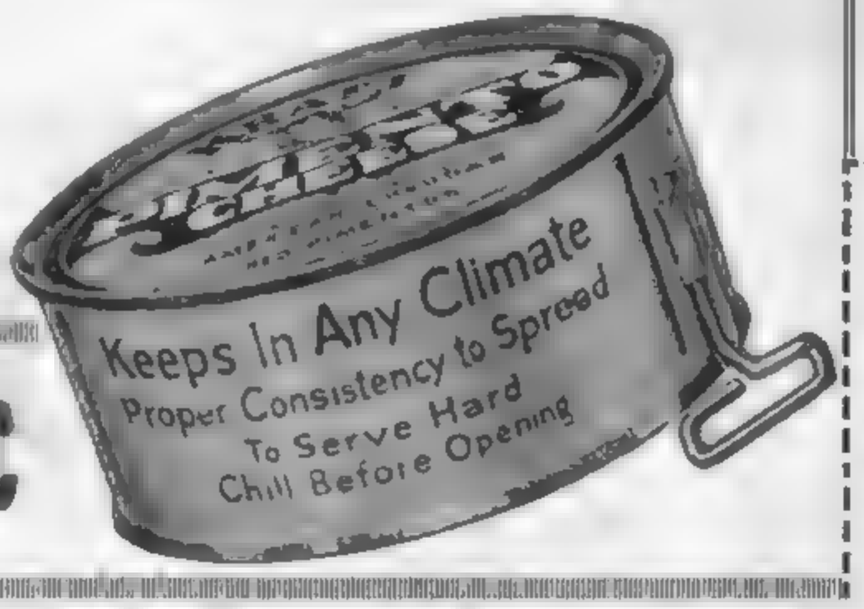

HAUGHTON ELEVATORS

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FOR whatever purpose Haughton Elevators are built, it has always been borne in mind that excess power and strength mean everything in safety, durability and efficient operation.

Many owners are equipping buildings with Haughton Elevators even at a higher initial cost to secure greater efficiency in their elevator service and to lessen the expense of maintenance and repairs.

THE HAUGHTON ELEVATOR & MACHINE CO.

TOLEDO, OHIO

One of the buildings of the Standard Sanitary Manufacturing Company equipped with Haughton Elevators.

New Long Body Company building at Cleveland, equipped with Haughton Elevators.

(Continued from Page 74)

and geranium lips. She's got a Chinese side slant to her eye corners, and her brows are about the same angle as Bernard Shaw's, but there's less of them. Some of the boys call her beautiful. He—Gus Golding—differed. She had a temper that was news to him, and she used it like a Gurkha uses his kukri—handily and frequently. He had heard that even her friends called her the Tiger Cat. She had been on the stage, was a notoriously extravagant spender and had recently married an owner of race horses—groggy ones, quoth Gus with feeling—who had none too good a reputation himself. So she was no longer Miss Cleves, but Mrs. Eustace Tolbar, and he—Gus—wished her joy. In his humble opinion she was a pretty bad lot, like her husband. It was odd that Winnie should be asking about her, he added, as recently she had been several times to the office. She and Mr. Jay and Mr. Slite had some very important private business in hand, he fancied, but nothing of it had ever leaked out into the general office. That was all he could tell her, but it was a great white light to Winnie.

"A rust-red blonde, with a French chalk complexion, geranium lips and almond eyes!" she whispered, smiling at the picturesque description of the gentle Gus.

"Mrs. Eustace Tolbar is the daughter of the lady in the portrait, and granddaughter of Mr. Bradburn."

She learned more over tea in Mrs. Beaton's room. With infinite tact and patience she gathered the history of the lady of the oil painting. She had possessed all the beauty that the oil painting had reproduced, and more. But she had, too, the temper of a wildcat, and was cursed with a heritage of unconquerable passions that had skipped a generation and passed over her mother, Bradburn's wife. A bitter mania for gambling as wild, reasonless and reckless as that of the professional gambler is the reverse; a deliberate and insolent disregard for conventions to which most people are willing for sake of decency to subscribe; a disdainful selfishness so complete and perfected that it set her apart from the average woman in a haughty and defiant isolation which she nevertheless failed to recognize as isolation at all—these, and others, were the defects that, with her elopement with a trusted but treacherous cashier of Mr. Bradburn's works, had estranged her from her father forever. There had never been any attempt at reconciliation by her, and to those of her father she had responded with a contempt so savage and bitter as to indicate almost a disordered mind.

She had died some years before. Even that Mr. Bradburn had learned by sheer chance.

"But what became of the child?" asked Winnie.

"Mr. Bradburn offered several times during the child's infancy to adopt her, but Mrs. Cleves rejected every offer contemptuously. Mr. Bradburn was not a very wealthy man in those days."

"What became of her?"

"Nobody knows. Nobody here—not even her grandfather—has ever seen her. But I have heard that she has defrauded Mr. Bradburn in some cunning way of very large sums. He will not have her mentioned in this house, and I don't think he can be blamed." The old lady shook her head sadly. "I am afraid her mother passed on her wild hatred of Mr. Bradburn to the girl. It is very sad—mother and daughter alike hating him, who is at heart the kindest man. Give me your cup, my dear."

Winnie passed it in silence, too occupied with her thoughts to speak for a moment. For she had now the clew, the very key, to the windings of the labyrinth in the heart of which, busily spinning its web, sat the spider—Jay, Slite, Mrs. Eustace Tolbar; or was it Boyde, the expressionless?

That was what she had to discover.

And she knew how to do so!

III

IT WAS a great week which followed for Winnie. Quietly though the old steel master was living, it was the quietness of a big man, and that is otherwise than the quietness of one who does not matter.

There were dozens of people in and out, coming and going, seen and unseen. Winnie met many of them, made friends with all; among them the doctor, who, after a few days, played a game with her over the nine-hole golf course, confiding presently that Mr. Bradburn's condition of health was such that his faulty heart might miss just one beat too many at almost any moment.

She met also the family solicitor—an important man just then—and he, too, came partly under her spell. But she never got nearer to Boyde. He was ever gentle, quiet, polite, anxious for her comfort; but he lived entirely under a mask, consuming his own smoke.

These and others—urgent-eyed men in responsible positions along the Bradburn chain of enterprises—seemed to her to pass before her watching eyes in a procession, but they meant nothing now. Only Mr. Bradburn mattered to her—he and those silent watchers of whom she alone knew, whom she alone was watching. It was, she realized, a dangerous game, and one which had long since become void of humor. The stakes, she suspected, were gigantic. And she, Winnie O'Wynn, was sitting in that game with a straight flush.

Her excitement sent a wild-rose tint to her face that charmed the old financier as she went in to her reading. They were old friends now, and were perusing with keen interest and, on the whole, approval, the ancient severities of Valentinian.

"You look wonderfully well, child," said Mr. Bradburn. "It suits you here."

She stood by the table, looking at him, much as the mouse may have looked at the lion before the nets fell.

"Oh, yes," she said. "But if you could spare me, please, I want to go to London to-morrow."

He smiled. "Shopping?"

"Partly that, but something else very important too."

"The sweetheart, child?"

"There isn't one, Mr. Bradburn."

He shook his head.

"Where are their eyes? . . . Well, well, I mustn't complain. Some blind man's loss is my gain."

That evening she found a hundred-pound note in an envelope addressed to her and left in her sitting room. With it was a line—"For my little reader to spend to-morrow."

She was enormously pleased.

"The nicest money I have ever had," she said, half laughing, half sighing.

Eleven o'clock next morning found her facing the breezy Mr. Jay and his cold friend, Mr. Slite—*Crotalus horridus*. She was going to test her theories.

"Why, my dear young lady, this is a pleasant surprise—very pleasant," shouted Mr. Jay in a voice like the thunder of wind in a great sail. "You look bonny—bonny."

But Winnie was serious this morning.

"I am not feeling very bonny, Mr. Jay," she said. "Not very happy."

They caught at that very swiftly, even with a touch of alarm.

"What's the matter?" They said it together.

"You see, I have grown to like Mr. Bradburn ——"

"Yes, yes!"

"And I feel—do forgive me—I feel that I can't quite go on as I am at present."

The blue, troubled eyes caught both the real anxiety on the big face of Mr. Jay and the hint of a snarl on the thin, wide lips of Mr Slite.

"But why?"

"You see, I feel somehow that I am sailing under false colors. He often asks about my people, and somehow I want to tell him, for he is so kind. I feel I cannot endure the secrecy—oh, I know it is honorable enough, just as you told me before, but I want to be released from my promise not to tell him about my parents. Please do agree with that. It's only quite a little unimportant matter."

The two men looked at each other. Both shook their heads. Mr. Jay came to the girl, dropped one hand on the back of her chair and spoke very quietly, very persuasively, even paternally.

"Dear little lady, I am sorry—ever so sorry. But it's impossible," he crooned. "Look here—you know me—Jay, old George Jay. We've had business together, and I've treated you as well as I could—fair and square—generous, eh? I'm a tender-hearted old fellow, little Miss Winnie, and I would do it for you if it were possible. But"—his voice changed unconsciously to a harder note—"it's impossible! Quite! Absolutely!"

"Utterly impossible!" said Slite in a curious, low voice.

Winnie's eyes dropped sharply, like a scolded child's.

"Oh!" She fumbled with her bag. "I must pay you back the money, after all," she said sadly.

"Why on earth?" demanded Mr. Jay.

"Please don't be angry with me, only I can't go on—under false colors. I must give up the position."

There was a singular keen silence in that office for a moment. Then Mr. Slite did an odd thing. He stepped nearer the girl and stared into her eyes as no man had stared before, except perhaps Mr. Jay on the occasion when he doubted for a fleeting moment whether such innocence as Winnie's was possible.

But that deadly stare was no more effective than the stabbing of a great blue lake with two daggers. Cleverer men than Crotalus Slite were to try to plumb those serene and tranquil blue depths—and fail. Winnie was more than a match for him, with his friend Mr. Jay thrown in.

"You really mean it?" asked the breezy one, very agitated.

"Oh, I am so sorry, but I must."

They looked at each other again, and moved to the window, where they conversed softly. Winnie could not hear what they were saying, but she knew.

"Buy her. It's her innocence. It's just sheer innocence. We've got to pay for that. She's a freak, but you've got to pay a price for it. She'll leave too soon if you don't—just for a qualm. That's how they are, these innocent ones. I'm telling you—pay! The whole thing is going up in the air if she leaves too soon!"

That was what Mr. Jay was saying in effect, and Winnie knew it.

They came at her again.

"Don't do it, Miss Winnie," said Mr. Jay. "We understand how you are feeling about it, and we admire your feeling. If only we were free to divulge the affairs of our clients we could explain all the silly mystery of it at once. But we can't do that. You must take our word that it is honorable—more, it is almost noble. That's it! You are unconsciously helping to do a noble act by staying on. Now, we don't want you to worry for nothing, and we are going to offer you a—a—little solatium. Nothing much—ten pounds. Just a little gift for trying to help us."

"Oh, how kind you always are to me, Mr. Jay!" said Winnie in distress. "But I cannot do it. No, really I cannot. Not even for ten—no, not even a hundred pounds, though I'm not very well off."

A bead of perspiration started on Mr. Jay's forehead.

"Come, come, be human, my dear!" he implored. "You know—you know not what you say when you say not for a hundred pounds, child!"

"But I do—indeed I do! I could not go on any longer for hundreds of pounds! It's not the money—no ——"

Mr. Jay hesitated a second, then plunged.

"Listen, Miss O'Wynn!" he said. "I am going to speak very seriously. I will give you the sum of two hundred and fifty pounds to continue as you are, under the same strict promise, until you get a wire recalling you to London, and I may say that it probably will be within a week. There!"

Winnie thought. Was this his last word? In her heart she hesitated, then steeled herself.

"Oh, you tempt me so, Mr. Jay!" She turned wide eyes of alarm on them. "I—I almost agreed. But I mustn't. No, I must not. I will not!"

Mr Slite, eying her like a coiled snake, spoke with a quiet and crushing decision.

"The last word! You shall have five hundred pounds!"

The blood went humming to her brain. It burned pinkly in her face, but resolutely she guarded her wits against the siren rustle of the bank notes fluttering nearer and nearer. She caught herself up, thinking swiftly. She must be careful. These men were not principals; they were agents, crooked ones too. How far would they go? How much would their principals stand? She fluttered like a bird struggling in a child's hand.

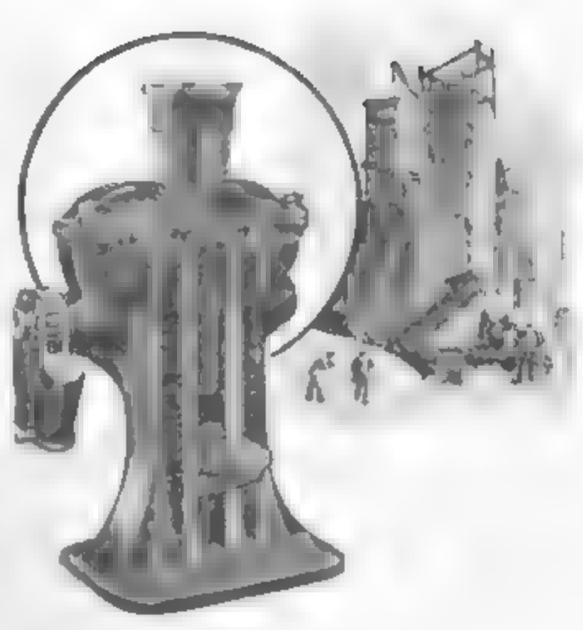
"No, no, no—please not—not for a thousand pounds! I won't give way! You know—it is my self-respect ——"

"Is it?" sneered Slite, his face pale.

Mr. Jay jumped at that.

"It is, man! I tell you, I know her! She is the most ingenuous little girl in town. She feels that way. I know it! I admire her! She shall have a thousand!" But there was agony in his voice.

(Continued on Page 80)



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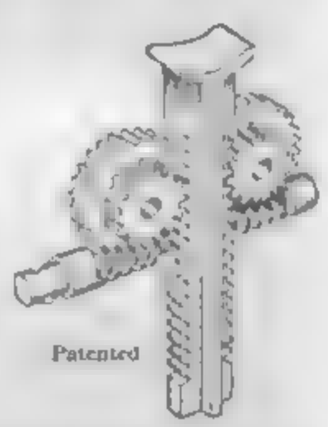

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Dunlop fully realized from the start that to operate successfully in the United States on the large scale represented by its acres of buildings at Buffalo, it must have something very much worth while for you who sell tires and for those who buy them.

It realized that no ordinary qualifications could win from tire merchants and tire users that degree of goodwill which is essential to its prosperity.

Appreciating this as it does, Dunlop nevertheless has entered upon its activities in this country with unbounded confidence, as one can see who realizes the scope of its manufacturing plans.

You can be certain, therefore, that as the established leader in the international tire industry, Dunlop is not undertaking to stand in the front rank of the tire industry in America with merely an ordinary product—nor even with an average high-grade product.

Dunlop is able to give you positive assurance of finest quality in tire construction—a quality achieved by constant application to the manufacture and development of tires from the day that John Boyd Dunlop invented the pneumatic.

To the making of such tires Dunlop brings a wealth of resources in materials, manufacturing equipment and financial means. In evidence of this are the extensive Dunlop rubber-growing and cotton-fabric operations; the Dunlop factories in America, England, Canada, France, and Japan, and the many branches on both hemispheres.

No less important than quality of product to the success of Dunlop merchants and the satisfaction of Dunlop users is the Dunlop policy of mutual interest.

This policy, long established and proved by results, is designed to secure the greatest amount of favorable consideration from tire purchasers and to promote the success of every Dunlop retailer.

Dunlop is keenly interested in the individual progress of its merchants. It intends always to do everything it consistently can to help them in establishing and extending their own businesses as their own. It desires that its retailers shall be regarded not as mere go-betweens in the sale of tires, but as real business men.

Dunlop policy calls for a sufficient body of merchants to make convenient the purchase of Dunlop Tires and other products. At the same time it provides for the establishing in any one community of only so many retail outlets as will allow each one to operate at a profit, both in the interests of tire merchants and tire users.

Upon the dealer who becomes a Dunlop merchant then rests the responsibility for truly and faithfully representing Dunlop to the tire-user and the tire-user to Dunlop. He believes, as we believe, that his interest and ours in any Dunlop Tire does not end with the first day it is on the rim but with the last day. He believes, as we believe, that—

The first sale of a Dunlop Tire is not an achievement but only an opportunity to make good.

* * *

We will be glad to hear from established tire retailers who are interested in the kind of product and policy for which Dunlop stands.

DUNLOP TIRE AND RUBBER CORPORATION OF AMERICA
BUFFALO, NEW YORK

DUNLOP

"Great!—to have an extra pair of laces handy when you need them."

The Tip That Won't Come Off

Beaded Tip Shoe Laces

A PRODUCT of the finest yarns and workmanship. One pair of Beaded Tip Laces will outwear two of ordinary grade and look better always.

The trade-mark BEADED on the gold and white wrapper is worth looking for when you buy shoe laces.

"Buy an Extra Pair"

Like collars and handkerchiefs, shoe laces should be purchased ahead of the need for them. All good shoe stores, repair shops and bootblacks will supply you with *genuine* Beaded Tip Laces.

Beaded Tip Laces are imitated but the quality is unequaled

UNITED LACE & BRAID MFG. CO., Providence, Rhode Island

BEADED

(Continued from Page 77)

Slite threw out his arms, glaring. Then a new voice broke in from behind—a woman's voice.

"Let me see her! I will tell you if she is really ingenuous."

Winnie turned to this far more dangerous attack, and was face to face with that rust-red, French chalk, geranium blonde, Mrs. Eustace Tolbar, the Tiger Cat! Winnie sighed with relief as she looked at her. This was, indeed, the daughter of the painted lady in the hall—granddaughter of Cairns Bradburn.

Tall, graceful, superbly gowned, she was beautiful, with exactly the strange and sinister beauty that had been her mother's. And she was looking at the girl with an easy, insolent confidence that would have cowed many girls. Unerringly, instinctively, Winnie selected her weapon.

"Oh, but I cannot fight against you all!" she cried softly, and sat down.

Mrs. Eustace Tolbar shrugged a shoulder.

"Then you'll take the thousand?"

"No, please," said Winnie in the tone of one who yields.

"Then, my dear child, what in heaven's name do you want?"

She faced them, permitting her lips to quiver and a hint of tears to dim her eyes.

"Oh, don't you see—don't you see, please?" she cried. "If I let you buy my self-respect—my pride, with your terrible money, I—I shall never have it again. I'm sure I shall never be quite as happy as I used to be. I have been taught to work very hard for two things—to keep my self-respect and to earn a dependence—and a dependence is two thousand pounds!" She stood up.

"I am sorry to seem so unkind—you must think I am hateful—but I'm all alone in the world, and quite unprotected; and if my self-respect is taken from me I must have a dependence in return."

Mr. Slite writhed a little.

"Unprotected? You don't need any protection, child!" he snarled.

Mr. Jay moved his hands rather feebly.

"It's her innocence—her ignorance," he said. "She doesn't know the value of money!"

"Let me understand," said Mr. Slite. "You want two thousand pounds down for remaining with Mr. Bradburn and answering no questions about your parents until such time as your engagement is terminated by telegram from me. Is that it?"

"Yes, please," said Winnie quite simply.

Mr. Jay raised his hands to his jaws like one suffering from toothache, and the almond eyes of Mrs. Eustace Tolbar glowed greenly.

"There is nothing else you require?" demanded Slite.

"Only your strict word of honor that there is nothing wrong or dishonorable in the matter, please," said Winnie.

"Oh, I give you that!"

"Yes, my dear, we all assure you of that," echoed Mr. Jay.

Winnie gave a long, rather sad sigh.

"Very well then, and thank you very much," she said. "Please, may I have the money in one of those checks that they give you the money for immediately?"

"She wants a bearer check."

With an air of bitter sorrow and extreme reluctance, Mr. Slite wrote it, blotted it and handed it to her, with an appearance of hoping it would burn her hand off. She took it like one catching hold of an eel, and read it.

"Well, is it all right, Miss O'Wynn?" he asked, vainly endeavoring to make his voice sound jovial.

Winnie nodded and put it in her little bag.

"I am sure it is, thank you. But I am not very happy, I assure you."

"And you're going straight back to Bradburn Manor, my dear?" inquired Mr. Jay.

"Oh, yes!"

She rose

"Good-by, and thank you. I hope you will succeed in doing the kind action for your client," she said, and slowly passed out of the door, which Mr. Jay held open for her. She almost smiled at the smitten look upon his big face.

"Well, next time you recommend a girl to me, Jay," snarled Mr. Slite, "just recommend one with some sense. I admire innocence like any other man, but there's a limit. A girl like that doesn't understand money any more than a doll. Nothing over a few pounds has any meaning for her. I don't believe she's so dashed innocent ——"

Mrs. Eustace intervened.

"She's just a baby," said the rust-red one. "You can't have it both ways, you know. She's innocent, as a baby is innocent."

Which, coming from one who was certainly a judge, clinched it.

"After all," Mr. Jay reminded them, "what is two thousand when we're closing in on millions? Boyde says the old man is crazy about her. You want to keep a sense of proportion, Slite."

"I want to keep my money—that's what I want to keep," growled Slite, not altogether unreasonably.

IV

WINNIE took the fastest-looking taxi on the rank to Mr. Slite's bank, cashed the check and promptly paid the resultant notes into her own account. She gave the taxi man five shillings, and that journey cost her five millions.

Then she hurried back to Bradburn Manor. She knew better than any that the complex scheme in which she had become involved and which she had solved with her own nimble wits was nearing its end. Things were speeding up. Every instinct told her that. The Slite gang were on the brink of making their coup. It was not for nothing that they had permitted themselves to be detached from two thousand solid pounds instead of a reluctant ten—that little solatium.

"That makes it two battalions in the bank at least. Soon I shall have a brigade, and be a general," she told herself.

Her smiles faded as the train rushed her into the station. The huge saloon limousine which usually Mr. Bradburn reserved for his own use on the rare occasions when he was well enough to go out had been sent to meet her. It was characteristic of her that she caught the serious expression on the face of Neury, the French chauffeur, immediately she saw him.

"What is the matter, Neury?" she asked. "How is Mr. Bradburn?"

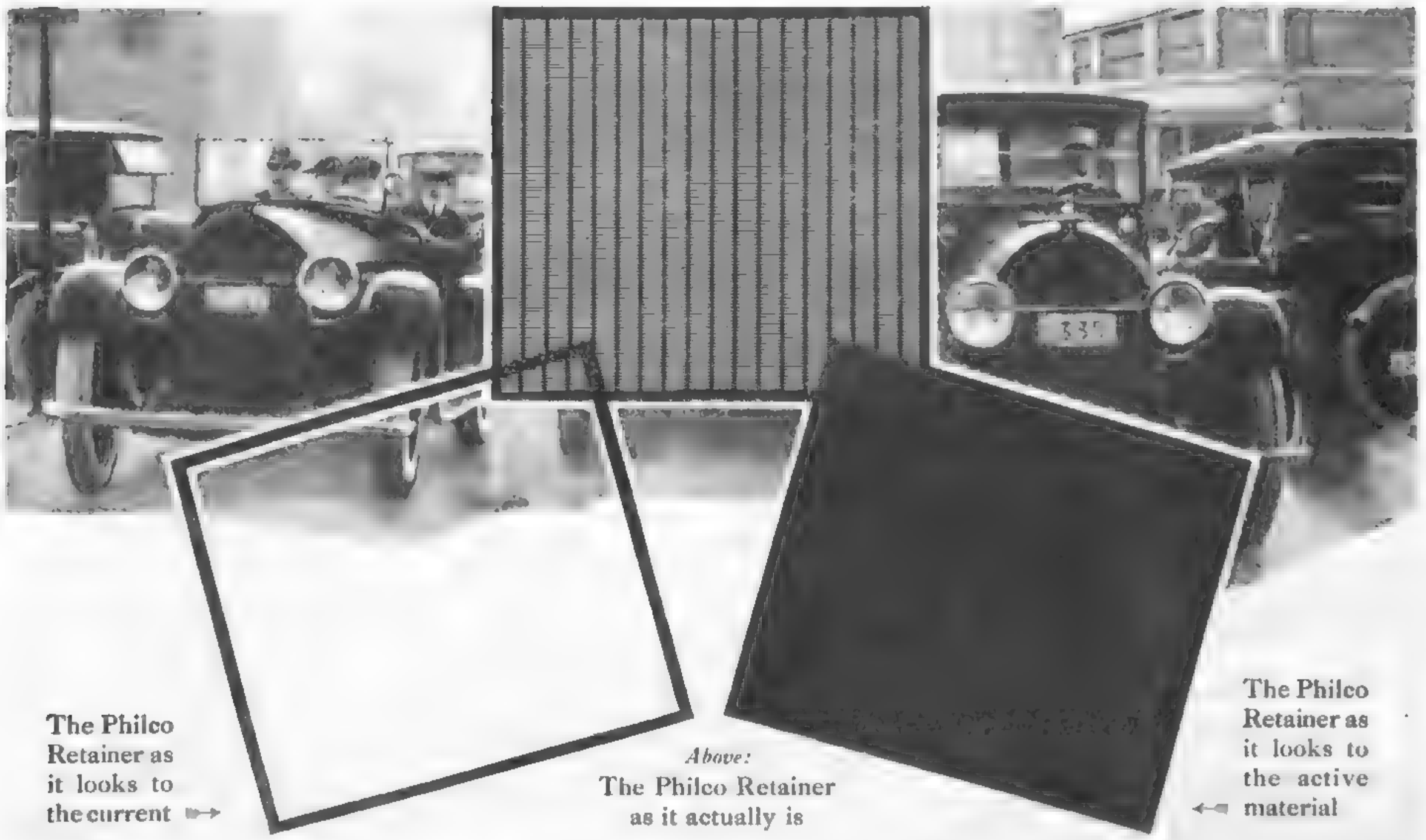
She knew even before he spoke. The old financier was in the throes of another heart attack—a serious one. She caught her breath. There was a player in that great game who held even a stronger hand than a straight flush—a silent player who always wins in the end. She had forgotten him whose name was Death!

"Listen, Neury," she said. "I must see Mr. Bradburn at the earliest possible moment. Get me there quickly. You have driven racing cars, haven't you? Well, get me to the manor as quickly as you can. It is imperative. You cannot drive too fast to please me and to render a great service to Mr. Bradburn."

She got in, and the Frenchman swung her across the four miles from the railway station to the house like a stone from a sling. Mrs. Beaton, in tears, met her in the hall.

"The master is very ill," she whimpered.

(Concluded on Page 82)



The Philco Retainer as it looks to the current →

Above: The Philco Retainer as it actually is

← The Philco Retainer as it looks to the active material

The Philco Retainer would make any battery a better battery

—but only the Philadelphia Diamond Grid Battery can use it

THE active material on the plates of any battery falls off in service. When enough drops off, the battery cannot deliver sufficient power and is worn out. Nothing can restore it; no repair can save it.

The Philco Retainer greatly retards this loss of active material. It is a thin sheet of slotted hard rubber, the slots in which are so numerous that they permit the unhindered flow of acid and current, but so narrow that they will not readily allow particles of the active material to pass.

The result is a remarkable increase in battery life that warrants a much longer guarantee.

Without the Philco Retainer, the Philadelphia Diamond Grid Battery is guaranteed for Eighteen Months. With the Retainer, the guarantee is Two Years. Both guarantees are exceptionally long in the battery field.

Philadelphia Storage Battery Co., Ontario & C Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

Sharp Reductions on All Philadelphia Diamond Grid Batteries

Watch for our advertisement in The Saturday Evening Post issue of February 12th explaining the Diamond Grid

PHILADELPHIA DIAMOND GRID BATTERY

With the PHILCO Slotted Retainer

THE "CORD TIRE" BATTERY

All Wool
Suits for Boys
Guaranteed Leatherized

The Proof — in the Leather!

LET us send you a free sample of the soft, flexible, real leather that lines the seat, knees, elbows, and pockets of Jack O' Leather suits for boys. Then you will understand why they are the longest-wearing suits ever made.

It's because this pliant leather reinforces the points of greatest tension and rub, where cloth not reinforced with leather first becomes thin and worn. With these inside-wear spots strongly protected, the life of the suit is practically doubled.

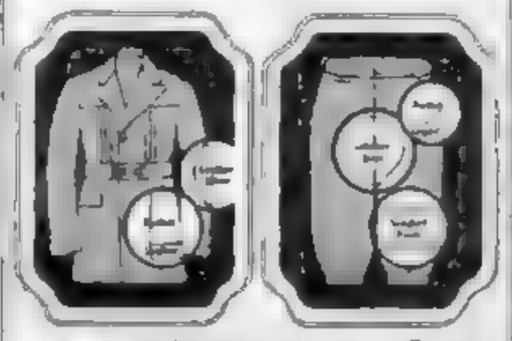
From the outside there is no evidence of these reinforcements—just fine quality, all-wool cloth, cut along trim, boyish lines and tailored to stay in shape.

Every real boy loves to be in a Jack O'Leather suit, because he can play as hard as he likes and still have good-looking clothes.

Better looks, longer wear, fewer suits—these are money-saving Jack O'Leather values.

Every Mother should have this free sample

Drop us a card to-day asking for a sample of leather and the name of our Jack O'Leather dealer in your town. He will be glad to show you a complete line of the latest models—size 6 to 18 years. Write today.



J.J. PREIS & CO.
636-638 BROADWAY.
New York City

(Concluded from Page 80)

Straight to the sunny study went Winnie. She paused on the threshold for a moment. The big table was drawn up close to the couch on which the steel master lay, his face gray, strangely thinner, heavily lined with pain. But his fierce, indomitable old eyes were still bright, and grew brighter still as they fell on Winnie. Round him were his own doctor and a famous specialist; Carden, his solicitor, and Carden's managing clerk; and Alexander Boyde. It was Boyde who wheeled softly from the group and taking a telegram from the table came swiftly to Winnie, ripping open the envelope and extracting the telegram as he came.

"Your engagement is terminated, Miss O'Wynn," he whispered in such urgent haste that it had almost a touch of fury. She glanced at the telegram:

"Engagement terminated. Return at once. SLITE."

"You see? It is all in order. Mr. Bradburn is *in extremis*. The least disturbance—I'm sorry to seem curt, but please leave the room!"

His hand stretched to the door.

"No!" said Winnie very distinctly.

Boyde's fingers flexed with a gripping movement, and a savage and murderous change of expression flashed to his face.

"Ah, Miss O'Wynn! It is Miss Winnie, Mr. Bradburn." The voice of Carden, the solicitor, broke the sudden half-second tension between the secretary and the girl. Carden rose from the parchments with which he was occupied, came over to Winnie and led her to the steel master's couch.

"Your granddaughter has returned, Mr. Bradburn," he said. "Miss Winnie, you know, of course, that Mr. Bradburn is your grandfather. Mr. Boyde has just told us your great secret, and if an old friend of the family may say so, everyone will be pleased at this reconciliation."

Winnie dropped on her knees by the couch, and it seemed that the eyes of the dying man poured upon her in that long last look all the love and tenderness which fate had debarred him throughout almost his whole life from lavishing upon his child or his child's child.

And alone among all these—for Boyde had quietly left the room—Winnie O'Wynn knew that it was not she but Mrs. Eustace Tolbar who was the millionaire's granddaughter.

"All—all to her!" came the dry whisper of the steel master.

"Fill in her name—Winifred May Cleves — everything to Winifred May Cleves—quickly, quickly!" whispered Carden to the clerk, hovering over the hastily drawn will of the millionaire.

"No! My name is Winifred Constance O'Wynn!" said the girl. "I am not his granddaughter! Her name was Winifred May Cleves. Now she is Mrs. Eustace Tolbar."

"Then, in God's name, who are you?"

"Just Winifred Constance O'Wynn. I am not related to Mr. Bradburn. There has been a great plot to secure to her this inheritance."

"To her—to Winnie O'Wynn—all—all—everything!" whispered Bradburn in a fading voice.

The clerk scribbled furiously, fluttered his pages and crossed out in many places.

But the grip of the dying man's hand tightened feebly on that of the girl, then relaxed. The brightness of his eyes dimmed swiftly. The lids fell heavily.

"He will never sign—it is too late! Mr. Bradburn is dead!" said the specialist slowly. His clear, quiet, cultured voice beat upon the shocked silence like the blows of a hammer.

Winnie leaned over the still face, blind with tears. She had come within an ace of inheriting five millions—and had missed them by a space of seconds. But for a moment there was no thought of money in her mind at all—not one thought. It was as though she had found another father, and he had been taken from her at the very moment when she realized it. He had loved her for her own sake. And she?

She bent low, pressing her lips softly to the forehead of the dead millionaire.

"Good-by," she whispered. "It was not for the money I loved you. It was only—just—because you were so kind."

She stood up, went to the window and stared out, unseeing, till she had recovered her self-possession. She knew that the others—save only the specialist, who was going already—were waiting for some explanation, too late to be of any use though it was. In a few moments she turned to them. Carden, poring unhappily over the unsigned will, looked up over his glasses. He liked Winnie, but he disliked mysteries.

"I don't understand, Miss O'Wynn. You are aware that had you arrived ten minutes earlier you would have inherited the whole of Mr. Bradburn's vast estate? I am sorry—very sorry."

It was the truth, and Winnie knew it. But she was her father's daughter, and like him she could win without hysteria and lose without despair.

"Listen, please," she said.

Simply, lucidly, quietly, she told them of her engagement as reader to Mr. Bradburn, emphasizing the curious conditions.

"All that was arranged by two men in London acting in concert with Mr. Boyde. I expect Mr. Boyde was the mainspring of the whole scheme. You will find that he has disappeared, I think." And later they found it even so.

"What, then, was the scheme?"

"I will tell you now. Winifred Bradburn, whose picture hangs in the hall, never made it up with her father. She married a man named Cleves, and before she died she transmitted her hatred to her daughter—Winifred Cleves. Also, she left the daughter a good deal of money. Winifred Cleves, now Mrs. Eustace Tolbar, was Mr. Bradburn's granddaughter. But he never saw her in all his life. Yet he knew of her, just as I think you must have known of her, did you not?"

The lawyer nodded "Yes."

"She had done something which utterly estranged her grandfather from her, had she not?"

Again the lawyer nodded.

"She had forged his name repeatedly to very heavy checks—checks which he acknowledged to avoid a scandal," he said. "He protected himself finally from her rapacity by a secret device relating to his signature and an understanding with the bank."

"I did not know exactly what she had done, but I knew she had utterly ruined her chances of reconciliation. That was before the war, when Mr. Bradburn was not really rich. But with his sudden tremendous leap into the circle of extremely wealthy men, a year or two ago, Winifred Cleves realized that she had thrown away, for a comparative trifle dishonestly secured, a gigantic fortune. When Mr. Bradburn's health failed she contrived to meet and to captivate Boyde, and with his assistance they planned to secure the inheritance by means of a reconciliation, in spite of the forgeries. But she is a woman of peculiar temperament and disposition. Her temper is deadly; so deadly that it is not a weakness but an affliction—a curse. Even her friends call her the Tiger Cat. She hated her grandfather with an inherited and an acquired hatred, and she could not trust herself to ingratiate herself with him under an assumed name."

The lawyer's lips tightened.

"He would not have forgiven her readily," he said.

"No—so she and her coterie hit upon the idea of engaging a substitute who would win Mr. Bradburn's liking, even his affection. When this was achieved, and when Mr. Bradburn's health was such that his death was obviously near at hand, the girl was to disappear and Boyde was to inform Mr. Bradburn that the girl was his granddaughter, representing that she had been the unwilling tool of her husband in the matter of the forgeries. They hoped that with Boyde's help Mr. Bradburn would have become so fond of the girl as to make a will in her favor. It was ingenious, and very likely to succeed, for Mr. Bradburn was a lonely man, with few relatives. So they found a girl—a substitute granddaughter—and Boyde arranged for her to become a reader to Mr. Bradburn."

"That girl was you?"

Winnie nodded "Yes."

"Did they explain the scheme to you?"

"No; I was engaged simply as reader to a gentleman. But they made some mistakes."

"Ha! What were they, Miss Winnie?"

"First, they overpaid me"—she was ticking off the points on her fingers. "Second, they were in too much of a hurry, and showed their impatience. Third, they made a curious condition that I should never discuss my parents with anyone here. Fourth, Boyde and Slite, one of the gang, were careless enough to let me suspect that there was some secret collusion between them. Fifth, Boyde made it completely clear that he had set his heart desperately upon Mr. Bradburn liking me. I think anyone would have wondered a little at all that. So I set to work to puzzle it all out. I learned—from Mrs. Beaton—of that tragic quarrel of Mrs. Cleves with her father, and that there was a daughter. It seemed so odd that the granddaughter should remain unknown to so generous and rich and powerful a man as Mr. Bradburn, and I made some inquiries. I was fortunate. I found out who she was—the Tiger Cat—and after that it was easy to guess what was happening. They were all sitting round like birds of prey waiting for me unconsciously to win Mr. Bradburn's affection. Then when I had disappeared, and Boyde had disclosed my wrong identity—as his granddaughter—and the innocent artifice by which he had become reconciled, they hoped that Mr. Bradburn would make his will in favor of his granddaughter, Winifred May Cleves, believing her to be myself."

The men were staring at her, open-mouthed, making no effort to conceal their admiration.

"Why, that—that is exactly what happened—was happening—when you arrived," said Carden. "But why did you go away to-day, of all days? Had you been here you would have inherited, after all."

"I know," said Winnie calmly. "But I was not able to foresee that poor Mr. Bradburn would have a fatal heart attack to-day. I went to London to test my belief."

"You met that gang—alone?"

"Oh, yes! I told them I wished to be released from my promise not to say who my parents were. They would not agree. So I felt sure I was right. But I wanted to be quite sure, and so I told them I would give up my post and leave. They were really startled at this, and offered me money to remain. A little solatium, they called it—ten pounds. I would not agree to do it for that. I wanted to see just how serious they were. I forced them higher."

"Ah, that was courageous! Did you force them very high?"

"They paid me two thousand pounds," said Winnie.

"You took it?"

"Indeed I did!"

"You actually have it?"

"It is in the bank. Then I hurried back with the intention of telling Mr. Bradburn the whole story of this last big fraud. I was just in time to prevent his being swindled on his very deathbed by a most heartless woman and a most dangerous trio of men."

The lawyer sat down.

"You are an extraordinarily brave and clever girl, Miss Winnie," he said. "It is a great misfortune that you were too late."

"Pardon me, I was in time," said Winnie. "I prevented the fraud."

"I meant, my dear, that you were too late to benefit as you deserved and Mr. Bradburn intended. His whole fortune goes to found a great college of metallurgy and engineering."

"Kismet!" said Winnie very quietly.

They stared, each man of them conscious that he could not have taken it so steadily. They seemed almost shocked, and she saw that. Her blue eyes filled suddenly.

"Oh, don't misunderstand!" she cried. "I am not really hard, you know. Only I wanted to do something for Mr. Bradburn just in return for his kindness to me; kindness that was really kindness, because it required nothing in return; because he was a good man and—and not a wolf! Of course, I would have liked all that money. But he tried to give it to me. It was not his fault that he failed. It was just fated to be so."

She moved to the couch and rested her hand gently upon that of the dead millionaire.

"And the flowers that I shall place upon his grave will not be less white or beautiful because I pay for them with money that I have had to earn instead of money that he has given me," she said softly, like one speaking to herself.

None of them had any answer to that. Her eyes fell upon the open volume of the Decline and Fall balanced precariously upon a small table at the head of the couch. She caught her breath, recovered herself and reached for the book. Quietly she put the silk bookmark in its place, closed the volume and placed it tidily with its fellows on the shelf

Have Bread Filled With Raisins

For Flavor and for Health

A bread is made that's *full of raisins*, luscious nuggets of sun-cured California fruit, Nature's own confections.

It's called California Raisin Bread.

First class bakers make it, and supply it to those retailers who know good goods and buy them for their trade.

Secure such bread because it's *real* raisin bread and because it's healthful.

Raisins are rich in *natural iron content*. And natural iron in the blood makes ruddy, rosy cheeks. Rosy cheeks make pretty women prettier.

One needs but little iron daily, but that need is vitally important. Eat raisins daily and be sure you're getting *all* the iron you need.

THREE VARIETIES. Sun-Maid Seeded *(seeds removed)*; Sun-Maid Seedless *(grown without seeds)*; Sun-Maid Clusters *(on the stem)*.

California Raisin Pie

Ask dealers for California Raisin Pie—a delicious dessert that's already baked for you. If your men folks taste it once you'll have to serve it often; but you'll be glad to, for it saves home baking.

SUN-MAID RAISINS

California Raisin Bread is made with Sun-Maid Raisins, California's best.

Use these raisins for all home cooking purposes. In pies, cakes, puddings, salads, rolls, etc.

Raisins make all plain foods better—better in nutrition as well as flavor.

Sun-Maids are California's finest table grapes, cured in the sun.

These grapes are too thin-skinned, delicate and juicy to *ship fresh* to distant markets, so we make them into tender, meaty raisins. Once taste them and you'll always buy this kind. They cost no more than others. Ask your dealer now.

Ask for free book of delicious Sun-Maid Recipes.

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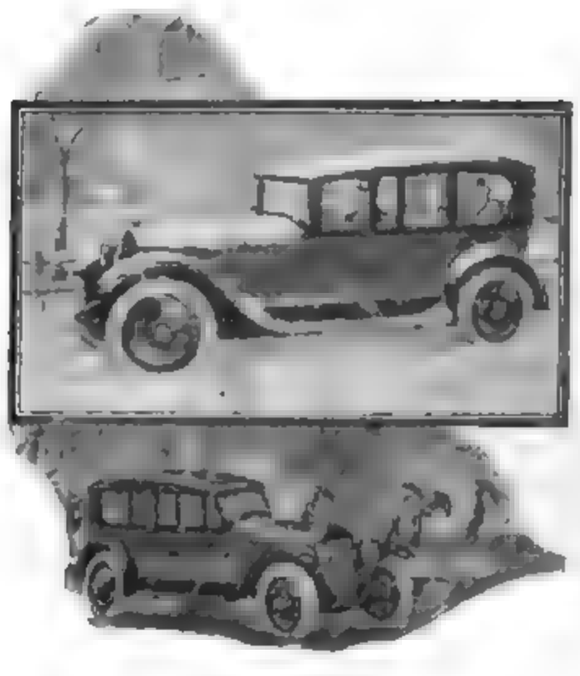

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150 Days a Year

That's the average number of days that an open car needs protection. Rainy days—snowy days—days below freezing. Consider that! Five months of the year at least, when you cannot enjoy open car driving.

But convert your open car into a beautiful sedan or coupé by equipping it with an Anchor Top.

For social functions, for winter shopping, or any cold weather driving, the Anchor Top gives complete protection. And in appearance it matches the beauty of a luxurious limousine. How different from unsightly flapping side curtains. In appearance it is a luxury. Yet the cost is small. And you insure comfort and protect health for yourself and family.

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With an Anchor Top you can have two cars in one, an open car for summer enjoyment, a closed car for winter. See our exhibits at the New York and Chicago Automobile Shows.

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Anchor Tops are built to harmonize with the general design of each car. Each has a dome light and all are upholstered with rich whipcord lining. Anchor Tops are built specially for each individual model. They fit perfectly on the regular body irons. No rattle or squeak. Doors and windows fit tightly and will not sag. Why suffer from exposure?

Make a Closed Car for Winter Out of Your Open Summer Car

We make 20 styles of Anchor Tops for the various models of the following makes of popular automobiles:

Buick	Maxwell	Ford
Overland	Reo	Chevrolet
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for free booklet illustrating and describing various models of Anchor Tops, price list and name of nearest dealer.

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Fine Coach Builders for 30 Years
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Without obligation on my part please send me illustrated booklet and price list of Anchor Top for

Make of Car_____

Name_____

Address_____

JAMES

(Continued from Page 13)

disappeared through the doorway of Hammond's bedroom, presumably to pass through the dressing room to the bathroom. James, listening acutely, heard the door of the latter open and the loud swish of water turned on in the basin. Nothing could better cover the sound of quick, furtive movements; but he still did not see the nature of the game that was to be played. Plain theft, in the hope that the thief might not be discovered before he left the flat, was too crude to be the explanation of such dexterous maneuvering.

The noise of the running water ceased. There elapsed such an interval as a man may spend in drying his hands and inspecting his nails. Then Nunk came forth again to the hall. He stopped at the hatrack, divested himself of his overcoat, hung it up and slouched in once more to where the others sat about the card table.

"I'll have a drink now," he drawled, and went to help himself.

"You've got all the luck, Hammy," said one of the players. "If you win this I'll have to quit."

Hammond laughed, and James in his pantry nearly laughed too. They were letting him win now. There must be excuse for somebody—not Nunk—to leave. He slipped across the hall to where Nunk's coat hung. It was out of sight of the men in the lounge. His long hands explored its pockets quickly. He was not disappointed. Two handkerchief-wrapped bundles rewarded him, and with them he passed to the dressing room, where he could examine their contents.

Nunk had done well for his gang. Sigbert Hammond was a man who loved jewelry only less than he feared ridicule, and his equipment was large. As he spilled forth the contents of the bundles James recognized the articles one by one: The tie pins—one a black pearl, two white ones and an emerald; a couple of dozen studs and cuff links; two gold cigarette cases; a horrid great diamond in a ring; a watch; an assortment of such trinkets as card cases, match boxes and a sovereign purse, of which the basest was plain gold. There was even the splendid thing in bracelets which Hammond had bought to give to a girl and decided to keep after all. Nunk had gone straight to their depository in the big silver-gilt casket upon the dressing table. He was clearly a good workman.

James pondered no more than a second before he decided how to act. He restored them methodically to their home in the casket and was back in his pantry in time to hear the man who had complained of Hammond's luck throw down his cards.

"You've broke me, Hammy!" he cried in mock lamentation. "I'll have a shot at you another night. Well, one more drink an' I'm off."

He seemed to be quite good-tempered about it, but made it clear that he was going. The others agreed to remain yet a little while. Hammond came to the hall with him. "Which is your coat, sir?" inquired James.

But he knew. The parting guest pointed to the coat which Nunk had freighted with gems, and James deferentially held it up while he put it on. Let him only get clear of the building and the plot was perfect. He had never once left the presence of the others since he had been in the building; Hammond himself could bear witness to that. And if after his departure the loss was discovered, Nunk, who alone of them had been in the dressing room, could submit to a search with impunity.

It was an hour before the others followed him, and yet another hour before James was at liberty to seek his bed. But if in his mind was a grim content at having once again stood between Hammond and the plunderers, there was no movement of mirth at the plight of the thieves. To that he gave no thought. And Hammond himself was not instructed. So when toward the luncheon hour on the following day he strolled into a saloon and there encountered a friend of the night before he merely saluted him airily.

"Hullo, Nunk! Have a drink?"

The well-dressed pirate of the streets looked up at him with half a scowl. Hammond was feeling brisk this morning. He had always a little the look of a showman, and his costume included a jaunty light tie in which the black pearl sat upon the top as its pin. The thief's eyes dwelt on it inscrutably, and dropped then to the gold cigarette case which Hammond was holding out to him in a hand that protruded from a jewel-coupled cuff. He took a cigarette slowly, and Hammond gave him a light from a characteristic match box.

"Yes," said the thief deliberately, "I will. I want one."

And when one by one the others came in—the place was their daily rendezvous—he conferred with each apart in whispers. They accepted cocktails from Hammond almost in silence. The one who had left the flat first the night before showed a face a little bruised and otherwise damaged. He explained that he had had a fall. And till he left them, puzzled by the absence of their wonted affability, they continued to stare at him.

"You fellers can't hold your liquor," he reproached them. "You're like a lot o' wet hens this morning. Look at me!"

It was Nunk who answered.

"That's just what we're doing," he said bitterly. "We're lookin' at you, all right!"

He Slipped Across the Hall to Where Nunk's Coat Hung

Sigbert Hammond did not understand. What man knows his guiding and guarding providence or the ends to which it preserves him?

The toilet ceremony of that evening differed not at all from that of other evenings. The guardian angel, in the likeness of a humble and respectful valet, did not even smile reminiscently as he pressed the studs into the shirt and laid ready the mass of trinkets without which Sigbert Hammond would have considered himself as bad as naked. But there was a variant in the orders for the night.

Sigbert Hammond was dressed and inspecting himself in the long glass; James, with the overcoat ready, waited. Hammond tried the effect of a decadent stoop, and not approving results threw a chest, and was robust and manly. It seemed to please him better, for he maintained the pose a full minute. When at last he turned away he turned a thoughtful brow on the unobtrusive James.

"Never been married, have you, James?"

He was affecting—for none of his manners was real; the best of them was a mere cosmetic upon the surface of his deficiencies—an air of jauntiness. James showed not the least surprise.

"Yes, sir," he replied in his quiet and level voice. "My wife died eleven years ago, sir. I was married nine years."

"Nine years, eh?" Sigbert Hammond looked at him with a sudden interest. "Er—how did you find it?"

"Very comfortable, thank you, sir," replied James tranquilly. "Better off than I ever was, sir."

"You were, eh?" Sigbert Hammond uttered a small laugh, seemed as though he were about to say more, but checked himself. James put the coat on him and gave him his hat and cane.

"You can get some supper ready for about half past eleven," ordered Hammond. "I expect to bring a lady back for an hour or two. Just the usual things and a bottle of that champagne I had before."

"Very good, sir," said James obediently.

He let his master out with the prescribed bow, waited to make sure that he would not return for anything he might have forgotten, then went to the telephone and called the same number as on the night before.

"That you, Mary? Well, listen to this! He's goin' to bring someone here to supper to-night—you, eh? Well, I'll be here, so it's all right—you can come. And, Mary, he was asking me to-night if I'd ever been married an' what it felt like. Understand? . . . Yes, those fellers came last night. I saved about a bucketful of gold and jew'lry for him. Tell you 'bout that another time. So long!"

The table in the pretty dining room was bright and inviting, with its electric candles agleam upon rich silver and delicate napery, an appetizing oasis of light in the shadows of the room, when Sigbert Hammond returned with his guest. James, at the door, was fit to film in his perfect effect of an old family retainer. The little silken human toy who tripped in in front of Sigbert Hammond flashed him an altogether human smile as she went by and into the big lounge. Hammond delayed in the hall long enough to give his coat and hat into the hands of James, and followed her.

"Well," he said fatuously, "here we are!"

She had let her shimmering cloak fall upon a couch, and was standing with one satin-shod foot upon the curb of the hearth.

"Yes, it's shocking," she smiled. "Still, I wanted to see where you live."

She was a smallish girl, russet haired, with a complexion that had survived the grease paint and late hours of her trade. Her face had the effect of smiles, even when it lay in repose; smiles not of mere gayety, but of amusement, expressing an attitude of mind toward her surroundings, and not only well-being of body. She was dressed skillfully. From the fillet in her hair to the heels of her shoes she looked dainty and costly. An unstudied luxury was a part of her personality. It is only upon the stage that one learns to achieve this result on a small-part salary.

She was glancing about her, at all the elaborate furnishings of the room, the great leather chairs, the lion skin on the floor, a trophy of swords on the wall. Her eyes had a soft light of fun.

"Did you kill him"—she pointed with a foot to the great head of the lion—"with one of those swords? I didn't know you were a lion hunter!"

Sigbert Hammond laughed awkwardly and flushed. No one else both laughed at him and was friendly.

"I bought him in Bond Street," he said. "I bought a polar bear too. He's in the drawing-room. How about some supper?"

"That's what you promised me," she answered.

"But what an immense place you've got here!" she commented when they were at table and James had presented them with

(Concluded on Page 87)

Have a beautiful skin

Follow these simple directions

You must give Nature the aid she needs in keeping the skin pores active. This means washing your face and washing it thoroughly, regularly, every day.

Cold cream alone won't do—you mustn't depend upon it entirely for cleaning. It catches dust and helps fill up the tiny pores instead of cleansing them.

You needn't be afraid of the effect of soap on the skin—not if your soap is right. Use Palmolive and make washing a daily beauty treatment.

Palmolive is the mildest of soaps and the gentlest of cleansers. Palm and Olive oils—ingredients of Palmolive—were ancient Egyptian cosmetics. Cleopatra used them as beautifiers as well as cleansers.

Use your two hands

This mild, gentle soap produces a profuse creamy lather which you should apply to your face with your two hands.

Massage it softly into your skin, so as not to roughen its delicate, sensitive texture. Then just as gently rinse it away.

It carries with it all dangerous, clogging accumulations—the dust and oil secretions, the remains of the day's rouge and powder. It leaves your skin healthfully, thoroughly clean.

The gentle washing and rinsing stimulates minute glands and capillaries to beneficial action. This keeps your complexion fine and fresh and encourages natural, becoming color.

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The gigantic demand for Palmolive keeps the price moderate. It keeps the Palmolive factories working day and night, which reduces manufacturing cost.

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Thus Palmolive is popular priced—no more than ordinary toilet soaps.

It is for sale by leading dealers everywhere and supplied in guest-room size by America's popular hotels.

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Toronto, Ontario

Keep that school-girl complexion

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Interwoven Socks

(Concluded from Page 84)

cups of consommé. "This room, and the big room outside—and the drawing-room for the polar bear—and I suppose you've got a bedroom or so! All that just for one man to come home late and sleep in! It's too big, my dear boy. It must cost you millions!"

"Oh, well!"—Sigbert Hammond waved the matter of cost from him—"a man must have somewhere to hang up his hat. Don't you like it?"

"Like it?" She considered, looking across at him with a seriousness that was somehow flattering to him. He liked her to regard his affairs as matters of gravity. "Yes, it's all right, but think what you could do! You could have a place in the country, not too far out, with some shooting or fishing for your guests, and mix with decent people. And for London you could have a nice little flat somewhere, or a set of chambers, and run up when you liked. You'd get ten times the fun that you get now, and you'd live ten years longer."

"The country!" cried Hammond derisively. But the earnestness of the face she turned on him checked him. "Is that the kind of thing you'd like, Mary? Tea at the vicarage and dinner at the doctor's an' all that?"

She nodded.

"That's it! And subscribe to the hunt and join the golf club and be a justice of the peace. You've got the idea exactly."

He laughed, but doubtfully.

"You ought to marry a country squire," he said.

She nodded, still entirely serious. Her pretty and intelligent face expressed a quiet resolution.

"I'm going to," she said, "the minute he asks me. And then I'm going to be so grateful to him that I'll finish by making him grateful to me."

"He'll be lucky," remarked Hammond. "James, where's that wine?"

James, standing behind him, moved swiftly to fill the glasses. The girl, sitting opposite to Sigbert, had been able to see him across the host's head all the time. In the shadow beyond the table the shape of him had been vague. He had shown as an impassive face, still as a death mask which seemed to hang in mid-air and preside broodily over the situation. As he moved forward to pour the wine and came within the radius of light he had a little the effect of a stone saint stepping miraculously from a pedestal to mingle with the world. When, the glasses filled, he returned to his post, it was as if the saint had stepped up again and relapsed into the inhumanity of stone.

"Serve whatever's next and get out!" commanded Sigbert Hammond, with his customary elegance. "I'll ring when we're ready."

The girl looked down at her plate while he spoke. James obeyed with his usual manner of unruffled deference. Sigbert Hammond drank thirstily and set his glass down.

"You're a queer kid," he said then.

She smiled without replying.

"You are," he persisted. "There's no knowing where to have you. I thought—well, whatever I thought, it wasn't about a house in the country an' all that sort of thing."

"No," she agreed. "Diamonds, motor cars and smart frocks—that's what you thought, wasn't it? A small-part musical comedy girl oughtn't to cost more than that, ought she?"

Hammond reached his glass and drank again.

"You know," he protested, "I'm awfully keen on you. You know that, Mary."

She nodded.

"I know exactly how keen on me you are, old boy," she answered.

Hammond stared at her. She gave him an amused smile and went on eating daintily. The blood rose to his face. He had to clear his throat before he could speak clearly.

"I'm damned if you do!" he retorted, with that angry note in his voice with which he was wont to abuse the unresisting James. "Look here, Mary, will you marry me?"

"No!" replied the girl calmly.

"Eh? You won't?"

"No! Why on earth should I marry a dispenser of drinks and dinners when I can get as many as I like? When I marry I want a change."

"Country house, squire an' all that, I suppose?" demanded Sigbert Hammond.

Again she nodded in her pretty matter-of-fact fashion.

"Well then"—he hesitated, glaring at her upon the brink of a tremendous resolve, the while she, unmoved, continued her supper—"well then," he burst forth at last, "if I give you what you want—exactly what you said—will you marry me and—and make me grateful to you?"

She paused at that, and gave him back his gaze steadily, examining him in silence for a space of seconds.

"I warn you, Sigbert," she said, "I warn you fairly—it means changing your whole life. You'll have to want different things and enjoy them. Everything will be different; it'll be another world and another race of men and women. And there's me—what do you really know about me? You'd better think it over!"

He pounded the table with his fist.

"Answer me!" he insisted. "You said you'd marry him—your country squire—the minute he asked you. I'll get a special license. Marry me to-morrow, and then go and choose any house you please. I've taken your challenge; will you do it?"

Her smiles were gone. She fronted him with level brows and firm mouth.

"I will," she said. He sprang up to go round to her. "Wait," she said. "You can kiss me if you like."

He cried something inarticulate that yet denoted acquiescence and complete surrender, and next moment he had kissed her.

"Sigbert!" she said, holding him off. "Sigbert! I said I'd be grateful! And if this isn't the best day's work for you that you've ever done—never mind why you did it—then I shall be a rotten failure!"

And her look at him—if he had been a reader of faces—was that of one who takes stock of the raw material of a great work he has undertaken.

It was not next day but the afternoon of the day after that Mr. and Mrs. Sigbert Hammond, having made due use of their special license, returned to the flat for tea. Hammond's key let them in. James came from his pantry while they were yet in the hall.

"No trouble at all to get rid of this place," Hammond was saying. "There's always a waiting list of people wanting to take these flats. Ah, James, this is your mistress, Mrs. Hammond."

It was then, for the first time in Hammond's knowledge of him, that James failed to live up to the ideal of a soullessly perfect servant.

"Indeed, sir?"

He conceded so much to Hammond. Then slowly, with a motion utterly unlike his usual smooth neatness of action, he turned upon the girl.

"Got your marriage lines?" he inquired in quite another tone.

"Here! What the devil d'you mean?" shouted Hammond, aghast.

But the girl had already drawn forth her copy of the marriage certificate and handed it in silence to James. He unfolded the long paper in his hands, examined it with a glance and returned it. Then, while about Hammond the visible world reeled dizzily, he kissed the bride.

"She's my daughter," he said to the startled bridegroom. "An' a good girl. She'll make a man o' you. Why," he added on a rising tone of triumphant banter, "you'd be ruined now if it wasn't for me! I've been savin' you up for her."

He patted his daughter's pink cheek with gentle fingers and moved back to the privacy of his pantry and the sure prospect of a comfortable and pensioned old age.

LITTLE RAIN-IN-THE-FACE

(Continued from Page 10)

chairs; no violently tinted chromos of Now I'll Be Grandpa and The Flower of the Flock. Instead, the chandelier was subdued to a soft and rosy glow and a cozy little davenport was placed by the side of the piano. Aunt Lett contributed two upholstered chairs that might have been stuffed with swan's-down and poppy petals, so easy they were to sit in, so hard to leave; and you will get some slight idea of the pictures when you hear that the largest one, over the davenport, showed the head and shoulders of a young lady in a very simple white gown, her hand upon her heart, her eyes turned upward in a sort of ecstasy, as ducks will sometimes turn their eyes when it thunders, while a dimpled little Cupid was whispering—and you may well wonder what he was whispering—into her pearly ear.

"Now," thought Molly when everything was straight, "at last I've got a decent place where—where I can invite anybody."

Secretly the boys were almost as proud of it as Molly was. To uphold the honor of the family they had bought new suits, and when they came out of Sundial Court the first Sunday afternoon they might have been two of the Vandergilt boys just leaving their Fifth Avenue mansion.

"If only you didn't have to work in that dirty garage downtown!" said Molly. "I should think you could get some nice clean work—like—like salesman or something."

"Selling what, for instance?" complained Grover. "You've got to know a thing pretty well before you can start selling it, and the only things that Jimmy and I know anything about are cars."

"Well, couldn't you start selling cars then?" she asked. "I've seen a lot of new agencies up here in the Bronx."

Grover and Jim stared at each other with that look which says, "Of course they don't do it often, but every once in a while a girl says something that isn't exactly foolish"; but Molly didn't push the question any further. To tell the truth, she was having troubles of her own. Having prepared her little parlor, she found a disconcerting lack of interest on the part of the fly.

Speaking plainly, J. Allison Cunningham had never yet taken the least notice of her, to say nothing of speaking to her. He walked to and from his desk near the window like a tall, tweedy, dreamy-eyed, drawling young god upon Olympus and never even looked at her, though if his ears had been one-half as acute as they might have been he would surely have heard her eager little heart going pump, pump, pump, every time he passed her by.

"Oh, what can I do?" Molly asked herself, not knowing that she was asking a question which was already a very old question when Nebuchadnezzar was king of the Jews. "Even if you do have to go after them like Indians, you can't just run up to them and—and ——"

She didn't finish the thought—it sounded too utterly absurd. But what she meant was this: That she couldn't just run up to him and hit him over the head with a tomahawk—merely enough to stun him, you know—and drag him unresistingly up to Sundial Court and plop him into one of those easy-chairs and mutter: "There, darn you, when you come to your senses I'll be here, and let me see you try to get away!"

Tamer, more childlike methods flitted uncertainly through her mind.

"I've heard of girls dropping their handkerchiefs," she thought.

But right away a difficulty presented itself. J. Allison Cunningham sat a good fifty feet away from her, with a maze of desks between them. Could Molly thread her way through this labyrinth, drop her handkerchief by the side of J. Allison's feet and return to her desk with any successful degree of maidenly unconsciousness? Not very well, as you will at once perceive.

A story that she had read in her childhood from one of Ouida's forbidden volumes came to her mind. The adventuress, setting her cap for the hero, had suddenly been overcome with vertigo and had swooned in his arms. Even Molly sniggered a bit at that.

"I guess girls don't swoon any more," she thought, tapping away at her typewriter. "At least I've never heard of one."

There was another trouble. As you have probably guessed again, Molly wasn't the only girl who kept one eye upon J. Allison. The other girls often talked about him.

"Say, what do you think?" one of them exclaimed. "I was up to the Versailles Roof last night with my friend, and who do you think I saw up there? Mr. Cunningham! Gee, he's a swell dancer!"

"Who was he dancing with?" asked Molly in a voice which she tried to keep from sounding hollow.

"He was with a party, and I guess he danced with all of them. Say, talk about

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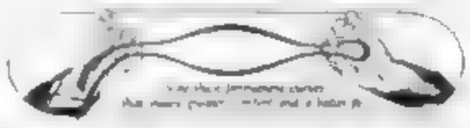
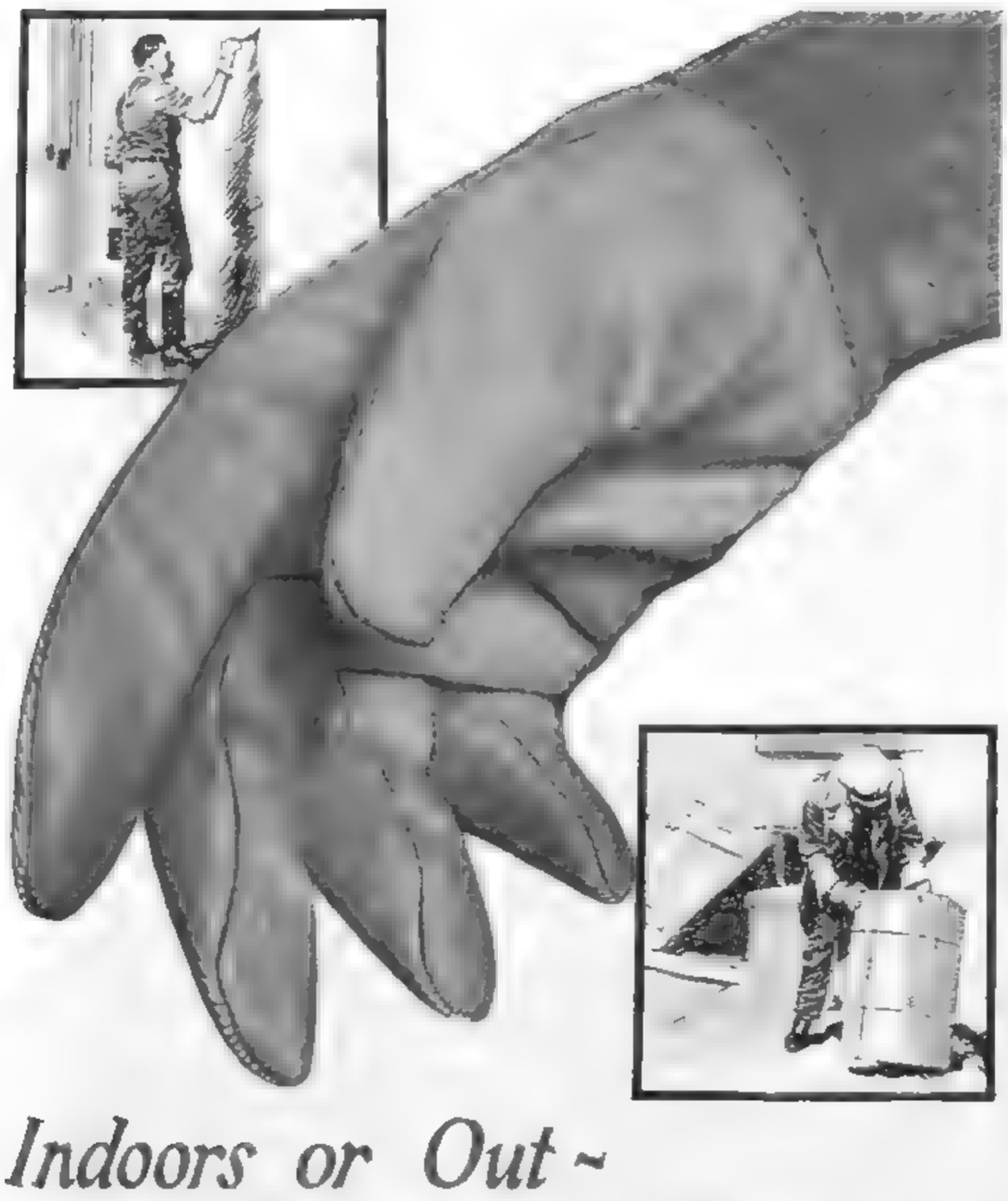


BRAXTON

THE BELT FOR MEN



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They are made from the finest quality of white canton flannel. Rugged enough for the toughest work—flexible enough for the free "feel" of a "finicky" job.

Boss Work Gloves come in three styles of wrist—ribbed, band, and gauntlet. Sizes for men and women, boys and girls. Ask for them by name. Your dealer has them.

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The Boss line includes highest quality leather-palm, jersey, ticking, and canton flannel gloves and mittens

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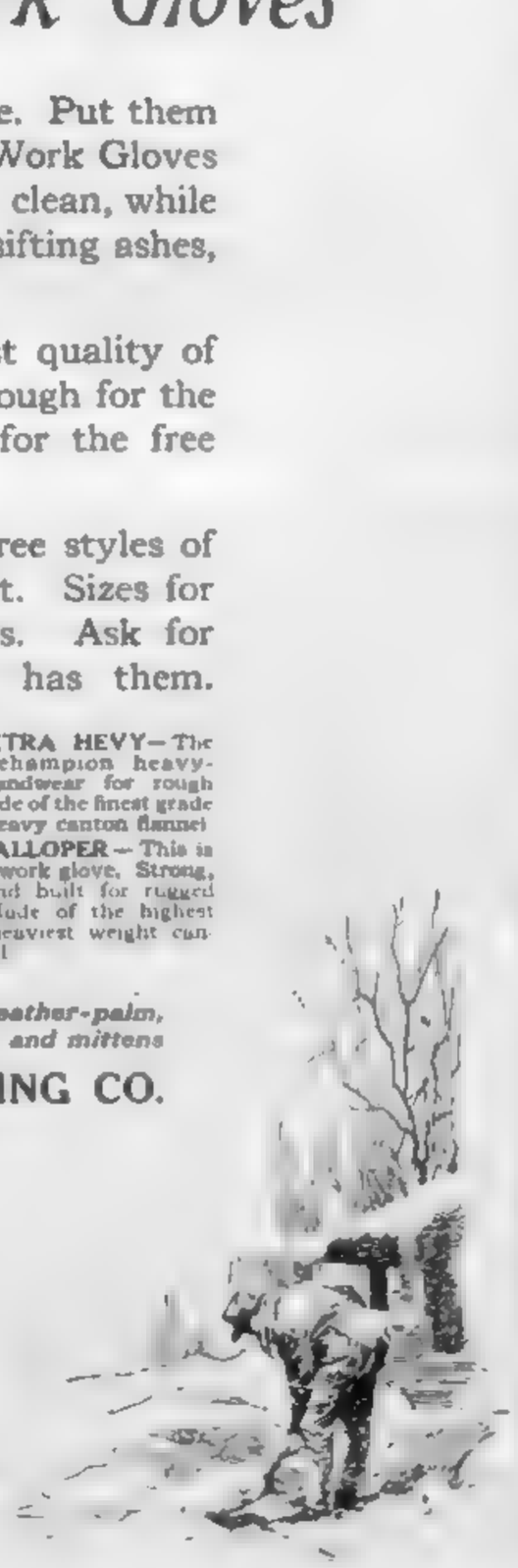

your Vernon Castles! He didn't seem to have any legs at all—just wings—and the way he floated round that floor—oh, boy, believe me, some dancer!"

Molly didn't say anything, but two evenings later she had joined a dancing class at an academy near Sundial Court; and the next night Grover and Jimmy went over with her, and they joined too. Grover had got a job that morning as demonstrator for one of the new selling agencies on the Boulevard, and he put so much verve into his first lesson that Professor Levy said to him: "My boy, I can plainly see that you are a natural-born dancer—with a one-two-three, one-two-three—but just a little more of the pianissimo, please; just a little more of the hold-your-horses with a one-two-three, one-two-three."

He didn't have to warn Molly, though. If J. Allison floated, she was going to float too, and then some day when he said, "You will let me have this dance, Miss Chalmers?" she would gracefully rise, place her hand upon his shoulder, and then at last—with a one-two-three, one-two-three—they would float together to those ethereal heights where twinkling stars are laughing, love, and the music is the music of the spheres.

When the lessons were completed, Professor Levy announced a grand ball and concert in honor of the cleverest, handsomest—and might he say, the most charming?—class that had ever graduated from his well-known academy.

"I wouldn't be surprised if Buck Hannon comes up to-night," said Grover as the three Chalmers dressed themselves for this great event.

"Oh, Grover!" cried Molly, busy with her hair in the next room. "What makes you think that?"

"Well, I was down there to-day with one of the new cars, and I guess maybe I felt like showing off a little. I dropped in to see Aunt Lett, and then I went over to Hannon's. I guess maybe I blowed a little. Anyhow I told 'em about the ball to-night, and Buck said he might be coming up."

"You might as well have invited all Ferry Street!" scoffed Molly. "Buck Hannon! Was anybody else there?"

"Yep—Purr Peterson. He's a regular mechanic now, and was doing some fancy work on one of the cars. Say, do you know that Purr's no slouch? He's invented a new brake for automobiles—sort of a coil clutch—and believe me, when that brake takes hold the car stops! I wouldn't be surprised if he makes a barrel of money out of it."

He had hardly finished when the bell rang. It was Buck, dressed like a waiter, perspiring a little, showing his teeth and carrying a cornucopia of flowers for Molly. Old Clem winked his eye at Mrs. Chalmers, but Molly didn't wink her eye at anybody. She began to get mad, and they all began to step round gently and look as though—yes, there was just a little trouble in the family, but it would soon blow over, and would everybody just start humming to themselves and pretend not to notice it please?

Molly didn't relent, though—hummed they never so gently. More than once she had dreamed how nice it would be if the unapproachable J. Allison Cunningham could only have called to take her to the ball that night, and then for Buck Hannon to come! And as if that weren't enough, when they reached the academy and climbed the stairs, who should they find in the reception room but Purr Peterson in a collar so high that he had to hold his head like a little dog sitting up and begging, and a white carnation in his buttonhole.

Molly didn't stay long. She danced one dance with Buck Hannon, and he acted as she had expected he would act. She wouldn't dance with him again. And then she gave Purr Peterson a fox trot, and found to her surprise that he danced quite well for a Ferry Streeter. But she wouldn't dance with Purr again either, perhaps because of his Fido's collar, and perhaps because he was oh, so far removed from the partner of her dreams. Indeed it wasn't long before she told Grover and Jim that she was going home. Like loving brothers, they told her she was crazy.

"No, I've got a headache," she said.

"Well, I'm not going home yet," said Grover. "Not by a long shot. I'm just beginning to get warmed up."

"I'll take her home," said Buck, who was listening.

"No, I'll take her home," said Purr, speaking in a deep voice over his collar.

The two rivals glared at each other, and then at Grover's somewhat peevish suggestion they both took her home. At first Molly walked between them—a quiet little figure—but when Buck tried to take her hand she slipped away from him and walked on the other side of Purr. Again the rivals glared at each other.

"Well, what you looking at?" demanded Buck.

"I'll tell you later," said Purr.

"All right," said Buck, breathing hard. "You remember that, or I'll remember it for you."

Molly sighed with relief when they reached Sundial Court, and with a muffled "Good night!" she slipped in the door and shut it behind her. There was a little window on each side of the door, and a curtain over each window. Perhaps because she had a bit of Old Adam in her as well as Old Clem, Molly hesitated for a second or two, and then she cautiously pushed this curtain aside for about a quarter of an inch—possibly to see what sort of a night it was. She was only just in time.

Buck had already made a pass at Purr; but Purr, watching attentively over his collar, had nimbly snapped his head aside, and now as Molly peeped out, horror-stricken, her legs too weak to walk her away from the window, Purr's fist came from his shoulder like shell from a six-inch gun and caught his rival halfway between the right ear and the teeth. Under the impact of that blow Buck spun round in a dizzy gyration, and then Purr did a rather merry thing which might not have occurred to him if he had not been a machinist and an inventor too. He leaped upon Buck's back as though he were leaping upon a horse and rode him for half a dozen staggering steps. In the dim light, and with the sundial and stone benches for backing, it vaguely suggested one of those medieval tournaments where each gallant knight rode forth to fight for honor, king and beauty.

"Now," exclaimed Purr as he nimbly dismounted, "want any more?"

By the rapidity of his retreat, however, Buck indicated that for the present he had enjoyed a sufficiency of first playing anvil and then playing horse. He disappeared, and Purr walked back to look for his hat, which had fallen off in the fray. He was putting it on, frowning a little to himself, when the door of Sundial Court opened and a pale little face looked out.

"Good night, Purr," said Molly.

"Oh, good night, Molly," said Purr.

VI

AND then all at once it happened. The thing that Molly had hoped and planned and prayed for really and truly came to pass. It came so unexpectedly too. If, for instance, she had dreamed of being sad and wretched the night before, she wouldn't have been so much surprised. But there wasn't a single warning—not even a bee from the Botanical Gardens to buzz round her head; not even an auburn-haired girl and a white horse in that benign juxtaposition which foretells a happy event. Indeed, if anything, Molly felt low in her spirits that morning, and she was dusting her typewriter in a somewhat mournful manner when suddenly a drawling voice spoke in her ear, "Pardon me, but are you busy?"

Yes, J. Allison Cunningham! And never, never, never since his first appearance at Downs & Doolittle's had he looked so appealingly handsome as he seated himself in the chair by the side of Molly's desk and proceeded to give her a letter.

"You needn't hurry with it," he said in his soothing voice when he had finished. "Any time to-day will do."

He smiled at her then, and all day long, whenever Molly felt like treating herself to a moment of rapture, she closed her eyes and saw that smile again. She wrote his letter for him with the same loving care with which a little white nun of Nottingham might have worked upon a tapestry for Cardinal Wolsey's palace, and then she did a crafty thing. She put the letter in her desk, thinking he would come again and ask her for it. But he didn't. So along toward evening, when most of the desks round J. Allison's were deserted, she privately looked at herself in her little mirror, put a dab of powder on her nose, rearranged three hairpins, bit her lips to make them red—which was a trick that she had learned from that forbidden volume of Ouida—polished her shoes on the backs of her

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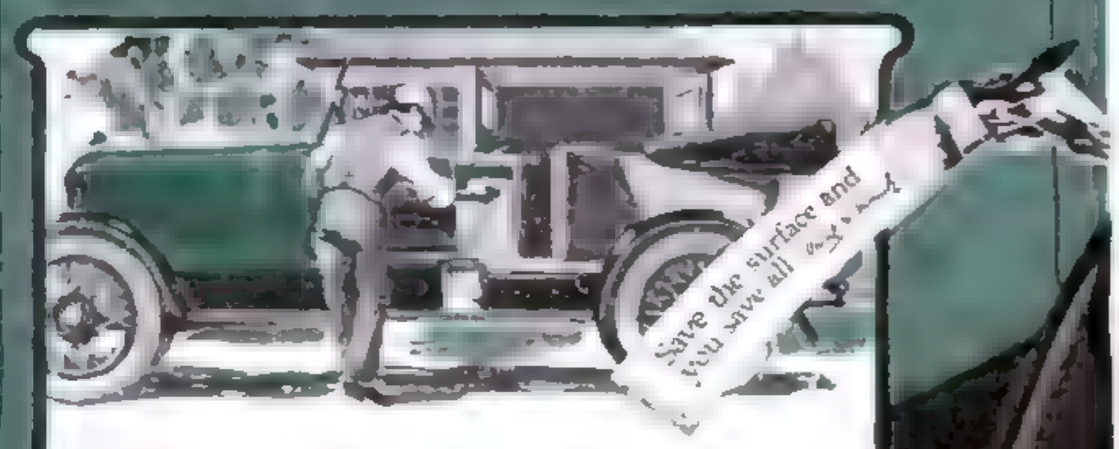

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(Continued from Page 88)

stockings, cleared her throat, pulled her waist down, and then—and not till then—she took J. Allison his letter.

He didn't notice her coming, sitting sideways at his desk as he was, and looking out of the window at the sunset across the distant river.

"Here's your letter, Mr. Cunningham," said Molly.

"Oh, yes, of course," said he, rousing from his reverie. "Do you want to wait a moment while I sign it or shall I give it to the boy?"

"No, I'll take it."

"Thank you; won't you sit down?"

So Molly sat down, as Lady Euphémie probably sat down in the wonderful Court of Make-Believe when Prince Charming bowed her to the chair beside the throne.

"One hundred per cent perfect," said J. Allison as he reached for his pen. "You are a good stenographer."

"Thank you," said Molly demurely.

He looked at her then, with that different look which every girl knows so well, and when that was done he didn't smile at her. He did something better. He looked vaguely disturbed.

"One hundred per cent perfect," said he—"both the letter and the stenographer."

The next night they happened to leave the office together, and he walked with her to the Subway.

"You live with your people?" he asked.

"Yes," she said; and felt an idiotic ambition to tell him, "At Sundial Court—up in the Bronx—a beautiful big apartment just opposite the Botanical Gardens," but of course she didn't.

"That must be nice," he said. "It's dreadfully lonesome, even in this big city, living by oneself."

"It must be," said Molly, feeling sorry for him. "I know I wouldn't like it."

At the station he bought her a Subway ticket, and when he bade her good-by he gave her a smile that lasted Molly all the way home.

The next morning Molly wore her Georgette waist to the office. Every girl who reads these lines will know what that means.

"Are you busy?" J. Allison smiled at her as she began dusting her typewriter.

He gave her a letter, and when the letter was completed he continued, quite in the same voice: "Now look here. A friend of mine gave me two tickets to Old Man Moon for the Saturday matinée, but it's so stupid to go alone. Would you like to go with me? Or if there's anyone else with whom you'd rather go, I'll be glad to give you both the tickets. It's a shame to waste them."

"Why, yes, I'd like to go," said Molly, wondering if she looked as pale as she felt.

"With me?"

She nodded—a quaint sort of a mandarin nod that seemed to start with the chin and end with the back of the head.

"All right, then, that's settled," said he; and rising, he added in a slightly louder tone: "There's no hurry about the letter, Miss Chalmers. Any time to-day will do."

And, oh, but that was a wonderful Saturday afternoon! The show was perfect, and when the tenor came on in the moonlight scene and sang "Beloved, the Moonlight is Beaming," two unaccountable tears looked out of Molly's eyes—it was all so beautiful, so like her dreams—but they soon went back again when the comedian came out with his tame hen that laid him two eggs for his breakfast right in front of everybody. The first egg, of course, was witty enough; but the second—well, that was a masterpiece!

After the matinée they went and had dinner on a roof that had been made up like a Japanese garden, and were waited on by girls with almond eyes and funny little wooden clogs—or would you call them pattens?—and kimonos embroidered with butterflies and peach blossoms. A fairyland! There was even a brook, rippling over stones; and a bridge; and over the bridge was a dancing floor with Japanese musicians, including two masters of the guitar who could slur their notes with heavenly grace and make everything else sound foolish.

"Do you dance, Miss Chalmers?" asked Allison.

She brightly nodded, and over the bridge they went. There he paused. She placed one hand upon his shoulder, the other on his arm.

"You are really a wonderful dancer," he murmured to her once.

Molly couldn't even answer him; she was too enraptured. "He floats—he floats," she faintly told herself.

He took her home early, and you ought to have seen how proud she was when she steered him round into Sundial Court and said, "Here's where we live. Won't you come in?" she added.

"Not this evening, please," he said. "I have some letters to write. Some other night, perhaps, if you care to invite me again."

If she cared to invite him again!

When he had gone Molly danced upstairs and went waltzing into the Chalmers apartment like a charming young typhoon.

"Going crazy?" asked Grover, looking over the top of the sporting news.

No, she wasn't going crazy. Little Rain-in-the-Face was simply having a little war dance all on her own. She knew what she was doing!

VII

THAT Saturday afternoon was the first of many, and Saturday afternoons were followed by week-day evenings. The weeks came and the weeks went, but never once had J. Allison Cunningham spoken those three words for which every girl's ears are most exquisitely attuned; and never once had he as much as hinted at anything which might possibly lead to the placing of a solitaire on the third finger of Molly's left hand.

"Has he said anything yet?" Beatrice sometimes asked her.

Beatrice had left Downs & Doolittle's to take a job that was nearer to her young man's, so she and Molly didn't see each other very often.

Molly could only shake her head and pretend not to notice the red-and-blue fires that gleamed from Beatrice's ring.

"He'll say it yet, though," she told herself; and however much his reticence on this one subject may have piqued her, she always forgot it in the pride of being with him. He talked so sensibly, too, and when she got home it was Allison says this and Allison says that. There were times when Grover grew quite peevish about it.

One night Allison said to her: "I want to start in business for myself as soon as I can. It's just as easy as working for somebody else, and you get the profit too."

Molly thought, "How clever he is!" and when she got home she found a chance to pass his words of wisdom off on Old Clem. Clem was sitting up, a little more grizzled than when we last saw him, and looking particularly thoughtful at the two shades of smoke that puffed from his lips and curled from his pipe. With an old-time gift for divining his moods, Molly perched on his knee and rubbed her cheek against his.

"Worried about something?" she whispered.

He nodded.

"Not—not about me?"

Old Clem's education had stopped at the Fifth Reader, and the only Homer he knew was the kind that Babe Ruth makes; and yet in the unconscious grandeur of his reply there was a depth and dignity that wouldn't have been far out of place in the Odyssey itself.

"If I ever started worrying over you, Molly, I'd know that I had come to the place when it was time for me to die."

They sat in silence then for a few minutes, cheek pressed to cheek, and then they solemnly kissed each other.

"What is it, then?" she asked.

"That job of mine. It'll be finished next week, and we've got a new superintendent who's pushing his family in right and left. Fact is, I wouldn't be surprised if I was laid off."

Molly could almost see the gathering clouds—could almost hear the whistling wind. If Clem lost his job they would have to go back to Ferry Street, and that would be the end of her dreams. It was then that Allison's words stirred in her memory.

"Isn't there some way you could start in business for yourself?" she asked. "It seems to me it would be just as easy as working for somebody else, and you'd get the profit too."

"I haven't got any teams or any equipment," he said. "A contractor has to have a lot of things besides knowing how."

"Yes, but you know where to hire them. I've often heard you talk about hiring teams and renting drills and things like that. Why don't you try it once, just to see what you could do?"

"Of course," he said, after a lengthy pause, "there's always a lot of little jobs going on—excavating for apartment houses and things like that—and I do know every truck and every bit of equipment within five miles of here."

"You see?" she crowed, as though the matter were settled. "You give it a try, dad. I'm betting on you."

Clem sat up for a long time after Molly had gone to bed, and when he finally knocked the ashes out of his pipe he did it with a commanding look, and went to his room with such a stride of resolution that he caught his foot against the footstool under the telephone; and, just catching his balance in time, he gave the footstool a kick that was worthy of the terrible-tempered Mr. Bangs.

"What's that?" asked everybody, suddenly waking up and lifting their heads off their pillows.

"Never mind! Never mind! Go to sleep!" commanded Old Clem.

Blinking into the darkness, they all slowly put their heads back on their pillows and marveled at father's mood.

The next morning Molly thought she looked pale. She rubbed her cheeks with her hands, but the color faded almost as soon as she stopped.

"Do I look all right?" she asked her mother when she went into the dining room for her breakfast.

"You look tired," sighed Mrs. Chalmers, "and no wonder—the hours you're keeping lately. If you keep on the way you're doing ——".

"Oh, dear, there you go again!" said Molly. "Poached eggs for breakfast! Don't they look good!"

Every mother who reads these lines will know how natural that sounds.

But though Molly might be able to put her mother off, she couldn't put her pallor off so easily. Day by day and night by night it seemed to grow upon her—nothing yet displeasing to the eye, you understand. Indeed, if anything, she looked more interesting pale than rosy; but she had lived long enough to know that such things are generally progressive, followed soon by dark marks round the eyes and a nose that turns a bluey tint when the north wind blows upon it.

"I'll be old soon," she thought to herself one day, her heart sinking a little. "Oh, I do wish Allison would say something—if he really cares."

But that dreamy-eyed one still pursued his drawling course, and though he spoke thousands of words to her on nearly every subject under the sun, he utterly failed to pronounce the fatal three upon the one subject which interested Molly more than all the others put together.

"Has he said anything yet?" Beatrice asked her another time.

"Said what?" demanded Molly with a trace of irritation. "What do you suppose he'd say?"

"Needn't get mad about it," said Beatrice. "I was only asking." And after a pause she carelessly added: "Joe wants that we should get married in the spring, but I tell him we ought to have a thousand dollars saved first."

You can imagine how Molly felt at that!

"Aunt Lett was right," she thought. "You have to go after them like Indians," and she almost pined for those prehistoric days when women were said to be wild and went after men the same as they would go after crabs or wild donkeys or anything else they wanted, with spears and clubs and nets and everything else essential for a speedy job.

"I—I wonder if it's because we aren't rich," she uneasily continued. "Perhaps he's looking for a rich girl to start him in business and he's only just passing the time away with me. I—I wonder if it's because he's heard something about Jimmy and that Bolzic girl. I—I wonder if it's because of the little scar on my forehead where I fell downstairs when I was a baby. I—I wonder if it's because I don't like fish."

This is a game that grows the more you play it, and Molly had sense enough to give it up before it went too far.

"I know!" she suddenly told herself. "I'll go and see Aunt Lett!"

She went that very evening, and Aunt Lett gave her a hug that was like a bear's.

"You're looking pale," she said. "What's the matter? Don't they give you enough to eat at home?"

"No, it isn't that," said Molly, wondering how she was going to begin. But Aunt Lett wasn't an old bird for nothing. She caught the embarrassment in her niece's eyes, and said: "You bring that chair over here so we can have a little chat while I go on sewing. There now, my little lady, you

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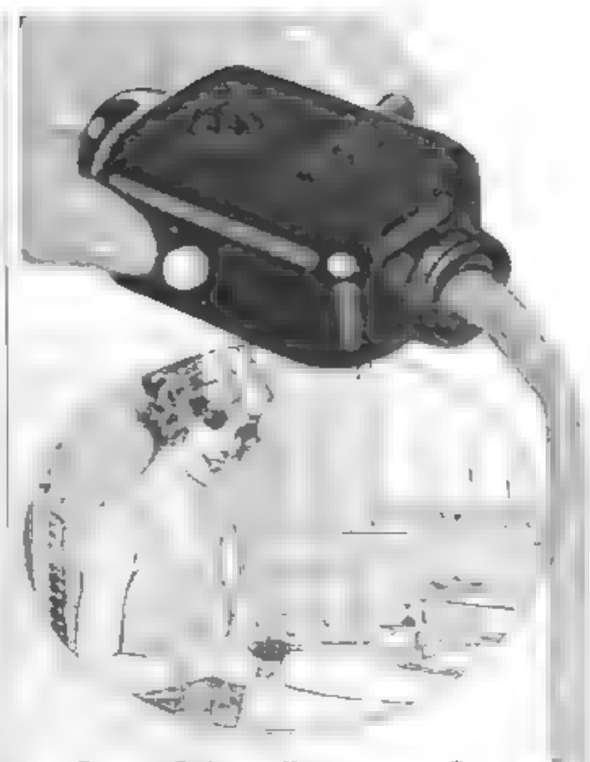

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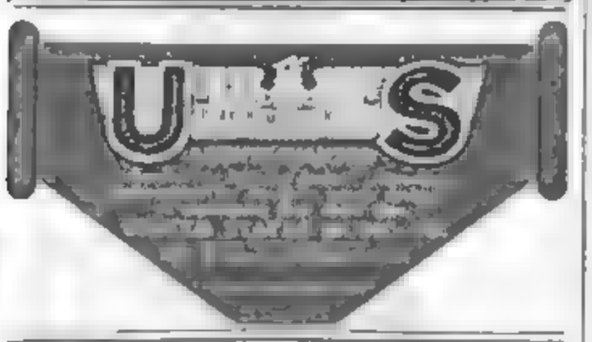

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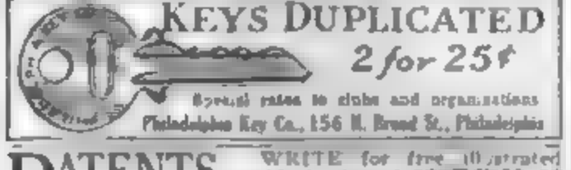

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(Concluded from Page 91)

tell Aunt Lett what's troubling you, and I don't care whether it's murder or mice, I'll do my best to help you."

Even then it was hard for Molly to get started; but once safely going, she began to hit on all six cylinders and, oh, how the miles rolled past! As she listened, Aunt Lett's eyes went back into retrospect, and she might have been living some of her old past joys and sorrows again.

"And that's all?" she finally asked.

"Yes, that's all. Now what would you do, if you were me, Aunt Lett? Would you stop going out with him? Or what?"

Aunt Lett bit off a length of thread.

"Sounds to me that he sees you too often—for nothing," she said at last.

"But how can I help it? We're right there together in the same office."

"That's the trouble. Most every man would prize his wife more if he didn't see her every day. He gets to take her for granted, like the kitchen stove or the morning milk, and never stops to wonder how he'd get along without her."

"But when we're both there together in the same big room all day ——"

"Ask for a vacation!"

"I might do that," said Molly thoughtfully.

"Of course you could!"

"Only he'd come up to the house every night."

"Stay away from the house!"

"Me? Why, I couldn't do that, Aunt Lett. I can't ——"

"Come and stay with me two weeks, and don't let him know where you are!"

"I—I could do that."

"Of course you could! I've got some work on hand that you could help me with, and I've been saving you a piece of goods for a dress that'll make your J. Allison Cunningham's eyes pop right out of his head, and warm up his feet till his corns pop, too—if he has any. Open that bottom drawer and look in the right-hand side."

"Oh, Aunt Lett!" cried Molly a moment later with shining eyes. "You don't mean this heavenly blue!"

Aunt Lett briskly nodded, and when Molly went home she carried with her a stack of fashion books so heavy that many a grown man would have grumbled at the weight.

That night about one o'clock Mrs. Chalmers woke and saw a light in her daughter's room.

"Haven't you gone to sleep yet, Molly?" she called out.

"No, mother; but it's all right. Don't make a noise; you'll wake pop."

"I'm awake now," reported Old Clem in a sleepy voice. "What's the matter?"

"Nothing," sighed Mrs. Chalmers. "Only Molly's got a light in her room. I'm sure I don't know what she's doing at this hour of night."

Rolled in a blanket, Molly was still studying those fashion books. Little Rain-in-the-Face was planning her final war paint. She knew what she was doing!

VIII

NOR was she altogether in the dark about her actions on an evening three weeks later when, safely returned to Sundial Court from her Ferry Street vacation, she stood in front of her mirror putting the last finishing touches to her heavenly blue while J. Allison waited for her in the front room

Whether or not instinct warned her that she stood on the threshold of one of those mysterious doors through which nearly every woman born of Eve hopes to pass on her journey from the cradle to the grave, there was certainly no pallor on Molly's cheeks that night. Indeed, they bloomed like two pink roses, and her eyes were as bright as a child's when it knows that the Christmas tree is waiting in the next room with a wonderful wrapped-up present hanging from every bough.

Meanwhile J. Allison was talking to Grover and Old Clem. Grover wasn't saying much. Molly had brought back news of Buck Hannon's arrest and the confiscation of his truck with a load of whisky on it; but Old Clem was in great form.

"Pop's feeling good to-night," Molly thought still busy with those last finishing touches which mean so much "I guess he's happy because he landed such a big contract last week Isn't it funny?" she mused, a look that was nearly awe coming to her eyes. "We would all have been down on Ferry Street yet if it hadn't been—if it hadn't been ——"

She left the thought unfinished, the roses in her cheeks deepening. But perhaps you can guess what she meant. Family fortunes are improved in many ways, but if you could only analyze the causes of their improvement deeply enough, you might come to a Molly Chalmers more often than you suspect—to a Molly Chalmers with world-old dreams of romance and her hopes of some day meeting a prince who will lead her into the promised land. But perhaps it's as well not to speak of these things too loudly. If the Old Clems and Young Grovers should hear them—and understand—it might take too much out of them; and that would be a pity, for nearly every man rises according to the bounce that is in him and in proportion to his own ideas of what he can personally do

"There," murmured Molly at last with a final pat at her skirt, "I guess I'm ready now"

Which can be taken in more ways than one, when you come to think it over.

"Why, Molly!" said Allison when she shyly appeared in the doorway.

Even Old Clem blinked his eyes a little, such was the magic of that heavenly blue; and perhaps he wondered, as many a father must wonder at times, how an old hard-boiled egg like him could have been even an approximate cause of such a miracle. But though he blinked his eyes, his perceptions remained clear enough for him to understand that this was a miracle that hadn't been performed for him.

"Well, see you later, Mr. Cunningham," he said in his hearty voice. "I've got a man I want to tend to."

Grover went out with him. The clock on the mantel chimed eight.

"How lovely you look!" said Allison as soon as they were left alone.

"You think so?" said Molly, demurely smiling.

"Think so? I know it!" said he.

"Tick—tick—tick," said the clock on the mantel.

"All the same," he continued, "it was cruel of you to go away like that for two whole weeks and not to let me know where you were."

"Why, I didn't know you cared," she smiled as demurely as before.

"Tick—tick—tick—tick—tick," said the clock.

If Allison hadn't hesitated Molly's subsequent behavior might have been different. If he had caught her up, say, on the word "cared" and had tempestuously echoed, "Cared? You know I cared—and more than cared!" it is quite within the realms of possibility that there wouldn't be much more of Molly's story to tell. But instead of answering with his heart, it struck Molly, almost like a chill, that he was thinking with his head.

"He's weighing it over," she told herself; and though she still smiled on the surface, somehow she felt more like crying a little inside.

"Yes, it was really cruel of you," he continued. "The office hasn't been the same. Why, only yesterday ——"

But Molly wasn't listening.

"Aunt Lett was wrong," she was thinking. "Like Indians? Well, I guess not! I wouldn't marry any man—I don't care who he is—unless I knew that he cared for me as much as I cared for him!"

Allison's story came to an end.

"You do look sweet!" he added, his eyes never leaving the picture she made. "And that reminds me—do you know that I've never kissed you yet?"

"No," thought Molly shortly, "and you never will!"

He gracefully rose and as gracefully approached her

"Just one," said he.

"No!"

"Why, my dear girl, you know I love you!"

"You don't!" she said; and to herself she hurriedly added, "It's my blue dress—and everything. And even if I could catch him this way, so could any other girl with a prettier dress than mine, even after he had said he cared for me—and kissed me!"

"I'm going to have one," he warned her, trying to take her hands. At that she made the queerest little speech:

"Mr. Cunningham, you forget yourself!" which was Ouida, pure and simple.

He still persevered.

"If you don't go and sit down," she told him, "I'll call mother." Which wasn't Ouida at all, but plain old-fashioned American girl.

"Oh, no, you won't!" he smiled.

"Won't I?" she cried. "Oh, mother!"

The sound of her voice had hardly died away when Mrs. Chalmers' step was heard in the hall, and Allison hastily returned to his chair.

"Did you call me?" asked Mrs. Chalmers.

"Yes," said Molly. "Mr. Cunningham wants to hear that story about grandma and the bear," and giving him a look that said "I know you'll enjoy this," she carelessly added, "I almost forgot. I promised Grover I'd go for a ride with him this evening. It's all right, mother—my heavy coat's on the hall rack. Good-by, all!"

With a startled expression Allison heard the front door of the apartment open and shut, and then dimly, vaguely, he heard the voice of Mrs. Chalmers:

"When my dear grandmother was a little girl ——"

IX

HALF an hour later Molly peeped in the front door. "Has he gone?" she whispered.

"Yes," said Mrs. Chalmers. "He said he had only just dropped in to see how we all were. He seemed very thoughtful about something. Did you have a nice ride?"

"No. Grover wasn't there. But I had a nice walk. Do you know, I think I'll make some coffee. It's cold outside."

Mrs. Chalmers looked puzzled, but then she often did.

"I can't understand it about Allison," she said. "I always thought that you and he ——"

"Oh, no!" said Molly, starting for the kitchen. "Nothing like that!"

At the coffee mill she paused, and out of her pocket she drew a small round stone about as large as a robin's egg, which she must have picked up somewhere outside, perhaps from a heap of gravel. However that may be, she had evidently made up her mind just what she was going to do with it, for without a moment's hesitation she dropped the stone into the coffee grinder and worked it down to the bottom with the handle of a wooden spoon.

Now, as all the world knows well, coffee grinders are designed to grind coffee, and when they are put to stone crushing something is practically sure to happen. As a matter of fact, Molly hadn't turned the handle half a dozen times when there was a loud, rending noise, and the Chalmers coffee-grinding outfit went permanently out of commission.

"What on earth have you done?" sighed Mrs. Chalmers, hurrying into the kitchen.

"I guess I've broke it," said Molly simply.

"Then what are we going to do for breakfast in the morning? Your father will nearly go out of his mind if he hasn't any coffee."

Molly thought it over very seriously.

"I know!" she suddenly exclaimed. "I'll call up Purr. He knows all about machinery. Perhaps he can fix it."

"But you don't know his telephone number."

"Yes, I do. He called at Aunt Lett's two or three times while I was there, and I think I've got one of his cards somewhere with the telephone number of his boarding house written on the back."

The clock was striking nine when Purr arrived—carrying a satchel of tools that made him look like a doctor. Molly let him in.

"Say, honestly, I didn't know you at first," he said. "You look—you look—you look ——"

He said this, you will notice, three times. The first time he said it briskly. The second time he said it reflectively. But the third time he said it with a note of worship in his voice.

"Now last week, Mr. Peterson," began Molly, "when you caught me at Aunt Lett's with my old gingham on—what was it you said?"

"I said I loved you," he said, dropping his satchel.

"Old gingham and all?"

"Old gingham and all!" he stoutly answered.

"And don't you like me in this?"

"Like you?" he stammered, but looking at her with adoring eyes for all that. "Like you? Why, I ——"

Gently, pleadingly, he held out his arms. In the subdued light of the hall he might have been some big chief holding out the protection of his blanket to the maid he loved. Little Rain-in-the-Face hesitated for a moment, and then she proudly stepped forward, her face upraised. She knew what she was doing!

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RED STAR

Detroit Vapor Oil Stove

CAPE TO CAIRO

(Continued from Page 11)

reach Bukuma; or, to be more exact, after you start down the first stage of the journey on the Lualaba. At Kabalo, where I stopped, a railroad runs eastward from the river to Albertville, on the shores of Lake Tanganyika. It was at Ujiji, on the shores of this beautiful lake, that Stanley found Livingstone. Rhodes wanted to use the four-hundred-mile waterway that this body of water provides to connect the railway that came down from the north with the line that begins at the Cape. The idea was to use train ferries. King Leopold of Belgium granted Rhodes the right to do this, but Germany frustrated the scheme by refusing to recognize the cession of the strip of Congo territory between Lake Tanganyika and Lake Kivu, which was an essential link.

This incident is merely one evidence of the many attempts that the Germans made to block the Cape-to-Cairo project. Germany knew that if Rhodes, and through Rhodes the British Empire, could establish through communication under the British flag from one end of Africa to the other it would put a crimp in the Teutonic scheme to dominate the whole continent. She went to every extreme to interfere with its advance.

The Rhodesian Links

This German opposition provides one excellent reason why the consummation of the project was so long delayed. Another was that except for the explorer, the prospector and the big-game hunter there was no particular provocation for moving about in certain portions of Central Africa until recently. But Germany only provided one obstacle. The British Government, after the fashion of governments, turned a cold shoulder to the enterprise. History was only repeating itself. If Disraeli had consulted his colleagues, England would never have acquired the Suez Canal. So it goes.

Most of the Rhodesian links of the Cape-to-Cairo route were built by Rhodes and the British South Africa Company, while the line from Broken Hill to the Congo border was due entirely to the courage and tenacity of Robert Williams, who is now constructing the so-called Benguella Railway from Lobito Bay in Portuguese Angola to Bukuma. It will in reality be a feeder of the Cape-to-Cairo road and constitute a sort of back door to Egypt. It will also provide a shorter outlet to Europe for the copper in the Katanga district of the Congo.

When you see equatorial Africa, and more especially that part which lies between the railhead at Bukuma and Mahagi, you understand why the all-rail route is not profitable at the moment. It is for the most part an uncultivated jungle area, with scattered white settlements and hordes of untrained natives. The war set back the development of the Congo many years. Now that peace has come and the world is beginning to understand the possibilities of Central Africa for palm oil, cotton, rubber and coffee, the traffic to justify the connecting railways will eventually come. All these facts, however, as well as a more detailed account of my adventures and experiences in this part of the world, will come in their proper sequence in the succeeding articles of this series. The job right now is to deal with the lower end of the Cape-to-Cairo Railway, the resources of the Union of South Africa which it serves and their whole relation to larger world output. You will get some surprises.

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The Capetown Railway Station

Shortly after my return from Africa I was talking with a well-known American business man, who, after making the usual inquiries about lions, cannibals and hairbreadth escapes, asked:

"Is it dangerous to go about in South Africa?"

When I assured him that both my pocketbook and I were safer there than on Broadway in New York or State Street in Chicago he was surprised. Yet his question is typical of a widespread ignorance about all Africa and even its most developed area.

What people generally do not understand is that the lower part of that erstwhile Dark Continent is one of the most prosperous regions in the world, where the home currency is at a premium instead of a discount; where the high cost of living remains a stranger, and where you get little suggestion of the commercial rack and ruin that are disturbing the rest of the universe. While the war-ravaged nations and their neighbors are feeling their dubious way toward economic reconstruction the Union of South Africa is on the wave of a striking expansion. It affords an impressive contrast to the demoralized productivity of Europe, and for that matter the United States.

Pioneering by Rail

South Africa presents many economic features of distinct and unique interest. A glance at its steam transportation discloses rich material. Fundamentally the railroads of any country are the real measure of its progress. In Africa particularly they are the mileposts of civilization. In 1876 there were only four hundred miles on the whole continent. To-day there are more than thirty thousand miles. Of this network of rails exactly 11,478 miles are in the Union of South Africa, and they comprise what is perhaps the largest mileage in the world under one management.

More than this, they are government owned and operated. Despite this usual handicap, they pay. No particular love of government control—which is invariably an invitation for political influence to do its worst—animated the development of these railways. As in Australia, where private capital refused to build, it was a case of necessity. In South Africa there was practically no private enterprise to sidestep the obligation that the need of adequate transportation imposed. The country was new, hostile savages still swarmed the frontiers and the white man had to battle with Zulu and Kafir for every area he opened. In the absence of navigable rivers—there are none in the Union—the steel rail had to do the pioneering. Besides, the Boers had a strong prejudice against the railroads, and regarded the iron horse as a menace to their isolation.

The first steam road on the continent of Africa was constructed by private enterprise from the suburb of Durban in Natal into the town. It was a mile and three-quarters in length, and was opened for traffic in 1860. Railway construction in the Cape Colony began about the same time. The government ownership of the lines began in 1873, and it has continued without interruption ever since. The real epoch of railway building in South Africa began with the great mineral discoveries. First came the uncovering of diamonds along the Orange River and the opening up of the Kimberley region, which added nearly two thousand miles of railway. With the

(Continued on Page 101)

On the South African Railway

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FELTS PAINTS VARNISHES PLASTICS

(Continued from Page 97)

finding of gold in the Rand on what became the site of Johannesburg another fifteen hundred miles were added.

Since most nationalized railways do not pay, it is interesting perhaps to take a look at the African balance sheet. Almost without exception, the South African railways have been operated at a considerable net profit.

These profits some years have been as high as £2,590,917. During the war, when there was a natural slump in traffic, and when all soldiers and government supplies were carried free of cost, they aggregated in 1916, for instance, £749,125.

One fiscal feature of these South African railroads is worth emphasizing. Under the act of Union, "All profits, after providing for interest, depreciation and betterment, shall be utilized in the reduction of tariffs, due regard being had to the agricultural and industrial development within the Union and the promotion by means of cheap transport of the settlement of an agricultural and industrial population in the inland portions of the Union."

The net result is that the rates on agricultural products, low-grade ores and certain raw materials are possibly the lowest in the world. In other countries rates had to be increased during the war, but in South Africa no change was made, so as not to interfere with the agricultural, mineral and industrial development of the country.

Nor is the Union behind in up-to-date transportation. A big program for electrification has been blocked out and a section is under conversion. Some of the power generated will be sold to the small manufacturer, and thus production will be increased.

Electrification in Favor

Stimulating the railway system of South Africa is a single personality which resembles the self-made American wizard of transportation more than any other Britisher that I have met, with the possible exception of Sir Eric Geddes, at present Minister of Transport of Great Britain, who left his impress on England's conduct of the war. He is Sir William W. Hoy, whose official title is General Manager of the South African Railways and Ports. Big, vigorous and forward-looking, he sits in a small office in the railway station at Capetown, with his finger literally on the pulse of nearly twelve thousand miles of traffic. During the war Walker D. Hines, as Director General of the American Railways, was steward of a vaster network of rails, but his job was an emergency one, and terminated when that emergency subsided. Sir William Hoy, on the other hand, is set to a task which is not equaled in extent, scope or responsibility by any other similar official.

Like James J. Hill and Daniel Willard, he rose from the ranks. At Capetown he told me of his great admiration for American railways, and their influence on the system he dominates. Among other things he said:

"We are taking our whole cue for electrification from the railroads of your country, and more especially the admirable precedent established by the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway. I believe firmly in wide electrification of present-day steam transport. The great practical advantages are more uniform speed and the elimination of stops to take water. It also affords improved acceleration, greater reliability as to timing, especially on heavy grades, and stricter adherence to schedule. These are enormous advantages to single lines like ours in South Africa. Likewise, crossings and train movements can be arranged with greater accuracy, thereby reducing delays. Perhaps the greatest saving is in haulage; that is, in the employment of the heavy electric locomotive. It all tends toward a denser traffic.

"Behind this whole process of electrification lies the need, created by the Great War, for coal conservation and for a motive power that will speed up production of all kinds. We have abundant coal in the Union of South Africa, and by consuming less of it on our railways we will be in a stronger position to export it, and thus strengthen our international position and keep the value of our money up."

Since Sir William has touched upon the coal supply, we at once get a link—and a typical one—with the ramified resources of the Union of South Africa. No product, not even those precious stones that lie in the bosom of Kimberley, or the glittering golden ore imbedded in the Rand, has a larger political or economic significance just now. Nor does any other commodity figure quite so prominently in the march of world events.

In peace, as in war, coal spells life and power. It was the cudgel that Germany once held over the head of the neutral and extorted special privilege. At the moment I write, coal is the storm center of controversy that ranges from the Ruhr Valley of Germany to the Welsh fields of Britain, and affects the destinies of statesmen and of countries. We are not without fuel troubles, as our empty bins indicate. The nation, therefore, with cheap and abundant coal has a bargaining asset that insures industrial peace at home and trade prestige abroad.

South Africa not only has a low-priced and ample coal supply, but is in a convenient point for distribution to the whole Southern Hemisphere—in fact Europe and other sections. On past production the Union ranked only eleventh in a list of coal-producing countries, the output being about eight million tons a year before the war and something more than ten million tons in 1919. This output, however, is no guide to the magnitude of its fields. Until comparatively recent times they have been little exploited, not because of inferiority, but because of the restricted output prior to the new movement to develop a bunker and export trade. Without an adequate geological survey the investigations made during the last twelve months indicate a potential supply of more than sixty million tons, and immense areas have not been touched at all.

The war changed the whole coal situation. Labor conflicts have reduced the British output; a huge part of Germany's supply must go to France as an indemnity, while our own fields are sadly underworked—for a variety of causes. All these conditions operate in favor of the South African field, which is becoming increasingly important as a source of supply.

Despite her advantage, the prices remain astonishingly low when you compare them with those prevailing elsewhere. English coal, which in 1912 cost about nine shillings a ton at pit head, costs considerably more than thirty shillings to-day. The average pit-head price of South African coal in 1915 was five shillings twopence a ton, and at the time of my visit to South Africa in 1919 was still under seven shillings a ton. Capetown and Durban, the two principal harbors of the Union, are coaling stations of empire importance. In the harbors you can see the flags of a dozen nations flying from ships that have put in for fuel. Thanks to the war, these harbors are in the center of the world's great trade routes, and thus geographically and economically their position is unique for bunkering and for export.

Economic Advantage

The price of bunker coal is a key to the increased overhead cost of world trade, as a result of the war. The Belgian boat on which I traveled from the mouth of the Congo to Antwerp coaled at Teneriffe, where the price per ton was seven pounds. It is interesting to compare this with the bunker price at Capetown of a little more than two pounds a ton, or at Durban, where the rate is one pound ten shillings a ton. In the face of these figures you can readily see what an economic advantage is accruing to the Union of South Africa with reference to the whole vexing question of coal supply.

We can now go into the larger matter of South Africa's business situation in the light of peace and world reconstruction. I have already shown how the war and the social and industrial upheaval that followed in its wake have enlarged and fortified the coal situation in the Union. Practically all other interests are similarly affected. The outstanding factor in the prosperity of the Union has been the development of war-born self-sufficiency. During the conflict that shook the world I used to think, and I said so in various articles in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, that this gospel of self-containment would be one of the compensations that Britain would gain. So far as Britain is concerned, this hope has not been realized. When I was in England last October huge quantities of German dyes were being dumped on her shores, to the loss and dismay of a new coal-tar industry that had been developed during the war. German wares such as toys and novelties were pouring in.

In South Africa the situation has been entirely different. She is asserting an almost pugnacious self-sufficiency. Cut off from outside supplies for more than four years by the relentless submarine warfare, and the additional fact that nearly all the ships to and from the Cape had to carry war supplies or essential products, she was forced to develop her internal resources. The consequence is an expansion of agriculture, industry and manufactures. Instead of being, as she was often called, a country of samples, she has become a domain of active production, as is attested by an industrial output valued at sixty-two million pounds sterling in 1918. Before the war the British and American manufacturers—and there is a considerable market for American goods in the Cape Colony—could undersell the South African article. That condition is changed, and the home-made article, produced with much cheaper labor than obtains either in Europe or the United States, has the field.

Mineral Wealth

Right here let me emphasize another striking fact in connection with this South African expansion. During the war I had occasion to observe at first hand the economic conditions in every neutral country in Europe. I was deeply impressed with the prosperity of Sweden, Spain and Switzerland, and to a lesser extent Holland, which made hay while their neighbors reaped the tares of war. Japan did likewise. These nations got much of the benefit and little of the horror of the upheaval.

Not so with South Africa. She played an active part in the war, and at the same time brought about a legitimate exploitation of her resources. One point in her favor is that while she sent tens of thousands of her sons forth to fight, her own territory escaped the scar and ravage of battle. All the fighting in Africa, so far as the Union was concerned, was in German Southwest Africa and German East Africa. After my years in tempest-tossed Europe it was a pleasant change to catch the buoyant, confident, unwearied spirit of South Africa.

I have dwelt upon coal because it happens to be a significant economic asset. Coal is merely a phase of the South African resources. Last year the Union produced thirty-five million eight hundred thousand pounds sterling in gold and seven million two hundred thousand in diamonds. The total mining production was, roughly, fifty million pounds sterling. This mining treasure is surpassed by the agricultural output, of which nearly one-third is exported. Land is the real measure of permanent wealth. The hoard of gold and diamonds in time becomes exhausted, but the soil and its fruits go on forever.

The moment you touch South African agriculture you reach a real romance. Nowhere, not even in the winning of the American West, do you get a more dramatic spectacle of the triumph of the pioneer over combative conditions. The Mormons made the Utah desert bloom, and the Boers and their British colleagues wrested riches from the bare veldt. The Mormons fought Indians and wrestled with drought, while the Dutch in Africa and their English comrades battled with Kafirs, Hottentots and Zulus and endured a no less grilling exposure to sun.

The crops are diversified. One of the staples of South Africa, for example, is the mealie, which is nothing more or less than our own American corn, but not quite so good. It provides the principal food of the natives, and is eaten extensively by the European as well. On a dish of mealie porridge the Kafir can keep the human machine going for twenty-four hours. Its prototype in the Congo is the manioc flour. In the Union nearly five million acres are under maize cultivation, which is exactly double the area in 1911. The value of the maize crop last year was approximately a million six hundred thousand pounds. Similar expansion has been the order in tobacco, of which there is a crop of not less than fifteen million pounds, wheat, fruit, sugar and half a dozen other products.

South Africa is a huge cattle country. The Boers have always excelled in the care of livestock, and it is particularly due to their efforts that the Union to-day has more than seven million head of cattle, which represents another hundred per cent increase in less than ten years.

This matter of livestock leads me to one of the really picturesque industries of the Union, which is the breeding of ostriches, the birds with the golden feathers. Ask any man who raises these ungainly birds, and he will tell you that with luck they are far better than the proverbial goose that laid the eighteen-carat eggs. The combination of F's—femininity, fashion and feathers—has been productive of many fortunes. The business is inclined to be fickle, because it depends upon the female temperament. The ostrich feather, however, is always more or less in fashion. With the outbreak of the war there was a tremendous slump in feathers, which was keenly felt in South Africa. With peace the plume again became the thing, and the drooping industry expanded with get-rich-quick proportions.

Port Elizabeth, in the Cape Colony, is the center of the ostrich-feather trade. It is the only place in the world, I believe, devoted almost entirely to plumage. Not long before I arrived in South Africa eighty-five thousand pounds sterling of feathers were disposed of there in three days. It is no uncommon thing for a pound of prime plumes to fetch one hundred pounds sterling. The demand has become so keen that the three hundred and fifty thousand ostriches in the Union can scarcely keep pace with it. Before the war there were more than eight hundred thousand of these birds, but the depression in feathers, coupled with drought, flood and other causes, thinned out the ranks. It takes three years for an ostrich chick to become a feather producer.

America has a considerable part in shaping the ostrich-feather market. As with diamonds, we are the largest consumers. You can go to Port Elizabeth any day and find a group of Yankees industriously bidding against each other. On one occasion two New York buyers started a competition that led to an eleven weeks' orgy of selling that registered a total net sale of more than one hundred thousand pounds sterling of feathers. They are still talking about it down there.

Riches and Prosperity

South Africa has not only expanded in output, but her area is also enlarged. The peace conference gave her the mandate for German Southwest Africa, which was the first section of the vanished Teutonic empire in Africa. It occupies more than a quarter of the whole area of the continent south of the Zambesi River. Though the word "mandate," as construed at Paris, is supposed to mean the amiable stewardship of a country, it really amounts to benevolent assimilation. This assimilation is very much like the paternal interest that holding companies in the good old Wall Street days felt for small and competitive concerns. In other words, it is safe to assume that henceforth German Southwest Africa will be a permanent part of the Union.

The colony's chief asset is comprised in the so-called German Southwest African diamond fields, which, with the Congo diamond fields, provide a considerable portion of the small stones now on the market. These two fields are alike in that they are alluvial, which means that the diamonds are easily gathered by a washing process. No shafts are sunk. It is precisely like gold washing.

The German Southwest mines have an American interest. In the reorganization following the conquest of German Southwest Africa by the South African Army under General Botha the control had to become Anglo-Saxon. The Anglo-American Corporation, which has extensive interests in South Africa and which is financed by London and New York capitalists, the latter including J. P. Morgan, Charles H. Sabin and W. B. Thompson, acquired these fields. It is an interesting commentary on postwar business readjustment to discover that there is still a German interest in these mines. It makes one wonder if the German will ever be eradicated from his world-wide contact with every point of commercial activity.

It is not surprising, therefore, that South Africa, in the light of all the facts that I have enumerated, should be prosperous. Take the money, always a test of national economic health. At Capetown I used the first golden sovereigns that I had seen since early in 1914. This was not only because the Union happens to be a great gold producing country, but because she has an excess of exports over imports. Her money, despite its intimate relation with that of

(Continued on Page 105)

A New Burroughs

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AUBURN Beauty-SIX

(Continued from Page 101)

Great Britain, which has so depreciated, is at a premium.

I got expensive evidence of this when I went to the bank at Capetown to get some cash. I had a letter of credit in terms of English pounds. To my surprise I got only seventeen shillings sixpence in African money for every English pound, which is nominally worth twenty shillings. Six months after I left this penalty had increased to three shillings. To such an extent has the proud British pound sterling declined, and in a British dominion too!

South Africa has put an embargo on the export of sovereigns. One reason was that during the first three years of the war a steady stream of these golden coins went surreptitiously to East India, where an unusually high premium for gold rules, especially in the bazaars. The goldsmiths find difficulty in getting material. The inevitable smuggling has resulted. In order to put a check on illicit removal, all passengers now leaving the Union are searched before they board their ships. Nor is it a half-hearted procedure. It is as drastic as the wartime scrutiny on frontiers.

To sum up the whole business situation in the Union of South Africa is to find that the spirit of production—the most sorely needed thing in the world to-day—is that of persistent advance. I dwell on this because it is in such sharp contrast with what is going on throughout the rest of a universe that staggers under sloth, and where the will to work has almost become a lost art. That older and more complacent order which is represented, for example, by France and England may well seek inspiration from this South African beehive.

Across Old Battlefields

With this economic setting for the whole South African picture, and a visualization of the Cape-to-Cairo route, let us start on the long journey that eventually took me to the heart of equatorial Africa. The immediate objectives, so far as this article is concerned, are Kimberley, Johannesburg and Pretoria, names and towns that are synonymous with thrilling chapters in the development of Africa and more especially the Union.

You depart from Capetown in the morning, and for hours you remain in the friendly company of the mountains. Table Mountain has brooded over you during the whole stay at the capital, and you regretfully watch this Gray Father fade away in the distance. In the evening you pass through the Hex River country, where the canyon is reminiscent of Colorado. Soon there bursts upon you the famous Karoo country, so familiar to all readers of South African novels, and more especially those of Olive Schreiner and Sir Percy Fitzpatrick. It is an almost treeless plain, dotted here and there with Boer homesteads. Their isolation suggests battle with element and soil. The country immediately around Capetown is a paradise of fruit and flowers, but as you travel northward the whole character changes. There is less green and more brown. After the Karoo comes the equally famous veldt, studded with the kopjes that became a part of the world vocabulary with the Boer War. Behind these low, long hills—they suggest flat, rocky hummocks—the South African burghers made many a desperate stand against the English.

When you see these kopjes you can readily understand why it took so long to conquer the Boers. The Dutch knew every inch of the land, and every man was a crack shot from boyhood. In these hills a handful could hold a small army at bay. All through this region you encounter places that have become part of history. You pass the ruins of Kitchener's blockhouses—they really ended the Boer War—and almost before you realize it, you cross the Modder River, where British military prestige got a bloody blow. Instinctively there come to mind the struggles of Cronje, De Wet, Joubert and the rest of those Boer leaders.

Late in the afternoon of the second day you suddenly get a feel of industry. The veldt becomes populated, and before long huge smokestacks loom against the sky. You are at Kimberley. The average man associates this place with a famous siege in the Boer War, and the equally famous diamond mines. But it is much more, for it is packed with romance and reality. Here came Cecil Rhodes in his early manhood, and pulled off the biggest business deal of his life; here you get the first milepost that the American mining engineer set up in the mineral development of Africa; here is produced in greater quantities than in any other place in the world the glittering jewel that vanity and avarice set their hearts upon.

Kimberley is one of the unique treasure cities. It is practically built on a diamond mine, in the same way that Johannesburg rests upon a gold excavation. When the great diamond rush of the seventies overwhelmed the Vaal and Orange River regions what is now the Kimberley section was a rocky plain with a few Boer farms. The influx of fortune hunters dotted the area with tents and diggings. To-day a thriving city covers it, and the wealth produced—the diamond output is ninety per cent of the world supply—exceeds in value that of a big manufacturing community in the United States.

At Kimberley you touch the intimate life of Rhodes. He arrived in 1872 from Natal, where he had gone to retrieve his health on a farm. The moment he staked out a claim he began a remarkable career. In his early Kimberley days he did a characteristic thing. He left his claims each year to attend lectures at Oxford, where he got his degree in 1881, after almost continuous commuting between England and Africa. Hence the Rhodes Scholarships at Oxford, created by his remarkable will. History contains no more striking contrast perhaps than the spectacle of this tall, curly-haired boy with the Cæsarlike face studying a Greek book while he managed a diamond-washing machine with his foot.

Rhodes developed the mines known as the De Beers group. His great rival was Barney Barnato, who gave South African finance the same picturesque traditions that the Pittsburgh millionaires brought to ours. His real name was Barnett Isaacs. After kicking about the streets of the East End of London he became a music-hall performer under the name by which he is known to business history. The diamond rush lured him to Kimberley, where he displayed the resource and ingenuity that led to his organization of the Central Mine interests which grouped around the Kimberley Mine.

Gigantic Diamond Deals

A bitter competition developed between the Rhodes and Barnato groups. Kimberley alternated between boom and bankruptcy. The genius of diamond mining lies in tempering output to demand. Rhodes realized that indiscriminate production would ruin the market, so he framed up the deal that made him the diamond dictator. He made Barnato an offer which was refused. With the aid of the Rothschilds in London, Rhodes secretly bought out the French interests in the Barnato holdings for six million dollars, which got his foot, so to speak, in the doorway of the opposition. But even this did not give him a working wedge. He was angling with other big stockholders, and required some weeks' time to consummate the deal. Meanwhile Barnato accumulated an immense stock of diamonds which he threatened to dump on the market and demoralize the price. The release of these stones before the completion of Rhodes' negotiations would have upset his whole scheme and neutralized his work and expense.

He arranged a meeting with Barnato, who confronted him with the pile of diamonds that he was about to throw on the market.

Rhodes, so the story goes, took him by the arm and said: "Barney, have you ever seen a bucketful of diamonds? I never have. I'll make a proposition to you. If these diamonds will fill a bucket, I'll take them all over from you at your own price."

Without giving his rival time to answer, Rhodes swept the glittering fortune into a bucket which happened to be standing near by. It also happened that the stones did not fill it. This incident shows the extent of the Rhodes resource, for a man at Kimberley told me that Rhodes knew beforehand exactly how many diamonds Barnato had, and supplied a bucket of the right size. Rhodes immediately strode from the room, got the time he wanted and consummated the consolidation which made the name De Beers synonymous with the diamond output of the world.

One trifling feature of this deal was the check for twenty-six million dollars which Rhodes gave for some of the Barnato interests acquired.

The deal with Barnato illustrated the practical operation of one of the rules which guided Rhodes' business life. He once said, "Never fight with a man if you can deal with him."

He lived up to this maxim even with the savage Matabeles, from whom he wrested Rhodesia.

Not long after the organization of the diamond trust Rhodes gave another evidence of his business acumen. He saw that the disorganized marketing of the output would lead to instability of price. He therefore formed the Diamond Syndicate in London, composed of a small group of middlemen who distribute the whole Kimberley output. In this way the available supply is measured solely by the demand.

Rhodes had a peculiar affection for Kimberley. One reason perhaps was that it represented the corner stone of his fortune. He always referred to the mines as his bread and cheese. He made and lost vast sums elsewhere, and scattered his money about with a lavish hand. The diamond mines did not belie their name, and gave him a constant meal ticket.

The Kimberley Mines

In Kimberley he made some of the friendships that influenced his life. First and foremost among them was his association with Doctor, afterward Sir Starr Jameson, the hero of the famous raid and a romantic character in African annals. Jameson came to Kimberley to practice medicine in 1878. No less intimate was Rhodes' lifelong attachment for Alfred Beit, who arrived at the diamond fields from Hamburg in 1875 as an obscure buyer. He became a magnate whose operations extended to three continents. Beit was the balance wheel in the Rhodes' financial machine.

The diamond mines at Kimberley are familiar to most readers. They differ from the mines in German Southwest Africa and the Congo in that they are deep, level excavations. The Kimberley Mine, for example, goes down three thousand feet. To see this almost grotesque gash in the earth is to get the impression of a very small Grand Cañon of the Colorado. It is an awesome and terrifying spectacle, for it is shot through with green and brown and purple, is more than a thousand feet wide at the top and converges almost to a visible point a thousand feet below. You feel that out of this color and depth has emerged something that incarnates lure and mystery.

The diamonds at Kimberley are found in a blue earth, technically known as kimberlite and commonly called blue ground. This is exposed to sun and rain for six months, after which it is shaken down and run over a grease table, where the grease catches the real diamonds and allows the other matter to escape. After a boiling process the stones come out as rough diamonds.

I spent a day in the Dutoitspan Mine, where I saw thousands of Kafirs digging away at the precious blue substance soon to be translated into the gleaming stone that would dangle on the bosom or shine from the finger of some woman ten thousand miles away. I got an evidence of American cinema enterprise on this occasion, for I suddenly debouched on a wide level, and under the flickering lights I saw a Yankee operator turning the crank of a motion-picture camera. He was part of a movie outfit getting travel pictures. A hundred naked Zulus stared with open-eyed wonder at the performance. When the flashlight was touched off they ran for their lives.

This leads me to the part that Americans have played at Kimberley. Rhodes had great confidence in the Americans, and employed them in various capacities that ranged from introducing California fruits into South Africa and Rhodesia to handling his most important mining interests. When someone asked him why he engaged so many he answered, "They are so thorough."

First and foremost among the Americans that Rhodes brought to Kimberley was Gardner F. Williams, a Michigander who became general manager of the De Beers Company in 1887, and who, upon the consolidation, assumed the same post with the united interests. He developed the mechanical side of diamond production, and for many years held what was perhaps the most conspicuous technical and administrative post in the industry. He retired

(Continued on Page 108)

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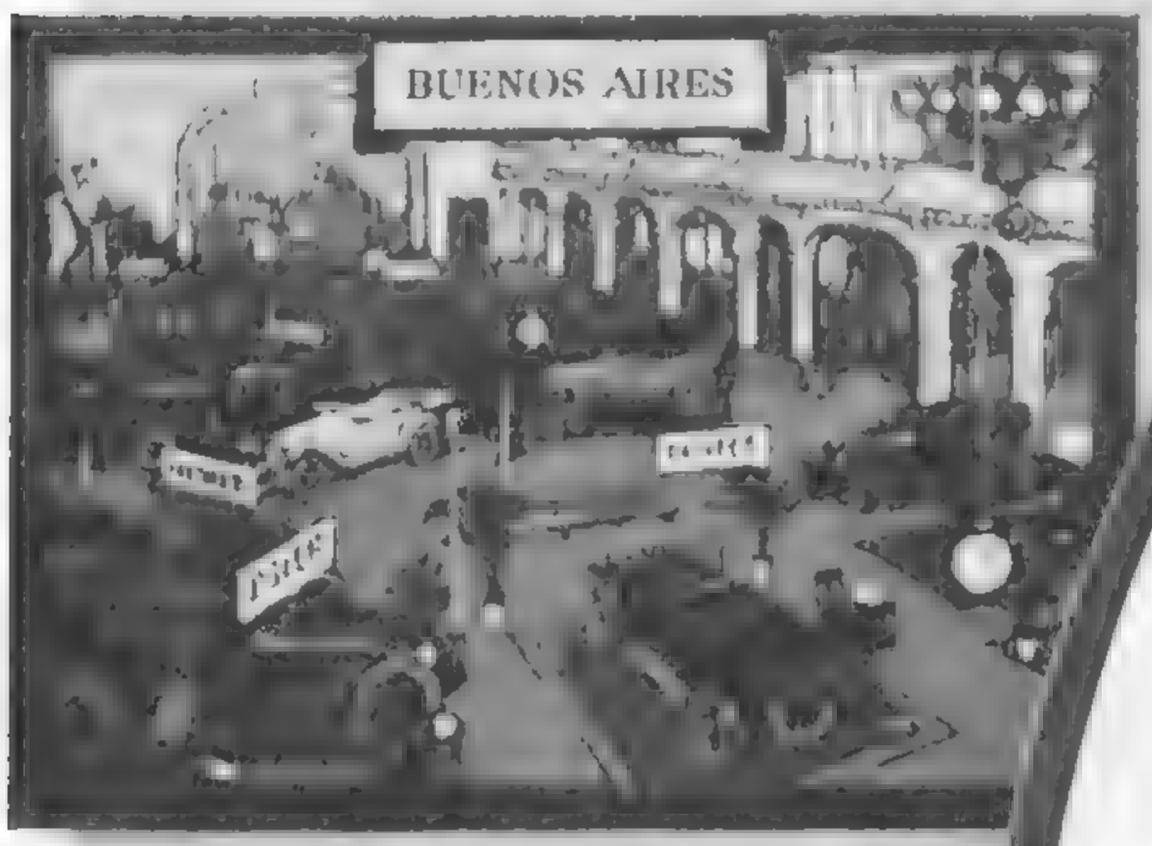

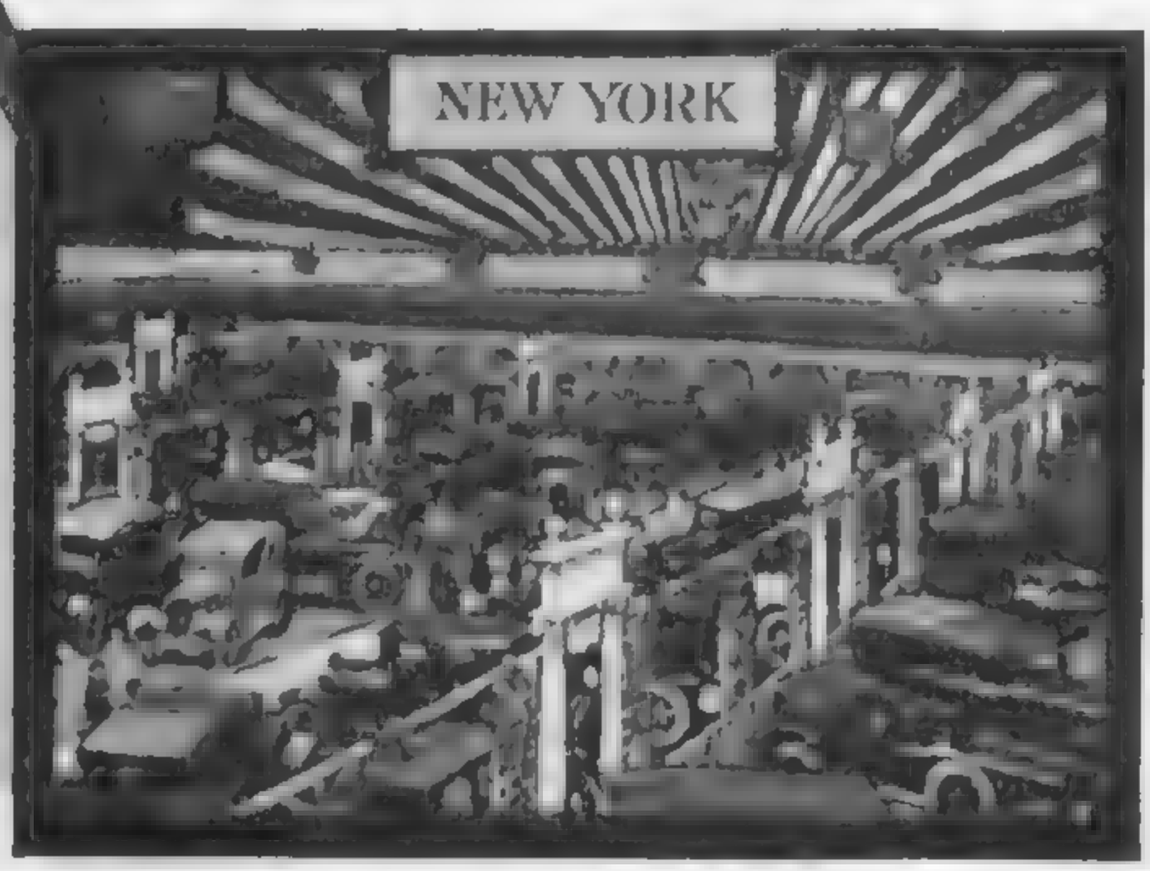

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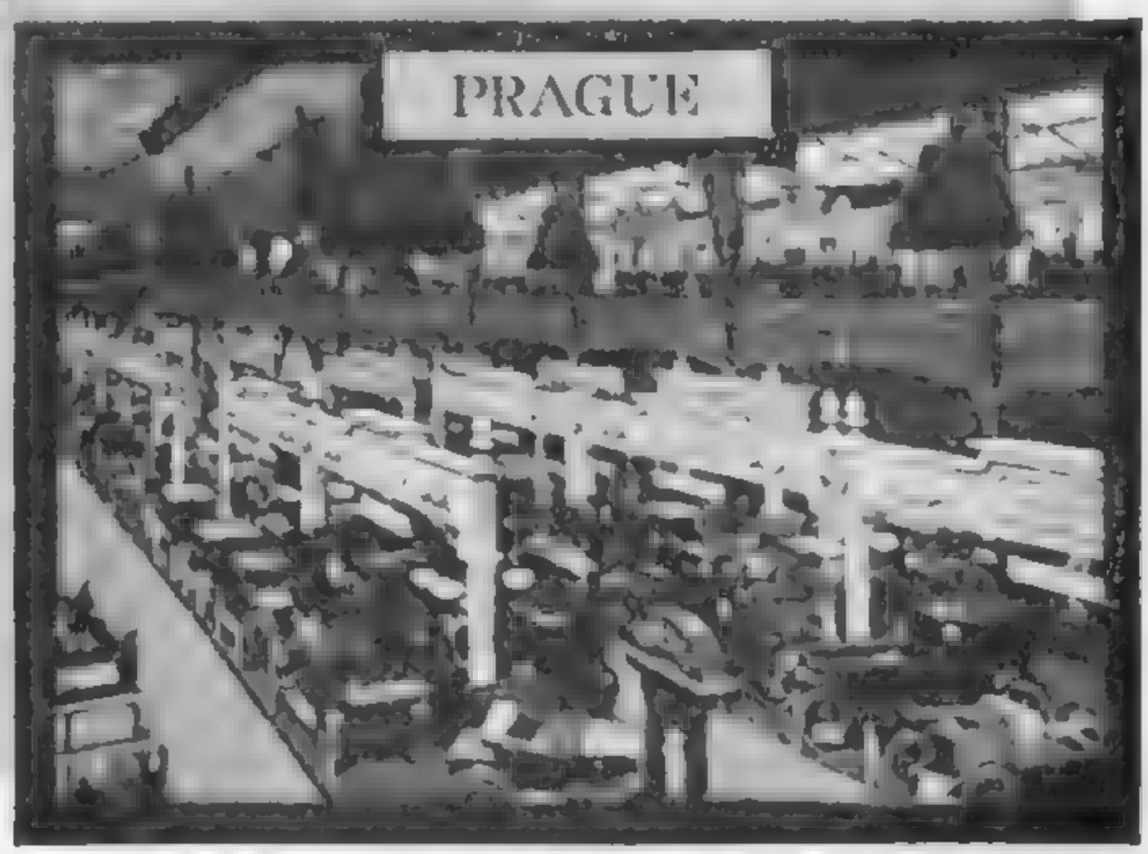

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(Continued from Page 105)

in favor of his son, Alpheus Williams, who is the present general manager of all the diamond mines at Kimberley.

A little known American had a vital part in the siege of Kimberley. Among the American engineers who rallied round Gardner Williams was George Labram. When the Boers invested the town they had the great advantage of superiority in weight of metal. Thanks to Britain's lack of preparedness, Kimberley had only a few seven-pounders, while the Boers had Long Toms. At Rhodes' suggestion Labram manufactured a big gun capable of throwing a thirty-pound shell, and it gave the besiegers a big and destructive surprise. This gun, which was called Long Cecil, was built and booming in exactly twenty-eight days. Labram was killed by a Boer shell while shaving in his room at a hotel exactly a week after the first discharge of his gun.

The part that Americans have had in the development of Kimberley is slight compared with their participation in the exploitation of the Rand gold mines. Not only were they the real pioneers in opening up this greatest of all gold fields, but they loomed large in the drama of the Jameson raid. One of their number, John Hays Hammond, the best known of the group, was sentenced to death for his part in it. The entire technical fabric of the Rand was devised and established by men born, and who had the greater part of their experience, in the United States.

Largely an American Job

The capital of the Rand is Johannesburg. When you ride in a taxicab down its broad, well-paved streets, or are whirled to the top floor of one of its skyscrapers, it is difficult to believe that twenty-five years ago this thriving and metropolitan community was a rocky waste. We are accustomed to swift civic transformations in America, but Johannesburg has it on any exhibit that we can offer in this line. Once called a tin town with a gold cellar, it has the atmosphere of a continuous cabaret with a jazz band going all the time.

No thoroughly acclimated person would ever think of calling Johannesburg by its full and proper name. This animated joy-town is called Joburg.

I made the mistake of dignifying the place with its geographical title when I innocently remarked, "Johannesburg is a live place."

My companion looked at me with pity—it was almost sorrow—and replied, "We think that Joburg"—strong emphasis on Joburg—"is one of the hottest places in the world."

The word "Rand" is Dutch for ridge, or reef. Toward the middle of the eighties the first mine was discovered on what is the present site of Johannesburg. The original excavation was on the historic place known as Witwatersrand, which means White Water Reef. The gold rush to the Transvaal was almost as noisy and picturesque as the dash on the diamond fields. It exceeded the Klondike movement, because for one thing it was more accessible, and in the second place there were no really adverse climatic conditions. Thousands died in the snow and ice of the Yukon trail, while only a few hundred succumbed to fever and exposure on the Rand. It resembled the gold rush to California in 1849 more than any other similar event.

The Rand gold fields, which in 1920 produced half the world's gold, are embodied in a reef about fifty miles long and twenty miles wide. All the mines immediately in and about Johannesburg are practically exhausted. The large development to-day is in the eastern section. People do everything but eat gold in Johannesburg. Cooks, maids, waiters, hootblacks, indeed the whole population, are interested or at some time have had an interest in a gold mine. Some historic shoe strings have become golden cables. J. B. Robinson, for example, one of the well-known magnates, and his associates converted an original interest of twelve thousand pounds sterling into eighteen million. This Rand history sounds like an Aladdin fairy tale.

What concerns us principally, however, is the American end of the whole show. Hardly were the first Rand mines uncovered before they felt the influence of the American technical touch. Among the first of our engineers to go out were three unusual men, Hennen Jennings, H. C. Perkins and Capt. Thomas Mein. Together with Hamilton Smith, another noted American engineer who joined them later, they had all worked in the famous El Callao gold mine in Venezuela. Subsequently came John Hays Hammond, Charles Butters, Victor M. Clement, J. S. Curtis, T. H. Leggett, Pope Yeatman, Fred Hellmann, George Webber, H. H. Webb and Louis Seymour. These men were the big fellows. They marshaled hundreds of subordinate engineers, mechanics, electricians, mine managers and others until there were more than a thousand in the field.

This was the group contemporaneous and identified with the Jameson raid. After the Boer War came what might be called the second generation of American engineers, which included Sidney Jennings, a brother of Hennen, W. L. Honnold, Samuel Thomson, Ruel C. Warriner, W. W. Mein, the son of Capt. Thomas Mein, and H. C. Behr.

Why this American invasion? The reason was simple. The American mining engineer of the eighties and the nineties stood in a class by himself. Through the gold development of California we were the only people who had produced gold-mining engineers of large and varied practical experience. When Rhodes and Barnato—they were both among the early nine mine owners in the Rand—cast about for capable men they naturally picked out Americans. Hammond, for example, was brought to South Africa in 1893 by Barnato, and after six months with him went over to Rhodes, with whom he was associated both in the Rand and Rhodesia until 1900.

Not only did Americans create the whole technical machine, but one of them—Hennen Jennings—really saved the field. The first mines were outcrop; that is, the ore literally cropped out at the surface. This outcrop is oxidized, and being free is easily amalgamated with mercury. Deeper down in the earth comes the unoxidized zone, which continues indefinitely. The iron pyrites found here are not oxidized. They hold the gold so tenaciously that they are not amalgamable. They must therefore be abstracted by some other process than with mercury. At the time that the outcrop in the Rand became exhausted, what is to-day known as the cyanide process had never been used in that part of the world. The mine owners became discouraged and a slump followed. Jennings had heard of the cyanide operation, insisted upon its introduction, and it not only retrieved the situation but has become an accepted adjunct of gold mining the world over. In the same way Hammond inaugurated deep-level mining when many of the owners thought the field was exhausted because the outcrop indications had disappeared.

The Jameson Raid

These Americans in the Rand made the mines, and they also made history, as their part in the Jameson raid showed. Perhaps a word about the reform movement which ended in the raid is permissible here. It grew out of the oppression of the *Uitlander*—the alien—by the Transvaal Government, animated by Kruger, the president. Although these outsiders, principally English and Americans, outnumbered the Boers three to one, they were deprived of the privileges of citizenship. The reformers organized an armed campaign to capture Kruger and hold him as a hostage until they could obtain their rights. The guns and ammunition were smuggled in from Kimberley as hardware under the supervision of Gardner Williams. It was easy to bring the munitions as far as Kimberley. The Boers set up such a careful watch on the Transvaal border, however, that every subterfuge had to be employed to get them across.

Doctor Jameson, who at that time was Administrator of Southern Rhodesia, had a force of Rhodesian police on the Transvaal border ready to come to the assistance of the committee if necessary. The understanding was that Jameson should not invade the Transvaal until he was needed. His impetuosity spoiled the scheme. Instead of waiting until the committee was properly armed and had seized Kruger, he suddenly crossed the border with his forces. The raid was a fizzle, and the commander and all his men were captured by the Boers. This abortive attempt was the real prelude to the Boer War, which came about four years later.

Most Americans who have read about this episode believe that John Hays Hammond was the only countryman of theirs in

(Continued on Page 110)

The four ways four women tested oven heat for cake

MRS. BROWN: By holding her hand in oven while she counted 15.

MRS. JONES: By a piece of manila paper—when it became the "proper shade of brown."

MRS. MILLER: By putting a little flour on the bottom of the oven, and if it turned brown while she counted 40, "the oven was just hot enough."

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(Continued from Page 108)

it. This was because he had a leading and spectacular part, and was one of the four sentenced to death. He afterward escaped by the payment of a fine of one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. As a matter of fact, four other prominent American mining engineers were up to their necks in the reform movement. They were Capt. Thomas Mein, J. S. Curtis, Victor M. Clement and Charles Butters. They obtained their freedom by the payment of fines of ten thousand dollars each. This whole enterprise netted Kruger something like two million dollars in cash.

The Jameson raid, however, indirectly blocked a German scheme that might have played havoc in Africa the moment the inevitable Great War broke. If the Boer War had not developed in 1899 it is altogether likely that, judging from her whole campaign of world-wide interference, Germany would have arranged so that it should break out in 1914. In this unhappy event she could have struck a hard blow at England in South Africa, because in the years between the Boer War and 1914 she created close-knit colonial organizations in Southwest and East Africa, built strategic railways, armed and drilled thousands of natives and could have invaded the Cape Colony and the Transvaal.

In connection with the Jameson raid is a story not without interest. Jameson and Rudyard Kipling happened to be together when the news of Roosevelt's coup in Panama was published.

The author read it first, and handed the paper to his friend with the question, "What do you think of it?"

Jameson glanced at the article, and then replied somewhat sadly, "This makes the raid look like thirty cents."

I cannot leave the Rand section of the Union of South Africa without a word in passing about Pretoria, the administrative capital, which is only an hour's journey from Johannesburg. Here you still see the old house where Kruger lived. It was the throne of a copper-riveted autocracy. No modern head of a country ever wielded such a despotic rule as this psalm-singing old Boer, whose favorite hour for receiving his visitors was at five o'clock in the morning, when he had his first cup of strong coffee, a beverage which he continued to consume throughout the day.

The Cullinan Diamond

The most striking feature of the country around Pretoria is the Premier Diamond Mine, twenty-five miles east of the town and the world's greatest single treasure-trove. The mines at Kimberley together constitute the largest of all diamond fields, but the Premier Mine is the biggest single mine anywhere. It produces as much as the four largest Kimberley mines combined, and contributes eighteen per cent of the yearly output allotted to the Diamond Syndicate.

It was discovered by Thomas M. Cullinan, who bought the site from a Boer farmer for two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The land originally cost this farmer two thousand five hundred dollars. The mine has already produced hundreds of times what Cullinan paid for it, and the surface has scarcely been scraped. You can see the natives working in its two huge holes, which are not more than six hundred feet deep. It is still an open mine. In the Premier Mine was found the Cullinan diamond, the largest ever discovered, and which made the Koh-i-nur and all other fabled gems look like small pebbles. It weighed three thousand and twenty-five and three-quarter carats and was insured for two million five hundred thousand dollars when it was sent to England to be presented to King Edward. The Koh-i-nur, by the way, which was found in India, weighed only one hundred and eighty-six carats.

No attempt at an analysis of South Africa would be complete without some reference to the native problem, the one discordant note in the economic and productive scheme. The race question, as I pointed out in the first article in this series, which dealt with General Smuts, lies at the root of all South African trouble. But the racial conflict between Briton and Boer is almost entirely political, and in no way threatens the commercial integrity. Both the Dutchman and the Englishman agree on the whole larger native proposition and the necessity of settling once and for all a trouble that carries with it the danger of sporadic outbreak or worse.

Let me bring the South African color problem home to America. In the United States the whites outnumber the blacks roughly ten to one. Our colored population represents the evolution of the one-time African slave through various generations into a peaceful, law-abiding and useful social unit. The Southern outrage is the rare exception. We have produced a Frederick Douglass and a Booker Washington. Our negro is a Christian, fills high posts and invades the professions.

In South Africa the reverse is true. To begin with, the natives outnumber the whites four and a half to one—in Rhodesia they are twenty to one—and they are increasing at a much greater rate than the Europeans. Moreover, the native population draws on half a dozen races, including the Zulus, Kafirs, Hottentots and Basutos. These negroes represent an almost primitive stage of development. They are mainly heathen. The Cape Colony is the only one that permits the black man to go to school or become a skilled artisan. Elsewhere the white retains his monopoly on the crafts, and at the same time refuses to do any labor that a negro can do. Hence the great need of white immigration into the Union. The big task, therefore, is to secure adequate labor for the negro without permitting him to gain an advantage through it.

The Race Problem

It follows that the moment the Kafir becomes efficient and picks up a smattering of education he begins to think about his position, and unrest is fomented. It makes him unstable as an employee, as the constant desertions from work show. The only way that the gold and diamond mines keep their thousands of recruited native workers is to confine them in compounds. The ordinary laborer has no such restrictions, and he is here to-day and gone to-morrow.

It is not surprising to discover that in a country teeming with blacks there are really no good servants, a condition with which the American housewife can heartily sympathize. Before I went to Africa nearly every woman I knew asked me to bring her back a diamond and a cook. They were much more concerned about the cook than the diamond. Had I kept every promise that I made affecting this human jewel, I should have had to charter a ship to convey them. The only decent servant I had in Africa was a near-savage in the Congo, a sad commentary on domestic-service conditions.

The one class of dependable servants in the Colony are the Cape boys, as they are called. They are the colored offspring of a European and a Hottentot or a Malay, and are of all shades, from a darkish brown to a mere tinge. The first time I saw these Cape boys was in France during the war. South Africa sent over thousands of them to recruit the labor battalions, and they did excellent work as teamsters and in other capacities. The Cape boy, however, is the exception to the native rule throughout the Union, which means that most native labor is unstable and discontented.

Not only is the South African native a menace to economic expansion, but he is likewise something of a physical danger. In towns like Pretoria and Johannesburg there is a considerable feeling of insecurity. Women shrink from being left alone with their servants, and are filled with apprehension while their little ones are out under black custodianship. The one native servant, aside from some of the Cape boys, who has demonstrated absolute fidelity is the Zulu, whom you see in largest numbers in Natal. He is still a proud and kingly-looking person, and he carries with him a hint of the vanished greatness of his race. Perhaps one reason why he is safe and sane reposes in his recollection of the repeated bitter and bloody defeats at the hands of the white men. Yet the Zulu was in armed insurrection in Natal in the nineties.

South Africa enjoys no guaranty of immunity from black uprising even now in the twentieth century, when the world uses the aëroplane and the wireless. During the past thirty years there have been outbreaks throughout the whole African continent. As recently as 1915 a fanatical form of Ethiopianism broke out in Nyasaland, which lies northeast of Rhodesia, under the sponsorship of a negro preacher who had been educated in the United States. The natives rose, killed a number of white men and carried off the women. Of course it was summarily put down and the leaders executed. But the incident was significant.

(Concluded on Page 113)

PHOENIX HOSIERY

Your stockings are the most intimate part of your dress which the world sees; conspicuous nether-garments, evidencing tone and taste. Phoenix hosiery holds first place in world sales, not alone because it gives to men, women and children long mileage at low cost, but because it has a tenacious beauty that ever stimulates a fine pride in ownership.

PHOENIX

THE civilizations of the past hand down their metal arts as the silent tokens of their greatness. Ancient bronze, medieval steel, modern metallurgy imperishably establish the superiority of the races that created them. Our generation will be known as "The Age of Drop-forgings." It has been our privilege to make the name Billings & Spencer of Hartford mean drop-forgings, tools and machinery of supreme craftsmanship.

(Concluded from Page 110)

Prester John, whose story is familiar to readers of John Buchan's fine romance of the same name, still has disciples. He was a preacher who had acquired so-called European civilization. He dreamed of an Africa for the blacks, and took his inspiration from the old kings of Abyssinia. He, too, met the fate of all his kind, but his spirit goes marching on. In 1919 a Pan-African congress was held in Paris to discuss some plan for what might be called Pan-Ethiopianism. Still more recently a negro convention was held in New York, which advocated that all Africa should be converted into a black republic.

In many respects most Central and South African negroes never really lose the primitive in them, despite the claims of uplifters and sentimentalists. Actual contact is a disillusioning thing. I heard of a concrete case when I was in the Belgian Congo. A Belgian judge at a post up the Kasai River acquired an intelligent Ba-Luba boy. All personal servants in Africa are called boys. This particular native learned French, acquired European clothes and became a model servant. When the judge went home to Belgium on leave he took the boy along. He decided to stay longer than he expected, and sent the negro back to the Congo. No sooner did the boy get back to his native heath than he sold his European clothes, put on a loin cloth and squatted on the ground when he ate, precisely like his savage brethren. It is a typical case, and merely shows that a great deal of so-called black-acquired civilization in Africa falls away with the garb of civilization.

The only African blacks who have really assimilated the civilizing influence, so far as my personal observation goes, are those of the west coast. Some of the inhabitants of Sierra Leone will illustrate what I mean. Scores have gone to Oxford and Cambridge, and have become doctors, lawyers and competent civil servants. They resemble the American negro more than any others in Africa. This parallel even goes to their fondness for using big words. I saw hundreds of them holding down important clerical positions in the Belgian Congo, where they are known as coast men, because they come from the west coast.

A Perplexing Situation

I had an amusing experience with one when I was on my way out of the Congo jungle. I sent a message by him to the captain of the little steamboat that took me up and down the Kasai River. In this message I asked that the vessel be made ready for immediate departure. The coast man—they all have English names and speak English fluently—came back and said:

"I have conveyed your expressed desire to leave immediately to the captain of your boat. He only returns a verbal acquiescence, but I assure you that he will leave nothing undone to facilitate your speedy departure."

He said all this with such a solemn and sober face that you would have thought the whole destiny of the British Empire depended upon the elaborateness of his utterance.

Throughout the globe there are one hundred and fifty million blacks, and all but thirty million of them are south of the Sahara Desert in Africa. They lack the high mental development of the yellow man as expressed in the Japanese, but even brute force is not to be despised, especially where it outnumbers the whites to the extent that it does in South Africa. I am no alarmist, and I do not presume to say that there will be serious trouble. I merely present these facts to show that certainly, so far as affecting production and economic security in general is concerned, the native still provides a vexing and irritating problem, not without danger.

The Union of South Africa is keenly alive to this perplexing native situation. Its policy is what might be called the direct rule, in which the whole administration of the country is in the hands of the Europeans, and which is the opposite of the indirect rule of India, for example, which recognizes rajahs and other potentates and which permits the natives to hold a variety of public posts.

The government of the Cape Colony is becoming convinced that Booker Washington's idea is the sole salvation of the race. That great leader of his race maintained that the hope for the negro in the United States and elsewhere lay in the training of his hands. Once those hands were skilled, they could be kept out of mischief. I recall having discussed this theory one night with General Smuts at Capetown, and he expressed his hearty approval of it.

The lamented Botha died before he could put into operation a plan which held out the promise of still another kind of solution. It lay in the soil. He contended that an area of forty million acres should be set aside for the natives, where many could work out their destinies themselves. While this plan offered the opportunity for the establishment of a compact and perhaps dangerous black entity, his feeling was that by the avoidance of friction with the whites the possibility of trouble would be minimized. This scheme is likely to be carried out by Smuts.

Since the Union of South Africa profited by the whirligig of war to the extent of acquiring German Southwest Africa, it only remains to speak of the new map of Africa, made possible by the great conflict. Germany's flag there has gone into the discard, along with the wreck of militarism. The immense territory that she acquired is gone, down to the last square mile.

Up to 1884 Germany did not own an inch of African soil. Within two years she was mistress of more than a million square miles. Analyze her whole performance on the continent, and a definite cause of the World War is discovered.

The Mischief-Maker at Work

Africa was a definite means to world conquest. Germany knew of her vast undeveloped wealth. It is now no secret that her plan was to annex the greater part of French, Belgian, Italian and Portuguese Africa in the event that she won. The Berlin-to-Bagdad Railway would have hitched up the late Teutonic Empire with the Near East. It would have been easy to link the African domain with this intermediary through the Turkish dominions. Here was an imposing program with many advantages. For one thing, it would have given Germany an untold store of raw materials, and it would also have put her in a position to dictate to Southern Asia and even South America.

The methods that Germany adopted to acquire her African possessions were peculiarly typical. Into a continent whose middle name, so far as colonization goes, is Intrigue she fitted perfectly. Practically every German colony in Africa represented the triumph of butting in or intimidation.

The first German colony in Africa was German Southwest, as it was called for short, and grew out of a deal made between a Bremen merchant and a native chief. On the strength of this, Bismarck pinched out an area almost as big as British East Africa. Before twelve months had passed the German flag flew over what came to be known as German East Africa, and also over Togoland and the Kamerun on the west coast.

Germany really had no right to invade any of this country, but she was developing into a strong military power, and rather than have trouble the other nations acquiesced. Once intrenched, she started her usual interference. The prize mischief-maker of the universe, she began to stir up trouble in every quarter. She embroiled the French at Agadir and got into a snarl with Portugal over Angola.

The Kaiser's experience with Kruger is typical. When the Jameson raid petered out William Hohenzollern sent the dictator of the Transvaal a telegram of congratulation. The old Boer immediately regarded him as an ally, and counted on his aid when the Boer War started. Instead, he got the double cross after he had sent his ultimatum to England. At that time the Kaiser warily side-stepped an entanglement with Britain.

The Union of South Africa, as you have seen, has taken over German Southwest Africa; Great Britain has assumed the control of all German East Africa, with the exception of Ruanda and Urundi, which have become part of the Belgian Congo. Togoland is divided between France and Britain, while the greater part of the Kamerun is merged into the Lower French West African possessions, of which the French Congo is the principal one. Britain gets the Kamerun Mountains.

The one-time Dark Continent remains dark only for Germany.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with South Africa and the Congo. The next will be devoted to Rhodesia.

Smoke Stains

Are in the film-coat—not the teeth

Men who smoke find their teeth prone to discolor, despite all brushing.

The reason lies in film. That viscous coat you feel clings to the teeth, enters crevices and stays. And the stains it absorbs cause the teeth to look dingy.

Remove that coat and you remove the stains. Combat it effectively, day by day, and teeth will keep their luster.

How film destroys

Film does more than make teeth dingy. It causes most tooth troubles.

Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it, and they may cause countless serious troubles, local and internal. Few people escape some film-caused troubles. Many people suffer greatly from them.

Fight it daily

Your dentist, when you visit him, removes the film and tartar. But there are months between when night and day it may do ceaseless damage.

So dental science has for years been seeking a daily film combatant. It has now been found. Able authorities long have proved it by many careful tests. Leading dentists everywhere now advise its daily use.

The methods are combined in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. Millions of people have already adopted it. And their glistening teeth show others what it means.

A ten-day test for all

A ten-day test of Pepsodent is sent to anyone who asks. That test reveals the benefits, and the book we send tells how they come about.

Pepsodent attacks film in two effective ways. It also brings other effects now considered essential.

Each use of Pepsodent multiplies the salivary flow—Nature's chief tooth-protecting agent. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is to digest the starch deposits which otherwise cling and may form acid.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, to neutralize the acids which cause tooth decay. It gives the teeth so high a polish that film cannot easily adhere. Another ingredient is pepsin.

This tooth paste meets modern requirements. The highest authorities approve its effects. And to millions it is bringing a new dental era.

Send now for a tube to try.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, acting to protect teeth in five effective ways. Approved by highest authorities and now advised by leading dentists everywhere. All druggists supply the large tubes.

Results that show

Send the coupon for a 10-day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coat disappears. Our book will tell what else results from salivary stimulation.

10-Day Tube Free S60

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 343, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Name_____

Address _____

Only one tube to a family.

Demand Still Growing

The great business of Otto Eisenlohr & Bros. is a development of more than 70 years of continuous pride and care in making good cigars.

There is not a whim or fancy in the making of Cinco. The only secret in our business is that we have always bought the best tobaccos that our experience dictated; that we have seasoned those tobaccos thoroughly; and that in the manufacture and inspection of each cigar we have used such painstaking care as pride in our long established and successful business inevitably demands.

Today the manufacturing facilities of Otto Eisenlohr & Bros. comprise 14 warehouses, 16 stripping plants and 22 cigar factories.

Today some 5000 people are making more Cinco cigars than ever before. Despite a large increase in production, we cannot make enough Cinco cigars to keep up with the demand.

STICK TO Cinco IT'S SAFE

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Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

OTTO EISENLOHR & BROS. INC. EST. 1850

PHILADELPHIA

WHITE SHOULDERS

(Continued from Page 5)

After a moment she stepped out and took the telegram herself at the door.

"Sign here," said the boy.

And then, when she had signed with, I thought, a somewhat shaky hand and started to turn away, "It's collect," said the boy.

"Collect!" she said after him, in a voice that was sharp and faint at the same time.

She hadn't the money with her for it. I remember that quite clearly, for I myself loaned her the necessary sum, which she afterward failed to remember to repay.

She settled with the boy with my change and turned away—without opening the yellow envelope yet.

"Any answer?" the messenger boy asked her.

"Why?" she asked, more shrill than before.

"They told me there might be."

"Wait," she told him. "I'll see."

Her voice sounded still sharper and more apprehensive.

The other women turned themselves away with a somewhat exaggerated and vivacious indifference, talking together, watching her out of the corners of their eyes.

"Have you got a pencil, Judge Dalrymple?" she asked me.

I didn't have one.

"Here's one, lady," said the messenger boy, and handed her the miserable old dirty stub that a messenger boy usually carries.

She took it and went over to the writing desk in the corner. Her telegram was not opened yet. She was delaying opening it, it seemed to me. But now she tore it open with a flourish and read it with a fixed and steady smile. And then, after a pause, seeing, I assume, the eyes of the other women on her, she threw back her head and laughed. It was a mistake in judgment, so all the other women agreed afterward. The laugh was too sharp; almost hysterical, I thought myself.

"What's the joke?" called Cupid, looking curiously across the room.

"Oh, nothing. Nothing," she said; and put her telegram into the bosom of her dress and started answering it, planting the blank the boy had given her down on the desk with a decided motion, as though all ready to start, and then putting the point of the pencil to her lips and sitting there, considering.

For a minute—maybe two minutes—she sat there, the soiled stub of the messenger boy at her scarlet lips, a fixed steady smile on her face, but she made no motion to write.

The eyes of the whispering women, who were gathered round a bridge table now, were all the time furtively regarding her, as she doubtless was well aware.

She was unable to write her reply—that was clear finally; evidently not being able to collect her thoughts.

"Won't the little pretty words come to mamma?" inquired Cupid, pushing in, as usual, as far as advisable.

She broke off her writing and got up—almost with a jerk.

"Let me answer it for you, ma'am," continued Cupid. "Let me do it for you."

"No," she said with hectic gayety, "I'm going to save money. I'm going to answer this thing by mail."

She gave the messenger back his pencil stub and blank and sent him off. And then, if I remember rightly, she started back across the hall, going toward the stairway.

"You ain't going," asked Cupid Calvert, still pushing her, "without telling us the good news?"

"What news?" she asked back, her voice sharpening again, it appeared to me now, in spite of all she could do.

"What you were laughing at. What made you so terrible mighty happy in your telegram."

"Certainly I'll tell you. Certainly," she answered him with a simple offhand gayety. "It's just word from another old flame of Virginia's; sending felicitations on her first stage appearance, saying he'd certainly be here on the great day."

"The day of the great victory," said Cupid, grinning with easy significance.

The woman laughed again with that extraordinary half hysteria. And the other women almost stopped talking—at her somewhat striking blunder.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Cupid," said Belle Davis, filling in the sudden silence; "always going butting into other folks' business like you do!"

"You don't mind, do you?" Cupid asked the mother of Virginia with a mock languorous look.

By this time the woman had gotten over to the stairway, still wearing her fixed and rigid smile, and stood temporarily with her hand clasping the baluster.

"Oh, no. No, certainly not," she said. "Nothing like that—with you, Cupid! But one thing I wish you would do for me—all of you!" she added, taking in her breath so sharp that it was distinctly noticeable. "I wish you wouldn't speak of this—this message—to Virginia; or allude to it in any way, please. I want the whole thing to be—to be a surprise to her."

"Oh, certainly not, Mrs. Fairborn," the other women told her warmly.

And then she smiled that hectic smile of hers—"bright roses on the withered snow," Cupid said concerning her complexion—and passed brightly up the stairs, her step, however, it appeared to me, lagging considerably as she approached the top.

"Collect!" said Belle Davis, almost before the woman's door upstairs was closed. "Felicitations collect!"

"From another old flame," said Julia Blakelock.

"How humoresque!" said Cupid, that being the expression he was most favoring with his preference at that time.

"What a fool!" added Julia Blakelock.

And the women went on then, tearing to pieces the other woman's awkward hurried lie.

"What a fool she is!" said Julia Blakelock again through her thin lips.

"No," said Belle Davis.

"What is she, then?"

"You know what I've been telling you all the time about the postman—how she acted just before he came?"

"What of it?"

"Did you see her hands go when she first took that thing—that telegram?"

"I did," said Mrs. Armitage.

"And how she sat there afterward, with that old pencil in her mouth—like she was a paralyzed woman?"

"What of it?" the Blakelock girl asked again.

"That woman's scared to death, that's all," asserted Belle Davis. "So scared she didn't know what she was doing or saying—and don't yet!"

"I think that too," said another one—the quiet little older woman whom Cupid Calvert named the Sibyl—or the Pessimist of Our Boarding House.

"It must have been quite tol'able excitin'," said Cupid, "whatever it was. She must have been expecting something right interesting. She was shivering and shaking long before she started opening it."

"A guilty conscience, that's all, probably," asserted Julia Blakelock.

"She was scared, that's all," Belle Davis said again, "from first to last, so she didn't hardly know her name!"

"What do you expect was in that thing—that telegram?" asked Julia Blakelock.

"I wish I knew," said Ella Armitage. "I'd give a right smart piece of money tos."

"I certainly would," said Belle Davis.

"You just made up your mind to know, chillun?" inquired Cupid Calvert, who fell easily into negro dialect in his more humorous moods. "Is your mouth just waterin' to find out?"

"Certainly is," said Belle Davis. "Why so?"

"'Cause if you is, honey, here's the boy, maybe, who kin find the way to git it for you; who's got a special particular means that ev'ybody don' have at his 'sposal."

"Yes, I know," said Belle Davis. "I know it. I know the special means myself. It has yellow hair and peekaboo waists and stands looking out the telegraph-office window all day long, eating on a lead pencil."

"Ne'mind. Ne'mind," said Cupid, who prided himself rather than otherwise, I always claimed, on the diversification of his interests with the fair sex. "Only—you just watch this boy!"

"What do you think, judge?" asked Belle Davis, bringing me into it finally.

"Think—about what?"

(Continued on Page 117)

Think what a boon

is the modern light plant in making the house really a home. Under the cheery glow of softly shaded electric lamps, the household takes on a new aspect of comfort and contentment. Electricity for the iron, for cooking, for the vacuum cleaner; mechanical as well as electrical power for the washing machine, churn, separator or feed grinder.

The Fairbanks-Morse Home Light Plant provides an abundance of clean, healthful light. It is simple, with few working parts, easy to install and is started by the touch of a button The Fairbanks-Morse low-speed "Z" engine is belted to a ball-bearing dynamo. This plant therefore operates at low cost on kerosene as well as gasoline.

The exclusive condenser cooling system retains the cooling water without frequent replenishing. Bosch magneto ignition. Fairbanks-Morse Gould Special long life storage battery. Mechanical power direct from the engine's own power pulley.

The Fairbanks-Morse Home Light Plant is a quality product that fully reflects our 100% objective. To enjoy the utmost in comfort and convenience, you should have one in your home. Find out about it—write for our booklet that tells you *why*.

FAIRBANKS, MORSE & CO.

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Home Comforts from This Light Plant

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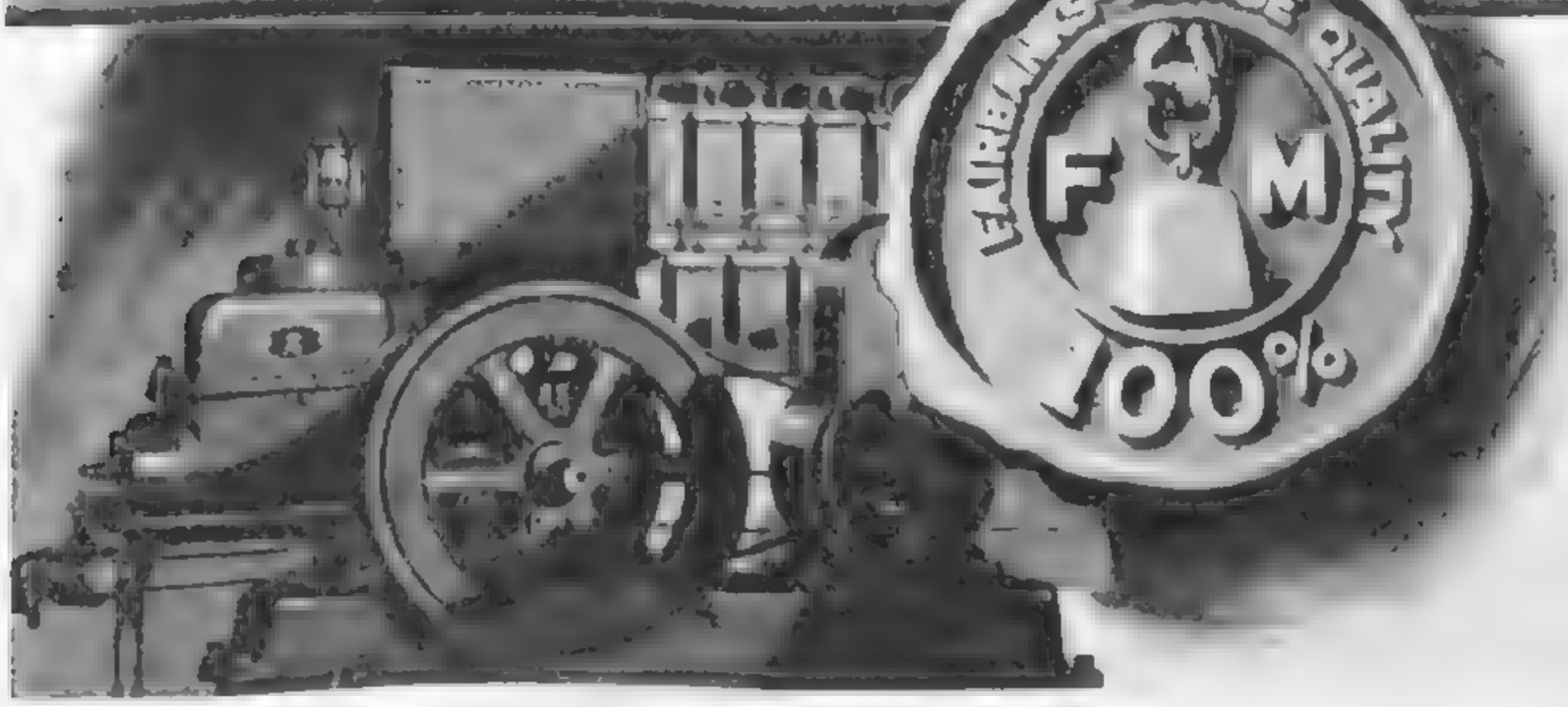


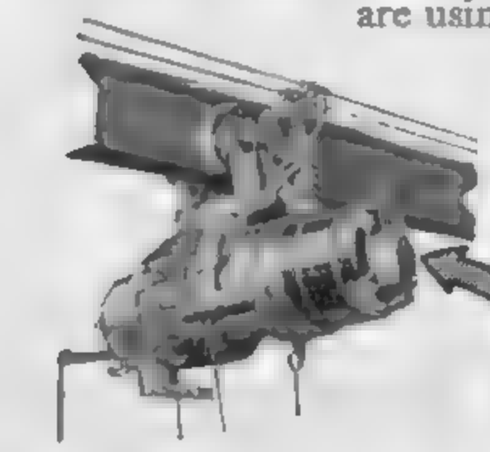
LINCOLN ELECTRIC MOTORS

How LINCOLN Engineers Cut Machinery Costs

A big item in the *real cost* of any machine is the cost of power to operate it day in and day out through all the years of its usefulness.

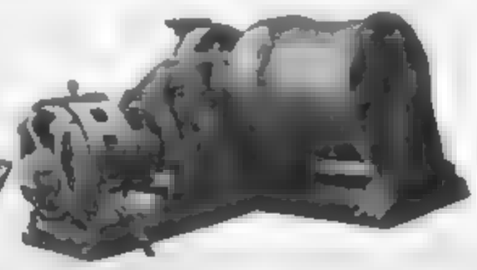
That item can be cut to its lowest point right in the beginning by purchasing a machine with the electric motor attached—a *Lincoln Electric Motor* scientifically fitted to its job by Lincoln Engineers.

Here are actual examples of the saving made by a few of the representative machinery firms who are using Lincoln Motors applied by Lincoln Engineers.



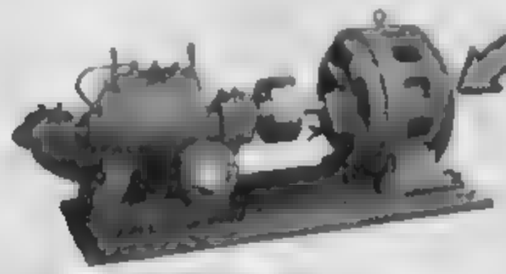
Example No. 1

A nationally known machinery manufacturer now gets 25% greater capacity on the same machine with no changes whatever in design, simply by installing Lincoln Motors of the size and type recommended by Lincoln engineers.

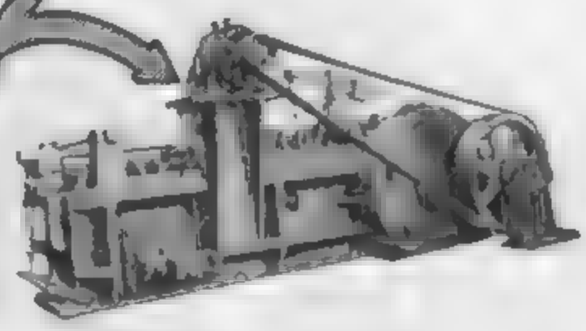


Example No. 3

The leader in another line of machinery has adopted a Lincoln plan for simplifying both the electric motor and its control on his machines so that his customers get better results at less than half the former cost.



"Link Up With Lincoln"



Example No. 2

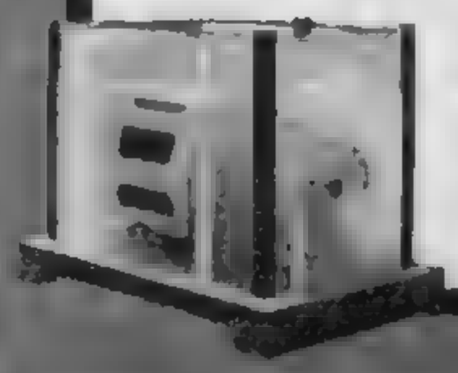
Several manufacturers of another important line of equipment have found that without any change in design they can vary the capacity of their machines 100%. They can also protect themselves against overload and operate under conditions that were impossible before—all through the use of Lincoln Motors properly applied.

Example No. 4

The largest manufacturer of a certain type of metal working machine is now using on his product a 20 Horse-power Lincoln Motor where he formerly used a 25 Horse-power of another make and type. Furthermore, his customers are paying about 50% less in power bills for the running of their machines.

And so we might go on with this story of Lincoln Engineering achievements. Here are surely enough actual instances to warrant any buyer or manufacturer of machinery in making a mighty thorough investigation of Lincoln Motor drive.

Also Sold By The Fairbanks Co. Lincoln Motors are the only motors sold by the 23 branches of The Fairbanks Co. under their famous Fairbanks "OK"



Branch Offices
New York City
Buffalo
Syracuse
Cincinnati
Chicago
Detroit
Columbus

The Lincoln Electric Company
General Offices and Factory, Cleveland, O.

The Lincoln Electric Co. of Canada, Ltd., Toronto-Montreal

Branch Offices
Pittsburgh
Philadelphia
Boston
Charlotte, N. C.
Minneapolis
Hartford, Conn.

(Continued from Page 114)

"About that telegram. Was she scared or wasn't she?"

"She'd better be, if she isn't now," I said. "With all you whispering women after her—with your trained sleuth hound."

"Our reputation hound, eh, judge?" Belle Davis asked me, laughing.

"Yes, ma'am," I said. "You hit it there exactly. That's just the title. They'll never escape you and your reputation hound. He'll run them down before he's finished."

"How humoresque you are, judge," said Cupid Calvert.

III

WHETHER or not the chain of events proceeding from this first telegram might under other circumstances have resulted otherwise and less disastrously for the two women, I am unprepared to state. Yet in few circumstances that I can represent to myself would the hunt that started after them with the coming of that document have been organized so expeditiously and got under way so fast.

"Curiosity," old Sam Barsam used to remark, "is the strongest appetite of the human soul. It lures the budding mind of the infant to its sweet unfolding; it drives the parched and sandy traveler through the tawny wastes of the Sahara. When all else has failed—when teeth are gone, and eyesight, and reason totters, and ears threaten to fall off—still curiosity remains unshaken on its throne, a pledge and presage of immortality; and reaches its grandest height in some senile woman in a boarding house."

In any boarding house, he might have said, in my opinion. In any place where woman meets woman face to face continually under one common roof, observing each other's souls and bodies and complexions in dishabille, curiosity must and will be served—and most especially in an exclusive and careful boarding house like Mrs. Tusset's—in the fierce light which shines upon social centers.

I cannot speak for others, but I felt reasonably assured myself that our smiling friend, Cupid Calvert, would arrive that evening with the contents of that fateful telegram while I sat reading my paper in the hall before dinnertime. No better social retriever could be invented than this jovial young dog. He had, in fact, the so-called social gift, the many opportunities of the jovial for collecting information, and with his special opportunity in this particular case he could scarcely fail to bring back to his waiting friends and patrons, the whispering women, the news matter he could get for them from their sister, that massive blonde with stately figure and gold hair piled up like a great golden pitcher on her head, with whom I had not infrequently myself seen him conversing in the telegraph office.

It was evident to me at least from the mere display of teeth as he came in the door that evening that he had not been unsuccessful in the main business of his day.

"Guess what papa brought you home tonight?" he asked the waiting group who were there upon his entry.

"We know!" said the lively Belle Davis. "We know!"

And Julia Blakelock came forward, without further or unnecessary remark.

"You never would betray me, would you?" he asked them, chuckling and holding them off. "Cross your heart. You never would let on you heard from me? 'Cause this is serious business, you understand."

"Never. Never. Nobody'll ever know from us!" Belle Davis promised him.

"Well, here it is!" he told them finally. "I went and copied it down my own self." And thereupon he brought it out for them to read.

That Belle Davis, being the quickest of the lot, grabbed it first and started reading. Her full round face got red with excitement.

"My good Lord!" she said.

"Read it," said Cupid.

"Go ahead. Read it. Out loud," said Julia Blakelock. And she did.

It ran, to the best of my memory, this way:

"So you would make a get-away? Now you come through. Five hundred—by Saturday. Or letters start. Wire answer.

"A. G."

"What's this?" asked Ella Armitage.

"A get-away? What's a get-away?" inquired Julia Blakelock.

"It sounds to me like a city slum," said Belle Davis.

"It is, I expect," Cupid Calvert told her.

"A get-away?" asked the Blakelock girl again. "What is it? Tell me."

"Don't pretend you don't know, Julia," Belle Davis told her.

"I don't. Do you?"

"It's just cheap talk for escape, Julia dear," explained Cupid Calvert.

"Escape?" said the Blakelock woman. "Who from?"

"From A. G., probably."

"A. G.?" asked Belle Davis. "Who's A. G.?"

"You kin search me," said Cupid. "All I know's just what you see—from just right there. A. G.—from St. Louis."

"Is that where it's dated from?" asked Mrs. Armitage.

"See!" said Belle Davis, reading the date line and going over the thing again. "Five hundred—by Saturday! You know what it is, don't you? It's blackmail."

"You might think thataway," said Cupid.

"By some criminal—some low-down creature," stated Julia Blakelock.

"How do you make that out? How do you get all this?" the Davis girl asked her back.

"It's right there, isn't it—plain as day? Just the way that's written."

"Blackmail!" said Ella Armitage, speculating. "What power could a man like that have over them?"

"That's just it," said Belle Davis.

"There's nothing very strange or mysterious about it that I can see," stated the Blakelock woman. "It's just what I said from the beginning. They're just two common adventuresses from St. Louis—that's what they are. Only worse, probably, than we suspected at first. Two creatures from the slums of St. Louis."

"You sure are ridiculous, Julia," said Belle Davis, "when you once get started, ain't you?"

"Not this time, I'm not. I said, and I'll say it again, they never saw Dell County in this world. They're just two common, low-down adventuresses from St. Louis."

"I don't believe it," said Belle Davis.

"Why not?"

"I know they ain't, that's all. The way they act—the way they are. The girl's dresses might have come from St. Louis; but she never did—nor her mother. And I don't believe they are that kind—the girl certainly isn't."

"What did they come here for," asked Ella Armitage, "if ——"

"That's easy," Julia Blakelock answered. "Men—for the girl!"

"One will be enough," said Cupid Calvert.

"I'm not so sure about that, either," said the Blakelock woman.

"Don't be a fool, Julia," said Belle Davis, getting red. "They're here to sell off the girl maybe—but no more."

"I believe that," said Ella Armitage.

"And even then the girl don't do her part—even at that. She never runs after the men—you've got to say that."

"She don't have to," said Julia Blakelock. "Her part is to pose—while her mother pulls them in."

And they went back to the telegram again.

"A. G.—that's all you know?" Belle Davis asked Calvert. "Cross your heart?"

"Yes, ma'am. That's all I could find out here," said Calvert.

"No wonder she's restless," observed Belle Davis.

"Who's that?" asked young Calvert all of a sudden, looking in my direction.

"Oh, that's just the judge," Belle Davis said, reassuring him, and came over to me in my corner.

"What do you think, judge?" she asked.

"Think—about what?"

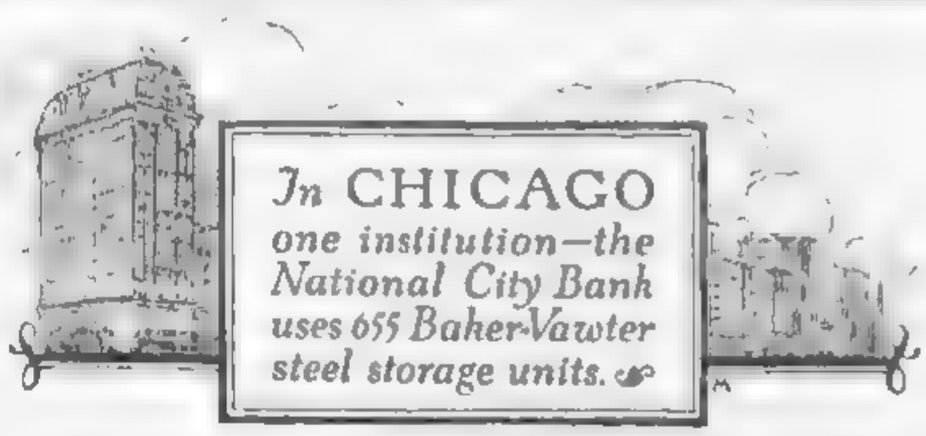
"Oh, you know well enough! About those two women—the White Shoulders and her mother?" And she started showing me the telegram.

"Take it away," I said to her. "I don't want to be implicated in this. I can't afford to be when they bring you up before me from the Grand Jury."

"The Grand Jury!" they said after me.

"Yes, ma'am. For going in and stealing messages from the telegraph company. Don't you know that's an indictable offense—or ought to be if it isn't?"

"You're fooling now, judge," said Calvert, with a kind of crooked grin on his face. He wasn't a very stout-hearted animal.



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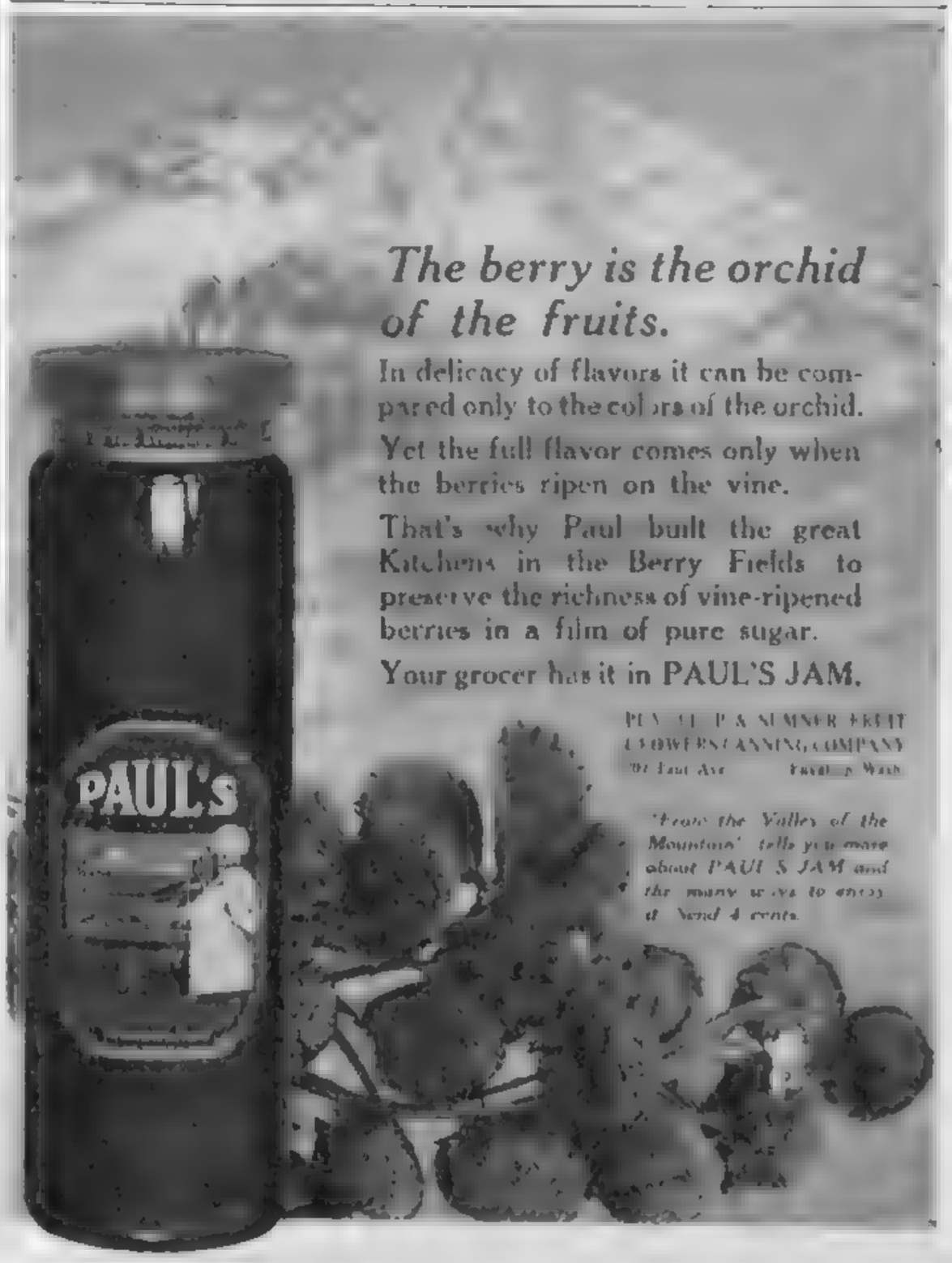

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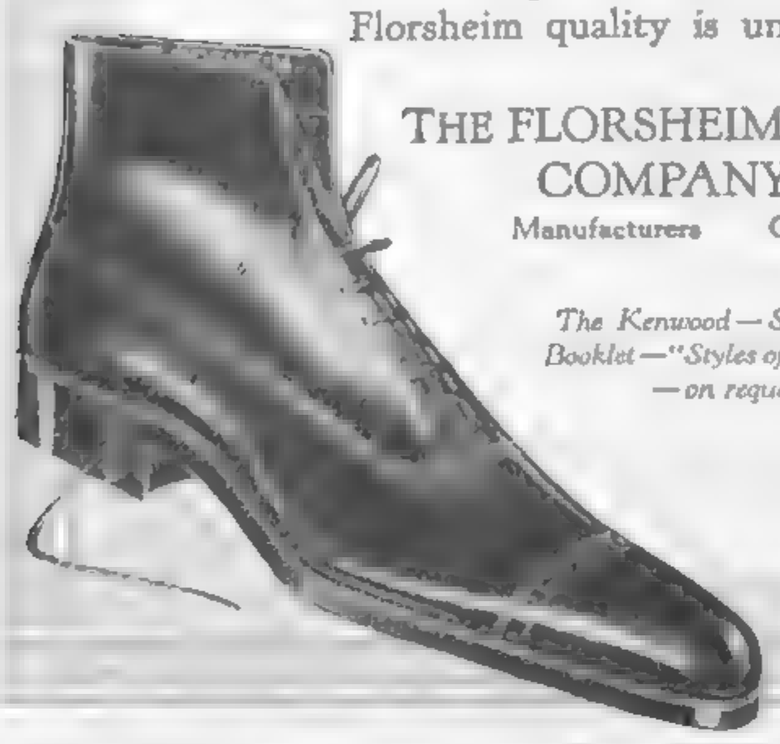

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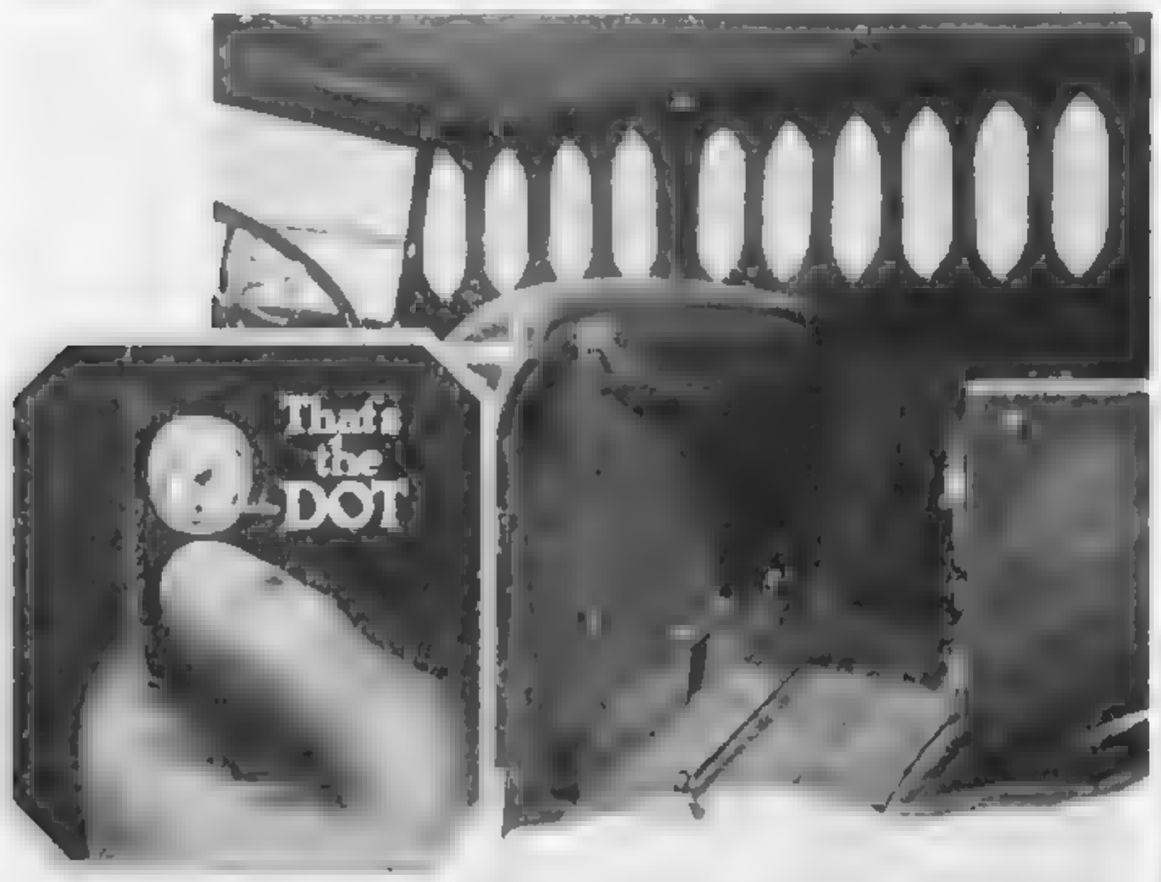

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"You'll see," I told him.

"But look, judge!" said Belle Davis, bold and undismayed as ever. "Ain't it right, when you know folks are doing wrong, to try and expose them?"

"All I know is," I said, "you want to be careful and step kind of light. You might get into trouble yourself!" And I went upstairs and washed my hands for dinner.

However, I knew now about the telegram—like everybody else did; and watched with the rest those two go along with whatever it was hanging over them. The time to their day of victory—as it was now quite commonly called—was growing mighty short. It was on Saturday of that week. And as it came along the strain must have grown pretty strong—especially on the Scarlet Cockatoo.

Every day, it seemed, the contrast between the mother and daughter got sharper and sharper. The mother talked, always louder and more shrill—concerning the old plantation, the raising and the dressing of the wonderful girl from her beginning, the exceeding great whiteness of her skin, her ribbons, her hats, her French knots upon her baby clothes, the lavishing upon her of all that heart could desire from a child and the wild appreciation of it now by all the men.

And all the time that this was going on—within earshot, to say the least—the girl, White Shoulders, would sit alone, oblivious, indifferent, apparently impervious; thinking her own thoughts—more silent and statuesque than ever.

"Is she an absolute fool?" the Blakelock woman kept asking. "She must know about that telegram—whatever it is there that's driving the mother screaming crazy."

"That's where you're wrong," Belle Davis told her.

"You mean to stand there and tell me that girl don't know about what was in that telegram?"

"That's just exactly what I mean. She meant just what she said—the mother—when she talked to us that night. She don't want the girl to know about that thing."

"Why not?"

"I don't know that, naturally. Unless she might hope she could settle it herself some way—before the great event!"

For it was generally conceded now among the whispering women that the victory day, the Pageant of the Roses, was about to bring out the announcement of the final chapter of the magnificent and self-contained Captain Gordon.

"Somebody ought to tell him," observed Julia Blakelock.

"Who?" asked the Davis girl.

"Gordon Gordon."

"That's a nice idea. Why don't you?" asked Belle Davis.

"Maybe I will," stated the Blakelock woman, not backing down an inch. "Somebody certainly ought to."

"I hope something will happen soon one way or the other to end this thing and shut that mother up," said the little Mrs. Pennyworth, the small little brown woman whom Cupid Calvert called the Boarding-House Pessimist. "Or we'll go crazy—if she don't."

"She's so happy it hurts," said Cupid.

"Worse than that. It deafens you," said Belle Davis.

"It's just driving me crazy, that's all," said the Pessimist briefly.

And then, right after that, on the third day after the first one, the second telegram arrived. The Cockatoo had evidently done what she said she would—sent on her answer by mail. And the second telegram was in answer to this. It ran something about like this:

"Coming down to look you over. See you later. A. G."

You might almost have known there was some new nervous strain from just sitting listening to the Cockatoo—to her terrific outbursts of joy and laughter.

"Did you ever hear such a noise in your life?" said Belle Davis, looking over across the room where the woman was talking.

"And that girl—what do you suppose she is thinking about? How can you claim she don't know what's going on—those telegrams?" asked Julia Blakelock.

"That would give her more brains than you claim she's got," Belle Davis answered her—"if she could act out indifference like that."

"Maybe she just thinks it's all part of the coming nuptial noise. The praise service over Gordon Gordon," observed Ella Armitage.

"She looks worse to me every day," said Cupid Calvert, who had stood studying the mother with that calm brazen look he had when he wasn't grinning. "Even with all that paint on. She looks more like a scared clown than ever."

"She certainly sounds like one," said Belle Davis.

"I wonder what he'll be like when he comes?" asked Ella Armitage.

"Who?"

"A. G."

"What I wonder is, how we'll get to see him."

"Oh, you'll get to see him all right," I told them, chiming in. "Leave that to our friend Cupid. He'll know all about him. Your good old reliable reputation hound will smell him out before the ink's dry on the hotel register."

I left them exchanging speculations as to who the blackmailer might be, what relation he had to the women and what the two had done that he held them with—all the dark and racy possibilities which lurked in the situation—and no doubt several more.

IV

FOR a while it looked to me as if the Fairborn woman had slipped them; as if in one way or another this A. G.—this blackmailer, as he was then believed to be—might have eluded the other women and their assistant. The preparation with joy and laughter and garlands for the festival—the day of victory—proceeded, the happy clamor of the Scarlet Cockatoo rising above all the rest. And still there was no visible appearance of the mysterious sender of telegrams from St. Louis.

It was the day before the festival—that evening preceding supper—when I saw finally that something had occurred, from the beaming countenance of our jovial young friend Calvert.

"You're a nice crowd," he was telling the women in the hallway.

"Why?"

"Do you know who was here to-day?"

"No. Who?"

"He was."

"He! Who's he?" cried Belle Davis, all excitement.

He didn't even answer that. He knew she understood.

"Right here under your noses," he told her.

"Who?" she asked again.

"Here—take a look at this!" he said, and brought out that printed card, which they showed me afterward:

A. GLUBER
183 N. ____ St.,
St. Louis, Mo.

COSTUMES EASY PAYMENTS

"For heaven's sake! A dressmaker!" said Belle Davis, and stuffed her handkerchief into her mouth to stop her laughing.

"A. Gluber. Costumes. Easy payments," the Blakelock woman read over slowly.

"Weren't we the burbling boobs," asked Cupid, "not to get it before?"

"The mysterious blackmailer," said Belle Davis. "Ain't that the screamingest!"

"And that's all it was," said Julia Blakelock in a little small voice as if she were disappointed. "A dressmaker!"

"Isn't that enough?" asked Ella Armitage. "Isn't that enough?"

"No," said Cupid, "not for Julia. She was looking for some real revelations."

"There might be some yet," suggested Belle Davis.

"Some what?"

"Revelations. Supposing they hadn't paid for them—all their installments."

"Which is just what they haven't done, probably," said the Blakelock woman.

"And he went and took them all away!"

"And left her ——"

"Without!"

"Oh, that would be terrible!"

"You'd think so," stated Belle Davis, "if somebody came and took all your clothes away—the day before what you'd planned for for weeks—to show yourself—at the announcement of your engagement."

"It would be funny, wouldn't it?"

"Pardon me?" asked Calvert, making up a face as though he were shocked at the idea. "What?"

"If they took all that stuff back and left her just a few old duds."

"What a crab you are, Julia," said Belle Davis to her with her usual frankness.

(Continued on Page 121)

"Grandma, aren't you tired? You've been playing ever since supper." "No, little dear, I enjoy it: the Gulbransen is so easy to play."

The Easy-to-Play Gulbransen Inspires Young and Old

What an unusual player-piano! So easy to play that even Grandmother plays for hours. So sweet toned and naturally controlled that music just flows out of it at your touch. Have you ever played a Gulbransen? It is wonderfully inspiring.

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Your love of music—that impulse to hum or whistle or sing or play—need no longer be suppressed for fear of ridicule. The fascination of personally producing music—of playing satisfyingly, artistically—is yours if you own a Gulbransen. Please try a Gulbransen soon.

Remember, not all player-pianos are Gulbransens. The Gulbransen stands alone as the player-piano designed for artistic playing. Our trade mark—the Baby at the Pedals is on every genuine Gulbransen. And the dealer who sells the Gulbransen shows the Baby in his window and advertising.

The Art of Playing Well

You have heard of John Martin—the master player-pianist of the world—now on recital tour playing the Gulbransen. Watch for announcements of his arrival in your local paper. Leading musical authorities have been unable to tell his playing of the Gulbransen from that of famous hand pianists. It seems amazing.

Yet Mr. Martin's method is quite simple. He has put it into six instruction rolls for the Gulbransen. In a few evenings of fascinating study with these rolls you can learn the secrets of Mr. Martin's wonderful performance. Yes, easily learn to play the same way. Write for book about Gulbransen music and the Martin Method.

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Gulbransen Player-Pianos, three models all playable by hand or by roll, are sold at the same prices to everybody, everywhere in the United States, freight and war tax paid. Price, branded in the back of each instrument at the factory, now includes six instruction rolls (Martin Method) and our authoritative book on home entertaining and music study with the Gulbransen.

White House Model $750 . *Country Seat Model $660*
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Player-Piano

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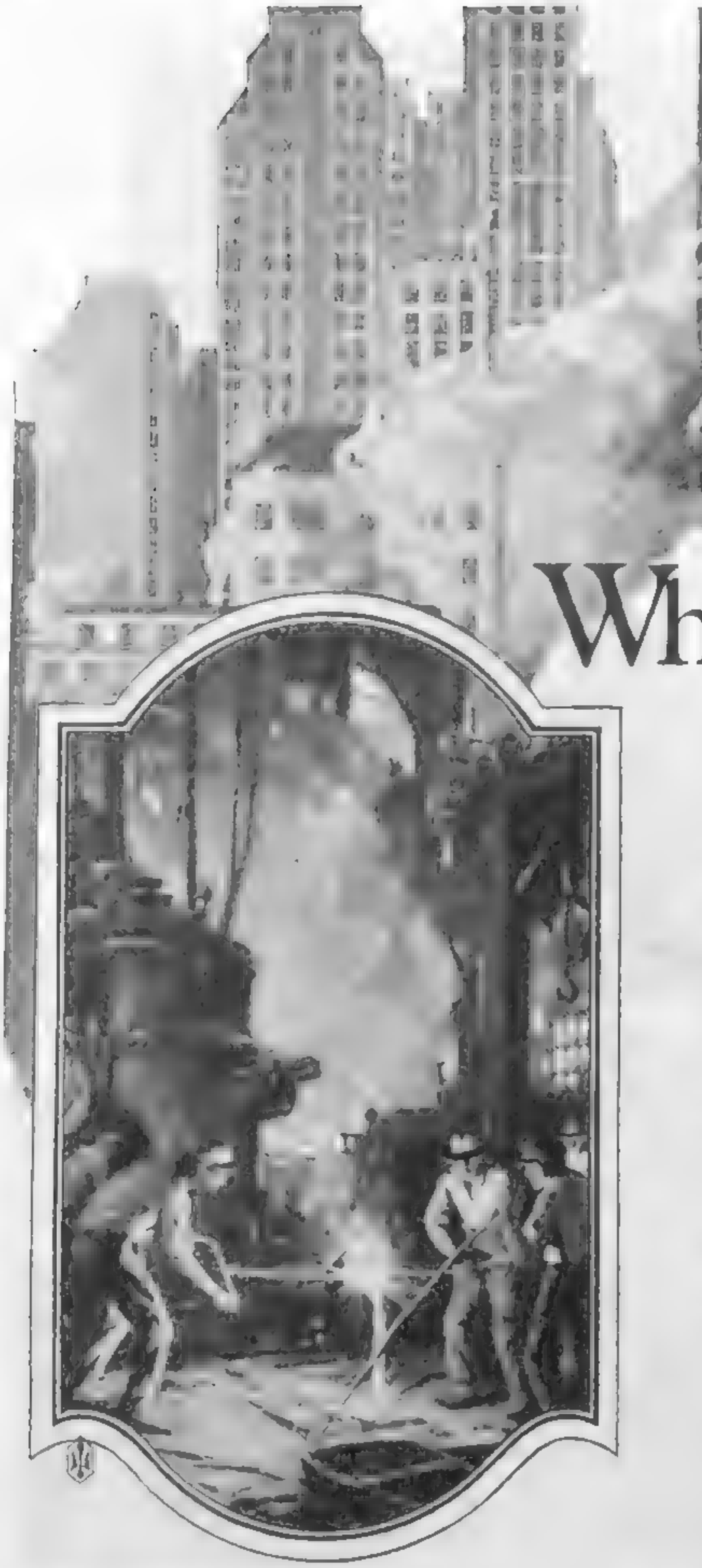

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the "inner construction" of a skyscraper

What is "Strength"— *can you see it?*

Do we really see strength, or do we see its manifestation, its effect?

The supporting, inner strength of the towering skyscraper is its great beams and girders.

Back of the beams and girders is the reducing furnace of the steel mill. And back of the furnace, making it possible to handle the violent heat, is the *lining* of the furnace—the hidden strength.

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And so it is with shoes.

Shoes that last longest and give the greatest satisfaction are those that are reinforced by a durable lining.

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Ask for shoes lined with "Red-line-in." This lining is marked (trade-marked) with a *red thread* running through the fabric. Look for the *red thread.*

How to get up to $2 greater worth in the shoes you buy is told in the "Red-line-in" booklet. Write for it

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ESTABLISHED 1856

'Red-line-in'
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
SHOE LINING
Makes shoes wear longer

(Continued from Page 118)

And then they started questioning Calvert.

"Did you see him?"

"Who?" he asked them, pretending not to understand.

"That dressmaker!"

"No. Not yet."

"Then how'd you get this?"

"Ne'mind. Ne'mind," he said, making a mystery of it.

What he had done, it came out afterward, was to bribe the second girl, that coffee-colored negress, Lucy, and she had managed when she got the card at the front door to keep it for him and just announce the name to the Fairborn woman.

"Do you know, I heard her! I heard her go down myself," said Ella Armitage, "now you speak of it!"

"And White Shoulders?"

"She wasn't here, I don't think," said Belle Davis. "I'm pretty mighty certain she was out all this afternoon over to the pageant grounds. She just came in here a little while ago. Gordon Gordon brought her over."

"So she doesn't know anything yet," said Mrs. Armitage.

"So you say!" said Julia Blakelock.

"We'll see anyhow—at dinnertime."

"It certainly will be funny," said the Blakelock woman.

The other woman—that Scarlet Cockatoo—would have been surprised in spite of her long experience if she had realized that night how many eyes were studying her—and with what knowledge of her affairs.

"It's all over," Belle Davis was claiming when I heard the whispering women comparing notes in the hallway after dinner. "You'll have no amusement to-morrow, Julia. Your day is ruined."

"Ruined?"

"She's fixed it up with the dressmaker."

"How do you know?"

"How can you help knowing—from her voice. From that laugh—from just the look on her face."

She confirmed what I had thought myself. The girl was just as usual. The hectic joy of the mother had abated to what it was before the coming of the first telegram.

"How would she fix it up?" asked Julia Blakelock, still grudging and disputing.

"How could she help it—when she had shown the dressmaker about to-morrow—the day of victory—and the announcement that Gordon Gordon is to pay her bills from this time forward?"

"Is that funny or not?" inquired Cupid Calvert, grinning his blandest, most vacant grin. "You talk about paying the bills for your own hanging!"

"Somebody ought to tell him," said Julia Blakelock. "That's all. Before he falls into the hands of those two impostors."

"I won't," said Cupid. "I love him too much!"

"There won't anybody," said Belle; "for just that same reason."

It was the general belief among the women that night that everything would go through that next day, that day of victory, for the mother and daughter, exactly as was now commonly understood to be the program—first the tableau of Victory, the crowning of the Empress of the Roses and then the formal announcement of the surrender and capture of Captain Gordon.

What did occur of course, though logical enough, was due just to a chapter of accidents.

V

THE Pageant of the Roses of that year took place—as it had in many others—at Bellevoir, the estate of our Colonel Robert Bragdon. I was there, together with all the other residents of the town, with but few and trifling exceptions. I sat well back in the temporary amphitheater, which was erected as usual under the trees on the natural slope of the so-called grotto.

At two-twenty-five, just five minutes before the exercises were supposed to begin, I observed for the first time the short squat man in striped clothes three seats ahead of me. Cupid Calvert going by called my attention to him.

"Did you get a good look at him?" he asked me.

"Who?" I inquired back.

"A. Gluber, of St. Louis."

"Who—that?" I said. "A dressmaker!"

"Yes. The one with the ears."

"He looks like there might have been toads in his ancestry," I told him.

"You see a lot of them like that," he said, "in the cities—in certain parts. Dressed up like that too."

"I expect you do," I said, "if you frequent those parts."

"They've all seen him now. They're all talking him over. They're all wise," he said, "about the installment dressmaker and his bill."

"Trust you," I told him.

And he grinned as if I had given him a compliment.

"All but Gordon," he said.

"It's an undying wonder to me," I told him, "that you haven't let him know."

"Damn Gordon!" he said, grinning a little sour grin. "Let him have her. He deserves her." And he went on to pass along the good news to others, I presume.

I could hear over the heads of the crowd the Scarlet Cockatoo laughing, apparently in fine feather. She couldn't see and didn't know, it seems, that the man was there, nor suspect the whispering that was going on behind her. And then just before the thing began I heard that child of hell of Cole Hawkins come up the drive, barking like a great dog, and stop—shut off suddenly, the way he ran it.

"He'll kill somebody with that machine yet," said my neighbor just beyond me, looking back.

Then just before the thing started the boy came and flung himself into the seat beside me, his face and neck red from hurrying. He had been drinking again; I saw that. He would have liquor, law or no law; more, it seemed—like some others—since the law was on than before.

"Hello," he said to me in that hoarse voice he had when he was that way.

"Hello, Cole," I told him. And then the thing started.

"I came late," he explained in an overloud whisper, "so's to miss the cackling."

He had the reputation of a woman hater, especially since he came back after his big disappointment, his accident on the aviation field and his grudge against the world in general. "The squawking sex," he called them; "the cacklers"—and got out of the way and avoided them whenever possible.

"Hush up!" I told him. "They're starting in."

The spring festival of love and matrimony was under way once again—the new crop of marriageable or almost marriageable daughters displayed on the raised platform in the latest spring styles of dress and posture. The mothers, with their best hats and stiffest smiles and dresses, watched—principally their own offspring—from below; all making a curious and diverting study, as old Judge Pendleton used to say about the affair, for a traveler from the antipodes—like all our tribal customs dealing with matrimony.

The great change was accomplished, which our portion of the race demands—the lengthening of the skirt, the raising of the hair; all the set tribal advertisements that the noisy natural happy human child has now been broken for the bonds of matrimony. But even more wonderful than this, our traveler would observe, was the firm, stoical unconsciousness in the manners and the faces of both the exhibitors and the exhibited of the real and critical significance of this chief and most trying ordeal of a woman's life—of the main question of whether or not in the scant half dozen years the new offering would be taken.

The Rose Pageant we were watching was no different from those in other years except for its chief keynote, the military touch, a touch common enough in that year, I assume, all over our land—as could be expected, especially when the well-known piquancy which war costumes give to young women's charms is considered.

Beginning with the younger and less practiced, then, the celebration moved always forward, with, let us say, an increasing and cumulative display of charm, the military motive furnishing a contrast of exceptional success in the method of exhibit—beauty in armor—soft, fragile flesh incased in hard, forbidding steel—a masquerade attractive to mankind since the first legend of the Amazons and the grand old red-headed goddesses of Scandinavia.

The enthusiasm arose then step by step as the height and closing tableau approached—the climax of the day of victory; and the hour drew near for the chief heroine of our national victory and that spring—the final triumph of the girl, White Shoulders.

A hush came as she appeared, followed by the murmur which is the inarticulate voice a human crowd gives to its emotions. The girl was certainly wonderful—all that her mother had claimed, and more.

"You're right—rain! Wet and full o' accidents. But wander on—you're safe with an Outlook Windshield Cleaner on your car."

What's the Outlook?

Safety—comfort—clear vision ahead! Follow suit. Right while the sun is brightest, go into the nearest accessory store and buy an Outlook Cleaner. It saves lives, law suits and sometimes funerals. It makes bad-weather driving safe and easy. It means all-year, every-day service from your car. It costs but two dollars—a trifle compared with the cost of some accidents. Don't wait for the next storm—it may be too late then—find that accessory store and say "Outlook Cleaner" good and loud. *Buy now*—before you drive another mile.

THE OUTLOOK COMPANY
5500 Euclid Avenue, Cleveland

OUTLOOK

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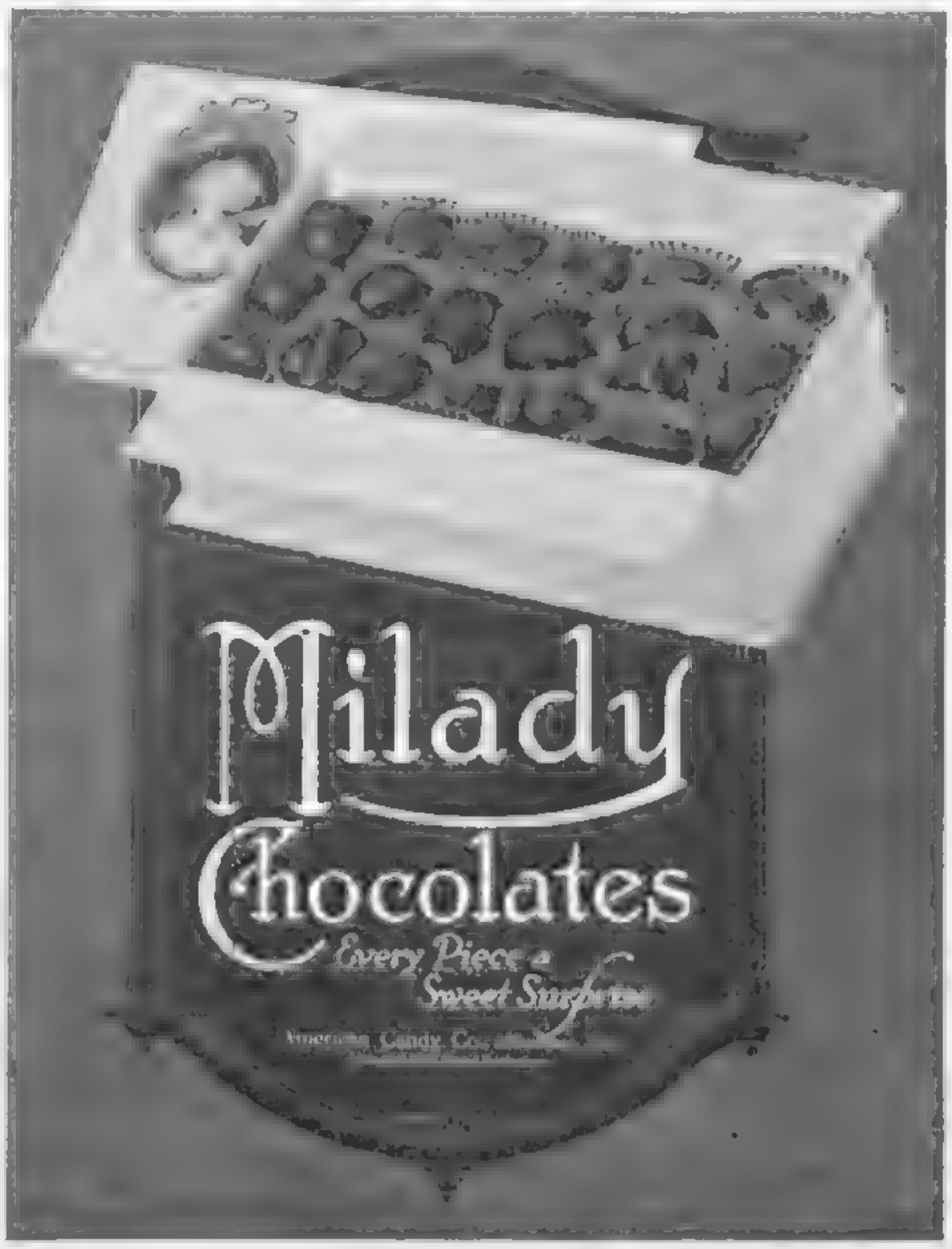

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No. 1—THE BUSINESS MAN

"I USED to think that Dixon's Eldorado pencils were only for artists. Then, one day, the awakening!

"Some one left one of these pencils on my desk. I tried it—liked it—treasured it more than any other pencil I have ever used.

"Let no one forget that a good pencil has just as much influence on the work of a business man as on the work of an artist, architect or engineer. It is one of those seeming trifles that make perfection."

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ELDORADO
the master drawing pencil

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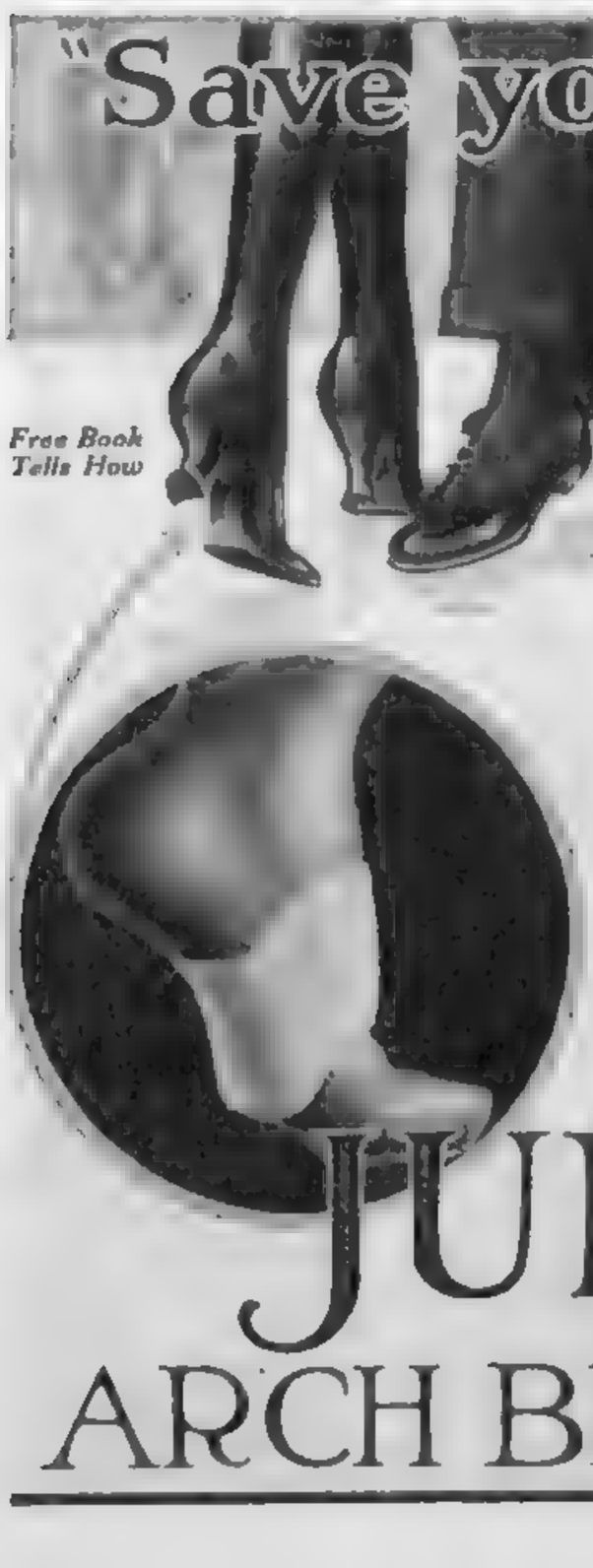
It is called "FINDING YOUR PENCIL"—a pencil service booklet for everyone who uses a pencil. Write for it. It will help you choose exactly the right pencil for your particular work.

Made in 17 leads—one for every need or preference

"Save your feet"



Free Book Tells How

No matter what other supports or braces you now use, you should try a pair of **Jung's Arch Braces** and see what a difference they make. Dance or walk for miles, stand for hours—you just don't get tired.

They help nature strengthen the interosseous muscles of the feet by holding the small bones in position instead of building a false support underneath. They correct fallen arches and foot strain. Relieve tired and aching feet instantly. Prevent that broken-down feeling. (Our free book tells how.)

Their light weight insures perfect foot comfort. No ungainly humps. No burdensome pads. No metal plates. Recommended by physicians. Exact size for every foot. Made of specially prepared "Superlastik." Price $1 per pair. Money back if not satisfied.

If your shoe dealer, druggist or chiropodist can't supply you, order direct. Write for our free booklet.

THE JUNG ARCH BRACE COMPANY
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JUNG'S
ARCH BRACES

She was Victory, panoplied and crested—Victory in flesh and blood. Straight-gowned below, steel-helmeted above, a spear and shield in her hand and on her arm—one white shoulder deeply bared. Athena of the ancient Greeks had no more triumphant or warlike beauty than this strange, silent, suspected girl when she first appeared. Even the women murmured their approval. She was Victory herself as she moved forward. Even the man beside me, the hater of women, was stirred.

"She's a looker, ain't she?" said Cole Hawkins to me in a loud stage whisper.

"Shut up, Cole!" I told him.

It was planned, as I learned afterward, that Gordon Gordon, as the triumphant hero, and garbed also in Grecian costume, should approach from the other side of the sylvan platform and be in some way suitably rewarded by the goddess for his valor. He started out when Victory had established her final pose; all necks were craned.

There was another murmur—of a different kind; another statement of mass emotion by the audience.

"What's this?" said Cole Hawkins, half aloud, from beside me.

Victory had lost her pose, had turned half round, was looking with dilated eyes at a place in the audience.

I straightened up and saw the man myself—his striped coat, his flashing necktie pin—as he raised his short fat body from his chair to stare at her.

"No! No! No! I can't! I can't! Not again!" cried Victory, in the voice of a half-frenzied child.

And she crashed down upon her armor, her helmet rolling from her black hair, her wonderful bare white shoulder scratched and bleeding from her fall upon her shield.

The words were perfectly distinct in the silence—were heard and remembered by at least a dozen I spoke to.

And following that, by a fraction of a second, rose the well-remembered voice of the Scarlet Cockatoo: "Virginia! Virginia! My baby!"

She was up on the stage before Captain Gordon and the rest of them had taken her Victory, her baby, to the anteroom.

"Did you see that?" asked Cole Hawkins beside me—his face redder than red against his dead-black hair. "That man she was looking at. What the hell's going on here?"

The whole place was buzzing with the knowledge that was so well disseminated now—concerning the strange dressmaker. The man sat there, brazen-faced, like his kind are, bluffing it out, waiting for developments, rather pleased than otherwise at the attention he was receiving. I told my young friend Hawkins about him—what I knew—in a word or two.

"Is that so?" he said, with the ugly, insolent, lingering emphasis upon the last word that's likely in men of just his kind to come before some ugly action. And before I knew it he was on his feet, out of his seat by the aisle beside me.

"Cole," I said, "come back here!" I knew naturally what he was capable of.

But he went straight up the aisle in silence.

In back of the flimsy dressing room you could hear the voice of the Scarlet Cockatoo calling:

"My child! My child! Virginia! Virginia—wake up! It's all right. It's all right."

The black-eyed, black-haired boy walked up the aisle, with the little lameness from his accident showing in his slow gait. He stood there by the side of the stranger with the striped coat and the diamond horseshoe in his tie.

"Stand up," he said in a thick low voice, with his big hand on the man's shoulder.

It was an outrageous thing, on the face of it. Several of the men sprang up, looking for trouble.

"Sit down," said Cole Hawkins in a low voice. "This is my funeral."

They sat down.

"What do you think you're doing?" asked the stranger, turning a dark and rather puffy face up at him.

"Stand up—didn't I tell you?" said Cole Hawkins; and dragged him by main strength from the chair.

"Cole, you fool!" I said, taking him by the elbow. But he shook me off.

"Who do you think you are?" inquired A. Gluber, staring at him. He was quite a strong-looking man, for a dressmaker. They are, quite often, I understand. But he didn't use strength if he had it, preferring apparently to rely on his voice and ugly look. "Who do you think you are?" he inquired again.

"I'm the man that's here telling you about the train service."

"Yeah?" said A. Gluber, his stare still firm, but with no physical action yet.

"I came to tell you," said Cole, still in a low voice, staring back into his small dull eyes, "there's a train goes up north in just about an hour from now."

"Well, what of it?" asked the man.

"That's the one you're going on."

"I am, huh? Why am I?"

"Because I don't want you here."

"Is that right? Why?"

"I don't like your face, that's why. That's all. Come on now."

Instead of another rough reply the man gave out a sudden oath now. Hawkins had closed his hand upon his arm.

Several of the women gave little cries. But the talk was low; no one could hear what was going on, exactly, but those of us who stood near them.

"Now, lemme tell you something," said Cole Hawkins. "I ain't going to urge you. But lemme tell you something. I don't like your face—but I'm telling you this just for your own good. You're going on the five-o'clock train—or at five-fifteen the angels will have a new dressmaker working for them. Come now," he said, "come on over to the hotel. We've just got about time."

A. Gluber looked round once or twice at the other faces near him for moral support—but didn't get much.

"This ain't right," I did say to Cole, but he shook me off once more. They went out.

"You don't want to fool with him," said the man beside me, "when he's like that. You know what he's done two or three times already. Besides, I didn't care much for that fellow's looks myself."

"Some doin's, judge. Some doin's," said a voice back of me, and I turned and saw Cupid Calvert grinning. "Quite some day of victory."

"What are they doing with the girl?" I asked him.

"She's come to all right. They're taking her and the Cockatoo over home in a machine."

"I didn't hear her," I said, "after the first."

"No," he told me. "Wonderful thing, judge. She's gone silent—for a minute or two."

"It rather postpones," I said, remembering, "the announcement of that engagement."

"Postpones!" he said. "Have you seen Gordon's face?"

"No."

"It's just starting to sink in—the meaning of it all. He'll get it all before night."

"I'll bet on that," I said, looking at him.

"No more days of victory like this—for me," said Cupid, pretending to be wiping the perspiration off his face with his handkerchief. "It's too much for my frail constitution, judge."

I went over to my office and sat there and smoked and tried to work the evidence in the thing over in my own mind, while the general populace went home, talking and whispering about it.

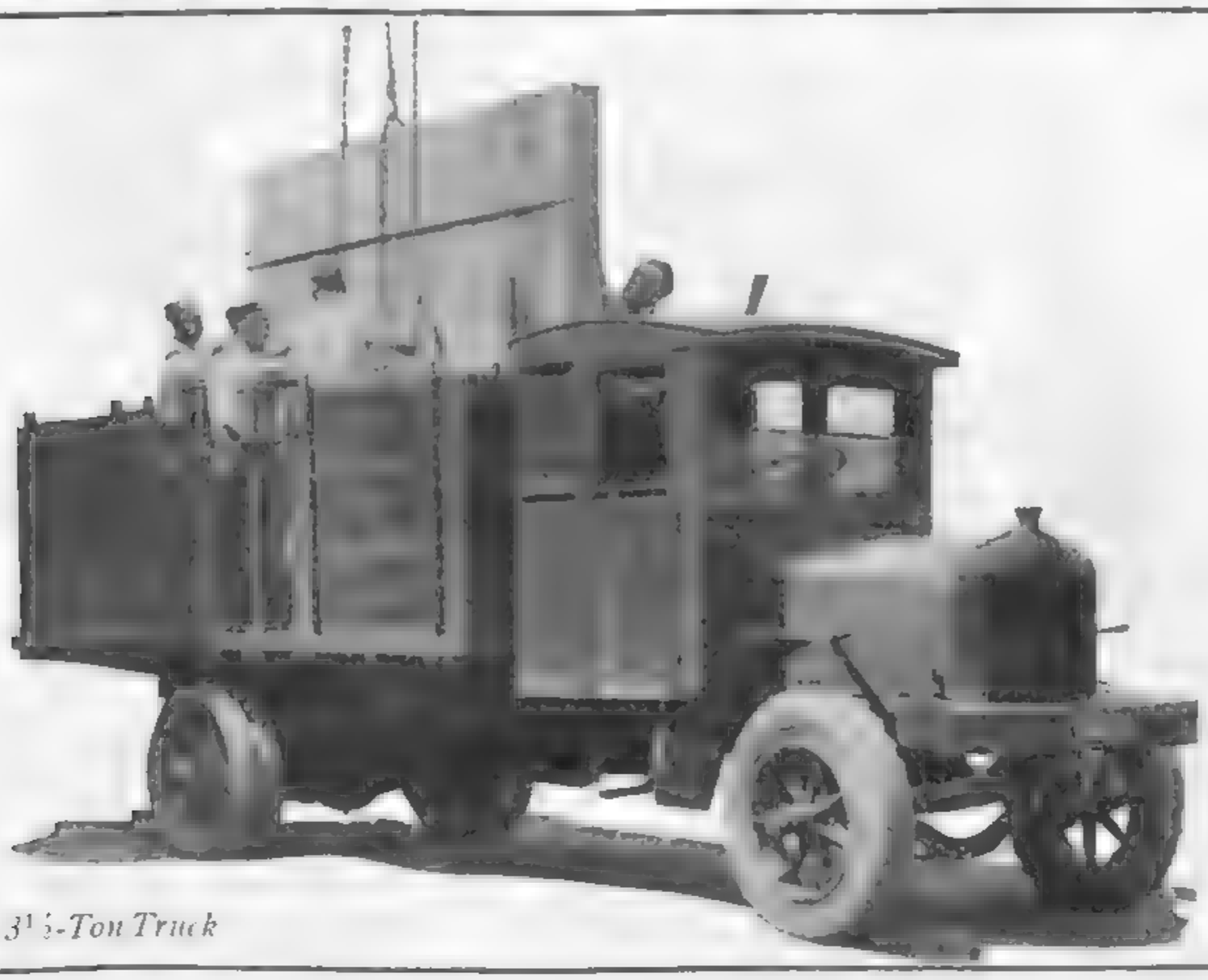
I could understand in the first place that I had seen a funny thing—a climax, and undoubtedly, as it looked then, the collapse of a woman's campaign; a strange, unusual speculation in matrimony by these two strange figures—mother and daughter—if that was what they really were. For we were all at sea now.

They were adventuresses most likely, and financed, we might conjecture, in their enterprise by this fat dressmaker with the bloated face. But there were many things not so simply explainable by this theory. Who were they? Were they city women, or what they looked—country women with city clothes? If so what was their relation to A. Gluber, dressmaker or costumer? Why the mother's noisy consternation at her telegram? And why, above all, the white girl's sudden panic terror when she saw that face in the audience and pushed out her arms, palms outward, like a child warding off a haunting danger in the dark, and cried out: "No! No! No! I can't! I can't! Not again!"

The whole thing brought up many conjectures, which to my mind were far from being solved by the assumption of a debt to a dressmaker. How, for example, would that explain the girl's outcry—the words of it: "I can't! Not again!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

GARFORD



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Dependability
Durability
Power
Strength
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Service
Adaptability
Economy

Yuma, Ariz.,
Nov. 27, 1920

Garford Motor
Truck Co.,
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Gentlemen:
More than 100,000 miles to date and still running fine is the record of each of the four Garford trucks I have been operating in my general hauling business for the past four and one-half years.

I have learned that these trucks sure have *the stuff in them to stand up under the hardest service imaginable.*

Very truly yours,
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There never was a time in the history of American business when the reputation for producing a sound product meant so much as now. Men are weighing, as never before, the value of every dollar against what that dollar will buy. The Garford truck is a good truck—because the Garford Company is a good Company, an institution built up on the intent to deliver *Low Cost Ton-Mile.*

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TRUCKS

The "Lorain" Oven Heat Regulator which places 44 oven temperatures at your disposal and cooks a meal for you while you are away

"There must be many brides, like myself, who felt that marriage suddenly imprisoned them in a kitchen. Then I discovered 'Lorain.' Now the drudgery of cooking has disappeared."

"Now I have time to skate, motor, shop and enjoy the social life that means so much to any woman."

The bride who was imprisoned in a kitchen

"There must be many brides, like myself, who have felt that marriage suddenly imprisoned them in a kitchen. I like to cook, but when I married and found the responsibility of getting out two or three meals a day pressing on me, cooking became a drudgery, pot-watching a grind. I suddenly found myself robbed of my freedom. "Then I discovered 'Lorain.' Now the drudgery of cooking has disappeared. I have spare hours to myself. I have time for outdoor sports, for matinees and the little social functions that mean so much to a girl. 'Lorain' has torn the prison bars from my kitchen window. Also 'Lorain' has improved my cooking."

This letter to the American Stove Co. will interest all women who keep house.

The "Lorain" Oven Heat Regulator has freed many women from "Kitchen Prisons."

Eliminates "guess-work"

"Lorain" eliminates guess-work from cookery and makes all days "lucky days." It gives you 44 measured oven heats, which it maintains evenly for any length of time.

Better cooking is possible because "Lorain" gives you exact pre-determined heats to cook with. No guessing how high to turn the gas.

With the "Lorain" it is possible to cook a whole meal at one time at low temperatures. You will be surprised at the almost unbelievable results obtained in this way. Roasts, vegetables, desserts, can all be cooked at one time.

Insures successful cooking

For baking, for dainty dishes requiring special temperatures, there is nothing like "Lorain," the heat-meter, which insures successful cooking.

Write today for our book, "An Easier Day's Work." It tells many interesting facts about "Lorain" and how it makes pleasanter the tasks of women. Call on the local "Lorain" dealer for a demonstration. You will see his ads in your home papers.

LORAIN OVEN HEAT REGULATOR

Only these famous gas stoves are equipped with the "Lorain"

CLARK JEWEL—George M. Clark & Co. Div., Chicago, Ill.
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We manufacture oil and coal stoves for use where gas is not available

AMERICAN STOVE COMPANY, 11 Chouteau Ave., St. Louis, Mo., *Largest Makers of Gas Ranges in the World*

1921

OUT-OF-DOORS

Marked Ducks

THE news dispatches said that in January, 1920, Mr. H. D. Leidig killed a mallard duck about forty miles from Charleston, South Carolina, which was found to have two leg bands attached to it. Investigation shows that this duck was one of a brood of ten ducks, wild mallards, reared by the well-known wild game protectionist, John T. Miner, of Kingsville, Ontario, whose strange little breeding pond is one of the most famous preserves on the continent. Mr. Miner says that this brood of ducks was tagged on May 25, 1919. He gave each one a name, so could trace the fate of each as the reports of the tags came in. Two were killed within a few miles of the breeding place in October. In December one was killed near Columbus, Ohio, and by January this one was reported in Charleston. Two others were killed in South Carolina in December, and one was killed in Louisiana. It would seem that not very many of that litter of ducks will ever see the home farm again. Miner's preserve is a wonder in its way. It is a little lake right in among his factory buildings, and yet each year it is visited by hundreds of wild geese and great numbers of wild ducks. These birds have learned that it is a safe refuge, and they come annually in increasing numbers.

Practical Natural History

NEXT to the American Indian, the most practical naturalist in the world is the modern packer. He lets nothing get away. After the packer we should place the prospector, hunter or trapper who makes his living among wild creatures and is obliged to know their habits. It chances that there is just in hand a rugged and outspoken letter from one of these latter practical naturalists, who never took a degree except in the school of out-of-doors. He writes from the heart of Alaska, far down the Yukon River, and makes outspoken comment on the present tendency to the extirpation of wild species by means of bounties and the like.

In his blunt speech he says that as for killing eagles at fifty cents a head, he is of the belief it would be better to put the bounty on the men who made the law.

This practical naturalist has counted thirty-six dead caribou calves on the early spring bed grounds near his home. He works where thousands of caribou calves are born each spring, lives among them and watches them. He says there were plenty of eagles about, but that he never saw them eat anything but the calves they found already dead. He says they may kill some weak calves or those about to die, but so far as he has learned in his travels in Alaska and Yukon territory, he has never seen any harm the eagle has done, although he has lived in that region for twenty-five years and is familiar with it from the Mackenzie to the Bering Sea, and from the Arctic Ocean to Lynn Canal.

"I am not a saloon or road house prospector," he says, "but am in the hills three hundred and thirty days out of the three hundred and sixty-five. I am not a naturalist, and have not much education, but if I couldn't make better conservation laws than some we have, damned if I wouldn't quit. I would like to have some of our lawmakers out in the hills for a while and show them that since the killing off of the eagles there is nothing left to do the scavenger work. There is just as much sense in killing the scavengers in the cities."

There are getting to be a good many men in this country who are weary of the sweeping and ghastly results of hysteria, and who begin to hone for some horse sense upstairs—a good many who would like to see this country left alone for a while the way Almighty Providence constructed it.

Work for Crippled Soldiers

AN ANGLER of large heart and fertile brain, having read some mention of the work done by crippled soldiers in the hospitals, such as basket and bead work, writes to inquire why it would not be altogether feasible to teach these crippled men the art of tying artificial flies. The suggestion is novel, and I cannot see why it may not be regarded as practical.

We annually import thousands of gross of artificial flies from Scotland and England. There are some good factories in America, most of them in the Eastern states, one in the state of Wisconsin. The art of tying at least the simpler patterns of our flies for trout and bass is not so very difficult to learn. Women take it up most readily, but some of the finest flies I have ever seen were made by men. Men also are more inventive of new patterns. Of late there has been a pronounced branching out in floating lures for the black bass angler, and happily these are now taking the place to some extent of less interesting and worthy lures. Could not the authorities in some of these soldier hospitals enlist the services of a skilled fly tier and turn the energies of the crippled patients into this line? As soon as the product reached a commercial practicability it would find a very ready sale, especially in these times when it is so hard to get angling material from abroad.

The Trade in Great Britain

THE editor of a sporting journal just returned from Europe writes interestingly of conditions prevailing there. He was in Russia, Rumania and Jugoslavia, and spent some time with D'Annunzio in Fiume, living at the palace with him and his cabinet officers. He stopped in England for a time, and says:

"It is impossible to picture the disorganization in all the plants of England. They have neither material nor men. The gun makers are losing all their workmen, who are becoming die and jig tool makers. One crack concern has not a gun in stock and is four years behind its orders, and a year and a half was the best it could promise me for a gun I wanted to order."

In Days of Old

A MERCHANT of Uvalde, Texas, not long ago wrote something of the former abundance of buffalo in the Southwest. From 1873 to 1874, he says, he saw as many as eight large prairie schooners, drawn by eight mules each, stand on Congress Avenue, the main street of Austin, Texas, loaded to the full capacity with nothing else but back straps and smoked buffalo tongues sold to the public at twenty-five cents each. These buffalo were killed by the tens of thousands on the North Concho River fifty miles northwest from San Angelo. He adds:

"I was a boy chain carrier out with a surveying party for four years, locating the public lands into alternate sections, one for the railroad and one for the public schools, and I was all over West Texas afoot. I saw the bones of buffalo so close together that you could walk for miles in any direction and not be eighteen inches from some part of a buffalo. When our party of twenty-one men and twelve U. S. soldiers, who acted as our bodyguard, reached Fort Concho—now San Angelo—the post trader had a room behind his store, twenty by twenty, and this room was filled with dressed buffalo hides, and each one of our party purchased one hide to sleep on. We paid three dollars and fifty cents for each dressed hide. You could select one to suit you."

Early Western Travel

WHILE on the question of personal narratives of early Western exploration, investigating friends might bear in mind the life of John Ball, one of the early heroes of whom we have not yet heard so much as might be.

He was born in New Hampshire in 1794. On New Year's Day, 1832, he left his home, at that time in New York State, and started for Oregon by the overland route. With his party he crossed the Rocky Mountains through the celebrated South Pass, which was discovered ten years later by Colonel Frémont. Mr. Ball spent the winter at Fort Vancouver, and the next spring taught the first public school opened in Oregon. He farmed one year in Oregon; then came home by sailing vessel around Cape Horn to Rio de Janeiro. From Rio de Janeiro to New Orleans he acted as clerk to Lieutenant, afterward Commodore, Farragut. Mr. Ball's memorandums of his journey were afterward published in Sullivan's

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It took us years to learn to make Angelus Marshmallows so light, dainty, and fluffy. Keep a box on your pantry shelf. The wax-sealed package preserves their freshness and purity indefinitely.
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Send for our free recipe book to learn many delightful uses for Angelus
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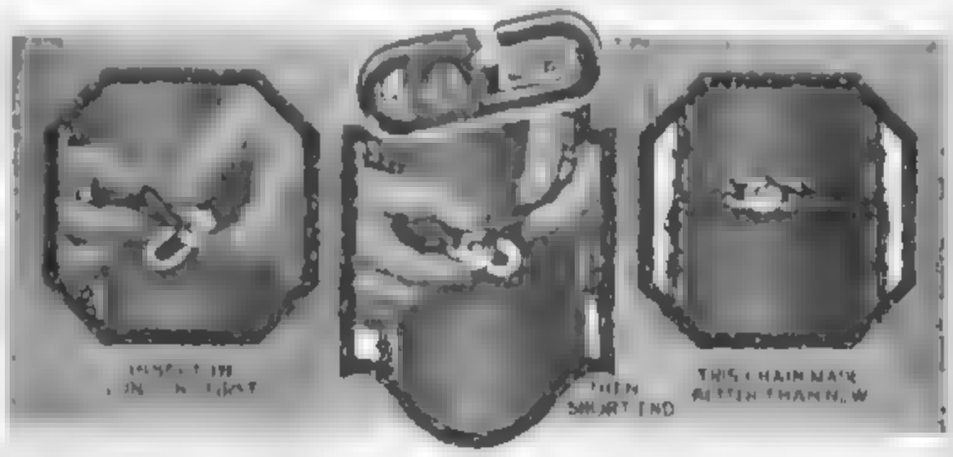

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Ask Your Dealer: Or remit to us direct and we will send postpaid on receipt of price.

To the Trade: The Clamert Chain Repair Coupler is a big winter money-maker—indispensable to motorists and the best device of its kind. Every owner needs a supply. Write for discounts.

Taxi Companies: Clamert Couplers cost much less than cross chains and enable your men to repair their own chains on the road instantly. Write for special proposition [illegible]

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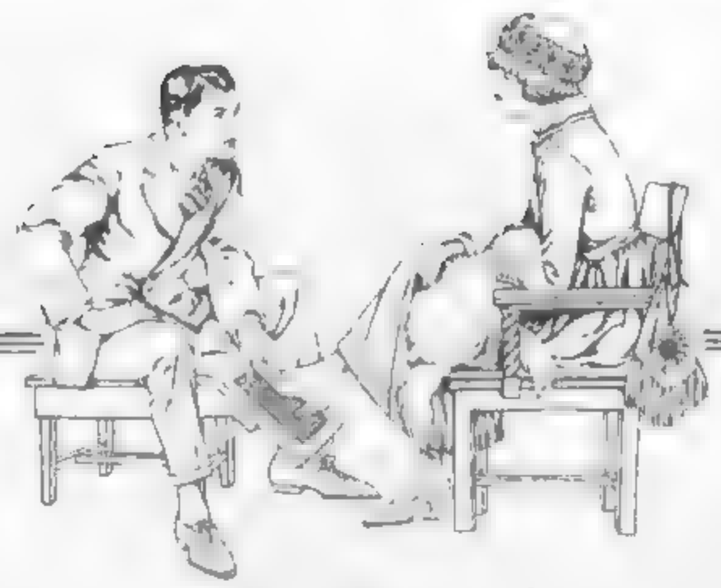
CLAMERT Chain Repair Couplers
Make Chains Better Than New



A Corn?

Why, a touch will end it!

A corn today is needless, and millions of people know it.

Years ago nearly every woman had them. Now women who know Blue-jay never suffer corns.

Ask your own friends.

Blue-jay comes in liquid form or plaster. One applies it in a jiffy—by a touch.

The pain stops. In a little time the whole corn loosens and comes out—usually in a couple of days.

The proof is everywhere. Tens of millions of corns have been ended in this simple, easy way.

This is the scientific method—the modern way of dealing with a corn. It was created by this world-famed laboratory, which every physician respects.

One test will solve all your corn problems. Make it tonight. Buy Blue-jay from your druggist.

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Plaster or Liquid

The Scientific Corn Ender

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For Circular Garments

That *long open end* of the Rid-Jid Ironing Table is so convenient for ironing circular garments. Put as much weight on the iron as you like—at the very end of the table. It cannot tip or slip, wiggle or wabble.

Stands firmly on any floor—whether level or warped does not matter a bit. One easy motion opens it; another folds it so it is only 2½ inches thick. Weighs but 14 lbs. Every joint is reinforced with steel. Every part fits accurately.

Ask your dealer. If he cannot supply you quickly, mail us $5 and we will send you one immediately, express prepaid.

Rid-Jid Products Corporation

Waukegan, Illinois

Western Factory: Portland, Oregon

Journal; so a complete history of that trip could be found.

In 1836 Mr. Ball moved to Grand Rapids, Michigan, where he made his home for the remainder of his life. His story is outlined by a gentleman now living in that state.

First Hammerless Gun

THERE has been received by the historical department of the state of Iowa, from Dr. G. Walter Barr, of Keokuk, a rifle which was perhaps the first American firearm made in hammerless pattern. It is described as having been made in 1830 at Danville, Kentucky, by Thomas R. J. Ayres, who was born at Lexington in 1805 and died in Keokuk in 1878. He was a manufacturing jeweler, who removed with his business to Keokuk in 1864, and the house still exists there, owned by his son Joseph J. Ayres, who donated this gun to the historical department of the state in 1920. Thomas R. J. Ayres realized the need for a rifle which would not have a hammer to catch in the clothing and the brush of the forests. He did not find a customer for this first one, however, and never made another. The small projection on top of the barrel is pulled back a few inches against a spring; the percussion cap is placed on the nipple through the slot thus formed, and the trigger releases the bolt which is then driven against the cap. Thomas R. J. Ayres made many rifles, specializing in the heavy deer rifles of comparatively large caliber. Most of his product has been dispersed, and was sold to frontier hunters; but Joseph J. Ayres, of Keokuk, has several other rifles of his father's make, and a grandson, Grayson Ayres, of Pittsburgh, has a fine specimen of a deer rifle of exceptionally large caliber made in the first half of the nineteenth century in the Danville, Kentucky, jewelry store.

Salmon in Lake Michigan

ON APRIL FIRST, at which time the water still was full of floating and sunken ice, the mysterious run of the Lake Michigan salmon began, and the net fishermen were able to take a few hundred pounds within the first few days of the run. Attention has been called from time to time to the presence of these strange fish, which were not native to Lake Michigan, but are the result of planting either at the time of the World's Fair in Chicago or later on in the streams of the South Peninsula of Michigan.

One of these fish, a specimen weighing about four pounds, was sent to the United States Bureau of Fisheries in Washington for identification and was reported as a steelhead. This fish is not the same as that first seen in these waters some years ago, not showing the same number of the small black spots in the form of a St. Andrew's cross. The earlier fish was without doubt the landlocked salmon of the East, known as the ouananiche. It is also known that some rainbow trout—showing the band of color along the side rather faintly—have been taken by the net fishermen of the Great Lakes.

The annual reappearance of these fine fish close to the great city of Chicago has interested anglers, and many have gone out to see what could be done with the fly or trolling rig. I cannot report any authentic instance of any of these fish being taken on the rod, but I do hear that steelheads have been taken by deep spoon trolling above the lake at Pentwater, Michigan. There seems to be no doubt at all of the establishment of two or more extensive species of these lake-going members of the salmon family.

Fur Buying

PROBABLY every man can recall instances among his friends of what seemed to be crooked grading or crooked pricing of products sent in to commission merchants. Trappers quite often complain of the receipts on their shipments that do not grade up to their own opinions as to quality. It would not be right to bring any sweeping charge against the fur dealers of the country, any more than it would be right to accuse all produce commission merchants of dishonesty because some are crooked. If, however, a shipper or trapper does get the goods on a crooked dealer there is no reason in the world why that fact should not be made known. I cannot give names in this instance, except to say that a shipment of furs was sent all the way from old Mexico. The returns were so meager and the grading so bad that the shipper put on his war paint and went after the dealers who made the returns. As he had evidence in his own possession, the dealers paid practically all his claims after he had told them what he intended to do about it. The shipper alleged that he got a very raw deal for his raw furs in this case. It perhaps is not the first loss sustained by individual shippers obliged to rely absolutely upon the honor of the fur buyers.

In Chicago a lot of rather indifferent muskrat skins from Northern Indiana last spring brought four dollars apiece. Many a man can remember when he would have been glad to take eight cents for a rat skin when he was a boy.

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